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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. X. No. 1.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, JANUARY, 1909.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.
50c. per year

What the New Year Should Mean to Our Readers.

We Wish You A Happy New Year.

We wish you a Happy New Year—our kind of a Happy New Year. We wish you health, prosperity in your work, happiness in your home and all the other good things that friends wish one another at this season. But all this is an old story. And it is not our story. What we wish you beyond all this is the desire and resolve to contribute to somebody else's health, prosperity and happiness. If it's not in your power to help the world, help your country, if that's too big an order help your town or your neighbor. A reverend clergyman, said in a sermon the other day "I never knew a man to help anybody else without being himself helped!" You know that is true just as we do. The way to have a good time is to give a good time. The way to have a Happy New Year is to help somebody else to have a Happy New Year.

Turning Back for Want of Grit.

Most lives are filled with half-finished tasks which were begun with enthusiasm but which have been dropped because the enthusiastic beginner did not have enough grit to carry them to a conclusion.

How easy it is to start a thing when the mind is aglow with zeal before disappointment has dulled ambition! It does not take much ability to begin a thing, and we can not estimate a man by the number of things he commences. We do not judge him by his speed at the beginning of the race, it is the home-stretch that counts. The test of character is a man's ability to persist in what he undertakes until he adds the finishing stroke. He must have persistence and grit enough to carry him under the line at the last heat. The ability to hold on is one of the rarest of human virtues. There are plenty who will go with the crowd, and who will work hard as long as they can hear the music, but when the majority have dropped out, when others have turned back and a man feels himself alone fighting for a principle it takes a very different order of ability to persist. This requires grit and stamina.

Look out for the period in your life when you are tempted to turn back! There is the danger point, the decisive period. All the great things of history have been accomplished after the great majority of men would have turned back.

Nearly every invention which has emancipated man from drudgery and given him comfort and better facilities was made possible only by the man of superior grit and persistence. Not one man in ten thousand would have endured the suffering, the deprivation, the heartrending poverty of an Elias Howe to make the sewing machine possible. The world owes nearly all its great things to those

who have persisted when others have given up. Look out for a man who persists, who keeps right on when everybody else calls him a fool for not letting go! It is pitiable to see a young man with robust health and good education wavering when an obstacle confronts him doubting whether he will go on or turn back. You may gain a certain amount of success without education, without culture and without brilliancy, but you cannot do much without stamina, staying power and clear grit. Grit has always been more than a match for any handicap. The great achievers have ever substituted grit for good opportunity or lack of early advantages.

More young men have achieved success in life with grit as capital than money capital to start with. The whole history of achievement shows that grit has overcome the direst poverty, it has been more than a match for lifelong invalidism.

Whatever You Do Keep Sweet.

No matter how disagreeable your work, or how much trouble you may have this year, resolve that, whatever comes to you or does not come to you, you will keep sweet, that you will not allow your disposition to sour, that you will face the sunlight no matter how deep the shadows.

The determination to be cheerful will discourage multitudes of little worries that would otherwise harass you. If you can not get rid of a trouble, do as the oyster does with the grain of sand that gets into the shell and irritates it. Cover it with pearl. Do as you would with an ugly rock or stump on your ground.

Cover it with ivy, roses or something else which will beautify it. Make the best of it. You can make poetry out of the prosiest life, and bring sunshine into the darkest home; you can develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings. It is not circumstance, so much as attitude of mind, that gives happiness. "Nothing can disturb his good nature," said a man of one of his employees: "that is why I like him. It does not matter how much I scold him or find fault with him, he is always sunny. He never lays up anything against me, never resents anything".

That is recommendation enough for anybody. No wonder this man did not want to part with such an employee.

Who can estimate the value of a nature so sunny that it attracts everybody, repels nobody? Everybody wants to get near sunny people; everybody likes to know them.

They open, without effort doors which morose natures are obliged to pry open with great difficulty, or perhaps can not open at all. I know an old man who has had a great deal of trouble and many losses and misfortunes; but he started out in life with

a firm determination to extract just as much real enjoyment from it as he went along as possible—not in dissipation, but in wholesome enjoyment and fun. He has always tried to see the humorous side of things, the bright side, and the duty of happiness.

The result is that, although this man has had more than his share of sorrow in his career, he has developed the inestimable faculty of making the best of every situation, and of always facing the sun and turning his back to the shadows. The life habit of cheerfulness and optimism has brought out a sweetness of character and a poise and serenity of mind which are the envy of all who know him. Although he has lost his property and the most of his family and relatives, yet he radiates sunshine and healthfulness wherever he goes. A man who can laugh outside when he is crying inside, who can smile when he feels badly has a great accomplishment.

We all love the one who believes the sun shines when he can not see it.

A potted rose in a window will turn the face away from the darkness toward the light. Turn it as often as you will, it will always turn away from the darkness and lift its face upward toward the sun.

So we, ultimately, shrink from cold, melancholy, inky natures, and turn our faces toward the bright, the cheerful and the sunshiny. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole atmosphere of clouds and gloom.

As the Gulf Stream leaves a warm, soft climate in its wake as it flows through the colder waters of the ocean on its way from the Gulf to the North Pole, so a happy, joyous, sunshiny nature leaves a warm trail of sunshine wherever it goes through the cold, practical, selfish world.

Lydia Marie Child used to say: "I think cheerfulness in every possible way. I read only chipper books, and hang prisms in my window to fill the room with rainbows." This is the right kind of philosophy—the philosophy of good cheer, the greatest medicine for the mind, the best tonic for the body, and the greatest health food known.

Your ability to carry your own sunshine with you, your own lubricant, your own light so that, no matter how heavy the load or dark the way you will be equal to the emergency—will measure your ability to continue and to achieve.

Don't Let Your Past Spoil Your Future.

There is nothing more depressing than dwelling upon lost opportunities or a misspent life. Whatever your past has been forget it. Do not drag it across the New Year line. If it throws a shadow across the present or causes melancholy or despondency,

there is nothing in it which helps you, there is not a single reason why you should retain it in your memory and there are a thousand reasons why you should bury it so deeply that it can never be resurrected.

The future is your uncut block of marble. Beware how you smite it. Don't touch it without a programme. Don't strike a blow with your chisel without a model, lest you ruin and mar forever the angel which lives within the block; but the marble of the past, which you have carved into hideous images, which have warped and twisted the ideals of your youth, and caused you infinite pain, need not ruin or mar the uncut block before you.

This is one of the merciful provisions that every day presents to every human being; no matter how unfortunate his past, every day every human being has a new uncut block of pure Parian marble before him, a new chance to retrieve the past, to improve upon if he will.

Nothing is more foolish, more positively wicked than to drag the skeletons of the past, the hideous images, the foolish deeds, the unfortunate experiences of the past into today's work to mar and spoil it. There are plenty of people who have been failures up to the present moment who could be wonders in the future if they could only forget the past, if they only had the ability to cut it off, to close the door on it forever and start anew.

They Cannot Let Go.

Some people's minds are like a junk shop; they contain things of considerable value mixed with a great deal of rubbish.

There is no system or order in them. These minds everything, good, bad, or indifferent. They can never bear to throw anything away, for fear it might be of service at some time, so that their mental storehouses are clogged with all sorts of rubbish.

If these people would only have a regular house-cleaning at the beginning of the New Year, and throw away all the rubbish, everything of a doubtful value, and systematize and arrange what is left, they might amount to something; but no one can do good work with his mind full of discord and confusion.

Get rid of the rubbish. Do not go through life burdened with non-essential meaningless things. Everywhere we see people who are handicapped, doing everything to a great disadvantage, because they never will let go of anything.

They are like the overcareful house-keeper who never throws anything away for fear it may be of use in the future, and whose attic and woodshed, and every closet and corner in the house, are piled up with rubbish which, "might be wanted sometime". The habit of throwing away rubbish is of inestimable value.

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CRICKET.

By Forrestine C. Hooker.



HE house was in no way distinguishable from the blocks of other houses, with their brilliant red bricks and white marble trimmings, except for its immaculate steps, and feminine eyes read the invisible writing above the white door, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Years before, when Third street had an uninterrupted view of the Delaware River, an old sailing master, owning his three snug vessels, built the house, and lived with his wife and five daughters. Nothing, save his departure or return from a voyage, ever disturbed the peaceful monotony of the home, until nature demanded payment of the debt of life, and a few months later the widow, always dominated by her husband's will, meekly folded her hands and followed his example. After the parents were laid side by side in the family lot, the "girls" settled down to the same routine as before.

Though years passed by each gray-haired sister religiously referred to the others as "the girls," until it became a standing joke with later generations.

There had been one ripple to break the calm of their lives, after the death of their parents. Ripple? No, hurricane or tidal wave, rather. Anna, the oldest, had been engaged; and the five sisters had planned, whispered and fluttered over the event, while the fingers hemmed and stitched industriously on the hand-made trousseau.

Then came a belated message. The *Mary Ann* had been wrecked and all hands lost except one man, who told the story of Captain Joyce's unavailing heroism. Their little world sympathized a short time, praised the captain's bravery, then forgot; and at Anna's request the sisters packed the shimmering bridal dress away in lavender, to be worn on the day when death should reunite those it had separated.

After this they slipped back into the old rut, one unbroken by any jolt of the outside world. Kingdoms might fall, but the fact would only serve as a momentary topic of conversation, then be dismissed for the more engrossing subject of planting a new rose-bush or airing the feather-bed in the spare room. One by one five cats were introduced into the family circle, for "the girls" dreaded a mouse as much as a burglar.

Once in a while carriages would deposit stately grandfathers and their dames at the door, and tea would be served under the rose-arbor that faced the garden. That garden was the one luxury "the girls" allowed themselves, and the flowers seemed to realize the novelty of existing in their beauty amid the unlovely brick walls that scowled down on them; but, like petted children, the roses only tossed their heads and scattered their perfume more lavishly, as though in pure defiance.

Tea would be served in delicate, quaint cups, that were heirlooms, and had never been washed by any alien hand; crisp cakes, made from an old family recipe, would be handed about, reposing in a silver cake basket that had been "brought over" in the days when the naughty little colonies refused to be spanked by their irate mother. "Old silver is always a badge of gentility," remarked Adelaide, frequently, when polishing the silver set. "Anyone can buy modern silver, you know."

When tea was finished the guests would follow the sisters around the garden, and depart laden with fragrant souvenirs, leaving an atmosphere of colonial compliments hovering on the rose-perfumed air.

At rare intervals "the girls" would

attend a magic lantern exhibition given for the benefit of the church. On these occasions there would be a gentle commotion attendant on deciding if the weather would permit the best bonnet or second best, the third best being reserved for marketing days.

This momentous question being disposed of, and the old Paisley shawls draped about the prim little figures, they would carefully examine the bolts to doors and windows, then sally forth. After greeting a few friends, "the girls" would explain: "One cannot put old heads on young shoulders, my dear; and Adelaide does so enjoy going about!" blissfully forgetful of Adelaide's sixty years, for Adelaide had no gray hairs. Her brown wig, with its four little corkscrew curls dangling each side of her face, gave a decided air of frivolity to the youngest sister. The wig had

fearlessly at the world from beneath a mop of tangled, curly hair. Her clothes were of good material, but sadly the worse for wear, and one stocking shirked its responsibility shamelessly by refusing to cover the plump brown leg, though the other stocking heroically endeavored to do its duty in spite of gaping wounds. Adelaide looked at the child severely.

"Little girl, don't you know it is unpardonably rude to enter a room without knocking, especially when you are a stranger?"

The child smiled confidently at her and walked to a plethoric horse-hair chair, which she mounted after much wiggling. Her feet dangled some distance from the floor and the chair was slippery.

"I never knock anywheres," she announced. "I just go in."

The sisters gasped, but before they had recovered breath enough to speak,



"In an instant Adelaide and Mr. Burns were at her side."

been donned as a necessity after an illness while she was comparatively young, and though years had elapsed, Adelaide had never varied from the original chestnut brown.

Adelaide was the keystone of the family. When she was absent lamps were used instead of gas, as no one else had the temerity to light the gas or turn it out. In fact, this concession to advancement had only been made after being seriously and prayerfully considered for five years.

When the nightly round of investigation began, Adelaide headed the procession armed with a poker, boldly peering into closets and under beds for the long expected burglar, while the other sisters grouped timorously near the door, afraid to advance, yet too loyal to flee.

The warm summer day was drawing to a close, and the front door had been left slightly ajar, for "the girls" were in the back sitting-room, from which they could see any possible intruder.

Suddenly there was a patter of feet, and before anyone could rise a child walked in and calmly surveyed them, then turned and inspected the room. She was about five years old, and one could guess she might be rather pretty if her face were ever resurrected from its accumulation of real estate. Her large, dark eyes looked

the child stiffened her back and slid from the chair.

"Haven't you got any chairs for little girls?" she demanded. "This one is slickery, and it sticks my legs."

"Little girls never come here without being invited," said Adelaide, in what she fondly imagined was an impressive tone. "I think you had better run home now, or your mother will be worried."

"Oh, no, she won't; she's a bit," was the positive reply. "She's dead."

Anna moved her feet from a little round carpet-stool, saying, "See if this is better than the chair, dear."

The child obeyed with alacrity, and, after squirming around, discovered the stool moved on castors.

"It's awful com'fy," she declared.

"What is your name?" asked Emmaline, after a few seconds of silence, broken only by the squeaking protest of the castors.

"Cricket."

"Cricket—what?"

"Cricket nothing," answered the child, pausing in her gyrations; "just Cricket, when I'm good. Papa and mama didn't have any other name for me, but Miss Jessups she calls me a 'limb of Satan,' and when she says, 'E-liz-a-beth El-der Ar-ling-ton,' that way," with a comical attempt at a deep basso, "then I know she's just whopping mad."

A gleam of intelligence passed from face to face, for even in their seclusion they had heard of the advent of this little waif.

Her father had been an army officer, and after her mother's death he had kept the child with him. During his enforced absences on duty Cricket had been cared for by other army mothers, and tucked up with their own broods. The child had never missed her own mother, because every woman in the garrison mothered her, until Lieut. Arlington had been killed by Indians.

After an exchange of letters with a distant relative, who was grasping for the pitiful two dollars a month granted by our liberal government to children whose fathers have served it honorably till death, Cricket was shipped with a basket of food, and a tag on her neck consigned her to the tender mercies of the travelling public on her way to No.—South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jessup, the distant relative, accepted Cricket ungraciously, and considered her principal duty was collecting the pension promptly for her own benefit.

The first week after her arrival Cricket had climbed to the top of the highest tree on the street, and thrashed a boy older than herself, because he tried to kiss her. She scorned the girls after discovering they were afraid of horses, while she would fearlessly stroke each horse within reach of her arm. The other girls fled in disgust from the dirty-looking curs that congregated about Cricket; for the dogs all knew there was a piece of bread and molasses or a bit of cooky somewhere in Cricket's ragged apron. The social Gordian knot was cut when Cricket spoke of riding her own pony bareback, in Texas, when boys and girls united to label her as a worthy descendant of Ananias. The controversy that followed resulted in Cricket's grabbing two long braids of hair that hung temptingly from the head of her chief tormentor, and the astonished victim was dragged in state as efficaciously, if not as impressively, as a Roman captive. In the uproar that ensued the fond mammas appeared and clucked to their own precious little chicks, and bade them "keep away from the naughty, naughty girl who used to live among the Indians!"

Ostracism was a new experience for a child used to the freedom of a frontier garrison, where everyone was her friend, from Colonel Johnston down to Mrs. O'Rafferty the laundress, including Dobbin, the pony, and Tatters, the colonel's dog; and in her loneliness the open door had beckoned invitingly.

The child hitched the stool close to Emmaline's chair, watching curiously the little bobbin in her hands making tating. Leaning against the woman, Cricket addressed "the girls."

"Do you know, Miss Jessups don't like me very much," she confided, cheerfully. "She says I are a awful nuisance; and when I asked her what a awful nuisance is, she said it's something you think you want, and when you get it you don't want it and then I knew. It's just like when Jack Johnston got the whoopin'-cough. Mrs. Johnston said all children got it." Then, looking meditatively at "the grls," she added, "Did any of you ever get it? and without waiting for a reply she rattled on." Jack was awful proud because he had it and I didn't. Mrs. Johnston told me to keep away from Jack while he was coughing, and I wouldn't get it. I told Jack I wanted it, but he said I couldn't have it, and every time he coughed he ran away from me. So I pushed him into a cupboard and shut myself in with him and shook him till he coughed real hard, and then I said, 'Now, you give me that whoopin'-cough, Jack Johnston,' and I got it,

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The Subscription price to the Western Home Monthly is 50 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is One Dollar a year, while subscribers who reside within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States, are requested to send 25 cents extra to defray delivery charges.

Remittances of small sums may be made with comparative safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter, P.O. Money Order or Express Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

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Every present subscriber to or reader of The Western Home Monthly can, if he (or she) will secure one new subscriber to the paper for one year. This may seem a broad statement, but we think it hardly possible that there is anyone who has not at least one friend, neighbor or acquaintance who would subscribe for this magazine if shown a copy and asked to do so. It is a very easy and simple matter to secure one new yearly subscriber for The Western Home Monthly, and in order to persuade as many as possible of our readers to do it during this winter of 1908-09 we are about to make an exceedingly liberal and attractive offer. It is as follows:

To every present subscriber or reader who will send up one new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for one year at Fifty cents, at any time before March 31, 1909, we will send Free by mail, post paid, Twelve Beautiful Post Cards and a neat Post Card Album, bound in boards, suitably printed cover, and, having spaces to hold 24 cards.

The twelve post cards are of fine quality, beautifully printed, no two alike, and include views of schools, parks, public buildings, etc., etc., in Western Canada, a real nice post card to send to your friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, and embrace the following groups of Winnipeg views:—

GROUP I.	GROUP II.	GROUP III.	GROUP IV.
Looking North from City Hall	Looking South from City Hall	Assiniboine Park	Roslyn Road
St. Mary's Church	Wesley Church	Portage Avenue	Kennedy Street
Central Congregational Church	Medical College	Princess Street	Government House
Manitoba College	Wesley College	Armstrong Point	Court House
University of Manitoba	First Baptist Church	Wellington Crescent	Royal Alexandra Hotel
Grace Church	St. Stephen's Church	Fort Garry Gateway	Fort Garry Court
Victoria School	General Hospital	Government Buildings	The Assiniboine River
Normal School	Carnegie Library	Manitoba Club	Mr. John Galt's Residence
Deaf and Dumb Institute	St. Andrew's Church	Old Post Office	Assiniboine Park
Sacred Heart Church	St. John's College	Canadian Bank of Commerce	Redwood Brewery
Mulvey School	Norquay School	Eaton Store	Bannatyne Ave. East
Land Titles Building	Machray School	Mr. W. Whyte's Residence	Residence of Mr. F. M. Morse.

Each set of cards is entirely new, never before offered by us, all printed nicely and the subjects are the most attractive we have ever seen.

It is quite impossible for us to split up these groups and accordingly subscribers are debarred from selecting some cards from one group and some from another.

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Jack said he had it first, but anyway the doctor said I had it badder than Jack. I didn't tell Jack that I was sorry that I got it, but I was. It hurt a lot and I had to take some nasty medicine; and when Mrs. Johnston found out that I spit the medicine out when she wasn't looking, she stayed with me till I said, 'It-is-all-gone-now,' and I had to say it slow, too. So, you see, I had a awful nuisance, too."

There was a twinkle behind Anna's glasses as she arose and left the room, saying to her sisters, "I'll fix tea." While Emmaline, with an unusual twitch in the corners of her mouth, found a skein of wool, and showed Cricket how to hold it while it was being wound into a ball. The child chattered away without restraint about her life in the garrison, which was as unreal to the listeners as the Arabian Nights.

When Anna returned, carrying a large silver tray laden with steaming tea and crisp little cakes, Cricket leaped to her feet, depositing the wool in a tangled mass in Emmaline's lap, and dragging part of the skein about her foot as she ran to the little table, exclaiming delightedly, "Oh, we're going to have a tea-party!" May I pour tea?"

"The girls" looked uneasily from the grimy hands to the polished silver, then at the eager little face, and Adelaide rose. "You may if you will let me wash your face and hands first. Ladies always have nice clean hands and faces when they sit down to tea."

The child followed docilely, and came back with shining face, then sat down and reached for the fat little silver tea-pot, remarking graciously, with a ridiculous assumption of dignity, "I'm the mover now, and you are my little girls, only I don't know your names yet, you see."

They told her, Anna, Emmaline, Malvina, Mary Ann, and Adelaide Corgee; and Cricket nodded sagely.

"Miss Corjeses! I know all about your family! The chaplain read about Jesus to us at Sunday School."

There was a chorus of shocked voices, and, after trying fruitlessly to explain her error, they finally told the bewildered Cricket to say Miss Anna, or Miss Emmaline, and not use the surname.

When tea was cleared away the five cats appeared, and the child stretched on the floor, cuddling them all and talking until Adelaide said she would take her safely home. At the door Cricket turned and gave a stiff military salute, saying, gravely, "Good-night. I've had a perfect-ly beautiful time," the tone being an unmistakable imitation of an affected society drawl; then she vanished, only to put her head in again and announce, reassuringly, "I'm coming back again to-morrow."

The next morning there was an intangible atmosphere of expectation in the house. Emmaline was undecided whether little cakes with currants or caraway cookies would be best for tea; and Anna thought they might just as well have the table in the arbor, "the nights were so warm." Adelaide, who had been out on the weekly marketing trip, exhibited a gayly-colored picture book of biblical stories, saying she thought the child had been raised like a heathen and it was their duty to teach her better. Malvina and Mary Ann held a whispered conversation, which resulted in a journey upstairs, from which they returned with a china doll made into a pin-cushion, its stiffly extended skirts being stuffed with sawdust and sewed to a circular piece of cardboard. It had stood on the mahogany dresser in Malvina's room since she was ten years old, but the faded blue silk skirt still showed the heads of the original pins forming the word "Malvina." The two sisters sat down, and added new pins until the original word was supplemented by additional ones, "to Cricket."

Cricket kept her word; her face was clean in sections, as though she had performed her ablutions on the installment plan, but there was evidence of heroic effort.

The cakes, doll and book were re-

ceived with little screams of joy, then, before anyone knew what was coming, she had flung herself on "the girls," and was kissing them impartially. Miss Adelaide's wig got a little on one side, and Anna's point lace collar was rumpled, but there was a queer little thrill in each staid heart—the ghost of the "thrill of motherhood"—as though the fingers of the unborn babies had touched the withered breasts.

A quaint little wooden rocker had been resurrected from the garret, and the child, holding the doll in her arms, rocked back and forth, looking at the picture-book and listening to "the girls'" explanations.

The afternoon passed quickly "for them all, when the child was told it was time to go the animated face became wistful. She made no protest, but rose quietly and laid the book carefully on the table, placing the doll beside it. For a second she gazed into "the girls'" faces, then slipped softly to Anna's side, and said, hesitatingly: "I'll be awful good if you'll let me come again."

Anna took off her glasses and wiped them hurriedly, then replacing

and the favored gowns were carried to the sewing-room. Such a ripping and snipping, and discussions as to bias and straight edges, ruffles and flounces, until Adelaide returned with her arms full of bundles.

When Cricket materialized that afternoon she was seized, led to the bath-room and scrubbed from head to foot. The new clothes were slipped on her, and a pair of blue kid shoes with dangling tassels. The tangled mop of hair was transformed into a mass of shining curls that fell to her waist, and were held in place by a blue ribbon that encircled her head and ended in a coquettish bow above the part. Miss Adelaide flushed with pleasure when the other "girls" remembered she always "had such a knack for making pretty bows." Then a dainty white dress, with little ruffles edged with lace, was fastened on, and Cricket was led down in state.

Tea was late that evening, and after the dishes were finished, Cricket, tired by the excitement, curled on the floor with the cats, and in a little while Anna, looking down, saw that the child was asleep. Placing her

in the spare room for to-night, and be sure they are not damp."

An hour elapsed before she returned, but when they questioned her she shook her head, saying, "I'll tell you after we put the child to bed."

It was Anna who raised the sleeping child, and as she looked down at the flushed face, with its tangle of curls against her breast, a tender look stole over her face, and the other "girls" knew she was thinking of the children that might have been hers, and with exquisite tact they sat down quietly and watched her ascend the stairs, holding the child in her arms.

When she came down again the other sisters crept softly to the spare room to see "if everything was all right," after which they picked up their old-fashioned needle work, taught them in days when idle hands were considered a woman's disgrace, and waited for Adelaide to speak.

"Girls," we have been very happy here together, but I have often wondered which of us would be the last one to be left; and in the dread of that one lingering maybe helpless for years, with only memories, I have prayed God to take us all together. The dread of it has never left me for years, until I thought if we would take this little one into our home to be our own, that fear would be ended. When I saw Mrs. Jessup I asked if she had any objection to our legally adopting the child, and she said she would be glad of it, for she had more than she could do to look out for her own.

"So to-morrow, if you 'girls' are satisfied, we will see the family lawyer and have the papers made out."

The sisters looked at each other, laughing guiltily, then each confessed she had intended to do exactly what Adelaide had done.

When Cricket woke the next morning she was told the news, and if any of the "girls" had ever doubted the child's love for them that doubt was laid to rest forever. Then life began anew for them all.

House-cleaning time approached; though why such an epoch should exist when a house is always clean is an unsolved enigma. However, an orthodox Philadelphian of the old regime must clean house in the spring and fall; to omit it would be as heathenish as to omit one's prayers.

In the confusion of carpet-beating, painting and scrubbing from garret to cellar, it was discovered there was no sugar in the house, and Emmaline dispatched Cricket to the corner grocery.

She arrived just in time to see the clerk pick up a box in which were some tiny pink baby mice; and when she begged them for pets he laughed and gave them to her. Hiding them in her pocket she hurried home, and, after leaving the sugar in the kitchen, sneaked into the garden and examined her treasures.

When the warning shadows began to lengthen Cricket began to wonder what she should do with her mice for the night, for she feared "the girls" as much as the cats.

Then a brilliant thought struck her, and putting the mice carefully in her pocket, she hurried upstairs to the bureau where Emmaline's gloves were kept.

Taking a pair of soft kid gloves from the drawer, Cricket pushed the mice gently into the palm, and started each one into a separate finger, so it could have a "room all to its own self." Then replacing the glove she shut the drawer and left the room, happy in the thought that her pets were safe and comfortable.

The next day was market day and Miss Emmaline did not notice anything unusual about her "third best" gloves until her fingers encountered an obstacle. Even then, being busy discussing her market list, she only pushed harder.

"I wonder what on earth is the matter with this glove!" she exclaimed, as she pulled it off to investigate.

There was a howl from the stairway, and Cricket precipitated herself on the glove.

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them, she spoke gently: "Of course, you may come, dear. We want you to."

A little face was upturned and two rosy lips met the wrinkled face above it. Then somehow Emmaline's hands went out and her arms were about the tiny figure. There was a rustle of silk and bombazine skirts as the other sisters claimed their kiss, while the child's face beamed.

She was not old enough to realize that the crumb of her love was a feast to the poor starving hearts that had never before realized that they were hungry.

The day after, Adelaide, bent on a mysterious shopping trip, was followed to the front door by her sisters, each giving parting injunctions. When the door closed there was a chattering procession to the garret, where trunks were overhauled and numerous old-fashioned dresses and ribbons, relics of youthful days, were spread about, accompanied by, "Do you remember the night I wore that to Cousin Ellie's party?" or "That was your birthday dress when you were eighteen, Malvina!" How many old dreams rose ghost-like from those trunks!

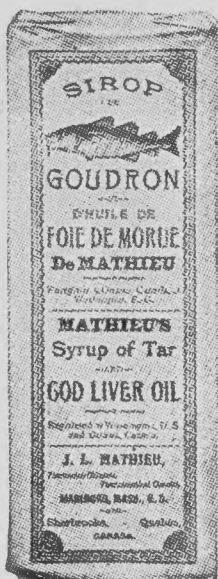
At last a selection had been made,

finger warningly on her lips, she brought a soft, warm, knitted shawl and threw it gently over the little figure, remarking, apologetically: "It seems such a shame to disturb her! I've heard it is bad for a child's nerves to be awakened; besides, she might catch cold going out in the night air." Then, seeing no disapprobation in the faces, she grew bolder: "Don't you 'girls' think it would be better to see Mrs. Jessup and ask permission for the child to remain here for to-night?"

Each head gave a little nod of acquiescence, and Adelaide, laying aside her tatting, left the room for a wrap.

"I'll go to see Mrs. Jessup," she declared in a stage whisper, as she threw a cape over her shoulders and draped a black lace "throw" over her head, leaving the prim little curls dangling unconfined each side of her face.

"The woman may be all very well, so far as I know, but no one knows anything at all about her grandfather, and, besides, she has only lived ten years on the street, and one has to be so careful, you know! I shall not be gone very long, and I don't think it would do any harm if one of you 'girls' should turn down the sheets



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"You naughty, bad Miss Emmaline! You're killing my little mice!"

Amid shrieks from the sisters, who nimbly mounted convenient chairs Cricket turned the glove inside out, and five tiny lifeless bodies fell into her hand.

Her grief was so genuine that "the girls" thought she had been punished enough; for the child sat out in the garden crying over her dead pets and refusing to be comforted.

Anna hunted up a small box and went out to the child. Cricket's face was tear-stained and her eyes dim, while the baby mouth drooped and quivered pathetically. Anna knelt beside her, heroically suppressing a shudder at the proximity of the dead mice.

"Look, dear! I have brought you a nice little box and some soft white cotton. Now, put the little dead babies in it, and you can have a funeral and bury them in your garden."

A little later the sisters slipped into the yard; and after Cricket patted down the mound, she turned a dirty but cheerful face to the girls, saying briskly, "Did you enjoy that funeral? I've had a per-fect-ly beau-ti-ful time. Now let's go fix a 'Peace Infernal,' like they have on the graves at church."

After ten minutes of diplomacy and persuasion, Cricket consented to forego her idea, and substitute the words, "Cricket's Mice," on the bit of paste-board that was in evidence for a few days in the garden.

Sunday was a day Cricket dreaded. It meant walking sedately to Old Sweede's Church, where one could see the tall masts of foreign ships, but not go close enough to see anything one wanted to. You couldn't skip on Sunday, nor take long jerky steps to avoid walking on the dividing cracks of the flag-pavements. The rows of old graves, dating back to the first settlers of Philadelphia, and the story of the church being used as a place from which the Colonists fought the British vessels, fired the child's imagination, and she would dream of times when church was not so stupid for little girls. If only a British vessel would fire on the church once in a while, she knew it would be lots easier to keep awake.

After services and the walk home there was usually cold meat, bread and butter and milk, and dinner at six instead of tea.

When lunch was over, Cricket stood gazing out of the front window, wondering why God made Sunday so uninteresting, and whether he did not get tired of hearing people pray and sing every single Sunday, forever and ever, amen!

As she stood with her small nose flattened against the glass, a half grown saucy pup appeared, and stopped in front of the house. After glancing carefully around Cricket hurried to the door and called the dog. It wagged its tail delightedly and stumbled up the front steps.

Sneaking through the hall, they managed to reach the back yard undetected, where, screened by friendly shrubbery, she sat down, hugging the pup in ecstasy, while he reciprocated with slobbering mouth, muddy paws, and all his doggyish heart.

Cricket might have successfully carried out her original plan of letting the dog out the alley gate had not the back parlor door been open, and a malicious fate led the five cats in a stately procession to the house.

There was a streak of fur, and the puppy was in full chase. In the parlor there was frenzied yowling and spitting, mingled with shrill yaps; a sound of breaking bric-a-brac, and the thud of overturned spindle-legged chairs. A huge glass-covered piece of artificial flowers made from shells stood on a small marble-topped table, which Cricket had been warned never to touch; the shells had been gathered by friends of "the girls" father, and made into this work of art by "the girls." As Cricket followed the combatants into the house she saw the table totter and crash to the floor.

The sisters were still in the kitchen tidying up the lunch things, when they heard the commotion, and started

to investigate, Adelaide, as usual, in the lead. On the narrow stairs they collided with five cats, four of which shot by them with wildly glaring eyes and abnormally large tails, but the fifth one seeing Miss Adelaide's head within reach, made a flying leap and clung to her with frantic grip until the brown wig and cat fell to the floor together, while the pup danced about in delight. Cricket hauled him out of the door, hoping against hope to make amends by removing the cause of the trouble.

Shutting the pup outside, the child returned and viewed the scene of disaster, where the sisters were picking up the fragments of old china keepsakes. Adelaide, who had recovered her hair, smoothed it out with shaking fingers, and, going to the long pier-glass, adjusted the wig carefully, pinning it in place by means of a velvet ribbon. In so doing she spied the culprit.

"Go to your room at once!" she commanded, in a voice Cricket had never heard before. "You are a naughty, ungrateful child! I don't wonder Mrs. Jessup was glad to get rid of you. It was downright wicked to set the dog on those poor cats!"

"Don't be too severe, sister," begged Anna, picking up a three-legged chair.

"Maybe she did not intend to do it," came from Emmaline, who was trying to fit pieces of a Chinese teapot together and thinking of the time when her father had brought it to her from one of his voyages.

Adelaide turned on them in wrath. "You are all too easy with her, and she takes advantage of it. Solomon was right when he said, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' I guess any man with nine hundred wives ought to know how to raise children, and I shall follow his advice. I am sick of this everlasting commotion, and if Elizabeth will not behave, I shall have to chastise her. We have a moral responsibility that I, for one, shall not shirk," concluded Adelaide, her curls bobbing frantically in her excitement, as she gave vent to her pent-up anger under the pretext of advocating discipline.

Cricket looked from one to the other, but, seeing no encouragement, her inclination to say she was sorry and explain how it all happened turned to a dull sense of anger. "Let them think I brought the pup in to set it on the cats if they want to, the mean old things!" and with her small mouth pouting she went slowly up to her room.

A few hours dragged till dinner time, when a tray of substantial food was brought to the small prisoner by Adelaide, who placed it on the table and left the room without speaking. Cricket maintained her position at the window until the door closed, then hurried to inspect the supper. No dessert, no cake; just roast potatoes, bread, milk and a stuffed tomato.

Her solitary dinner was soon finished, and she stood staring disconsolately from the window of the second story front room. The church bells began to peal from every direction. Trinity Church answered the chime of St. Peter's, the German Church around the corner echoed the faint call from Old Sweede's, and people passed on their way to evening service.

Cricket raised the window, watching them enviously. Across the street children in their best clothes congregated on the steps and talked. Then one of them spied her and called, "Come on out." She shook her head, "I don't want to."

A derisive laugh answered her, and the boy whom she had thrashed for trying to kiss her called, tauntingly, "You dassent!"

In a fury Cricket seized the stuffed tomato and hurled it at her tormentor. It landed on the top of the high silk hat of an elderly gentleman, and splattered in every direction like a small red geyser. The other children, animated more by spite to Cricket than courtesy to her victim, picked up the hat and pointed to the now deserted window. Cricket, concealed behind a friendly green slat-blind,

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watched developments. The man came determinedly across the street, on his face a combination of wrath and tomatoes; and as he glared up at the window Cricket felt the end of the Universe had come.

The child shivered with fright, wondering what Miss Adelaide would say now; yet knowing the silence and averted eyes of Anna would hurt more than any words or whipping. Creeping on tip-toes to the head of the stairs, she stood listening to the man's angry voice as he told his story and exhibited his spattered clothes.

"A man can hardly be in a proper frame of mind for prayer when he is made a target for soft tomatoes!"

Cricket waited for no more, but, running hastily to her room, dragged a chair to the mantel; climbing up she seized her little bank and opened it, dropping the twenty pennies and bright new nickel into her hand. With all her worldly wealth clutched tightly in her chubby fist she climbed down again and slipped from the room.

The front and back parlors communicated by folding doors which were nearly closed, effectually screening the stairway that led into the back room. By dint of flattening her small body against the wall she managed to make her way into the back yard. Only a minute elapsed, but in that time a tiny figure with quivering lips was hurrying away.

She had no idea of where she was going; her only thought was to wonder why she was so much naughtier than other children. Someone always loved them, but nobody wanted her. Mrs. Jessup had been glad to get rid of her, and Miss Adelaide said she was sick of the commotion; even Miss Anna's sympathy had failed. Maybe if she died they would be sorry, and then she would be God's little girl. A guilty thought flashed over her; God didn't love naughty little girls, so Miss Adelaide said. Well, if she couldn't go to heaven, the devil would get her, and she was so naughty maybe he would let her be his little girl. That would be better than not belonging to anyone. Cheered by the thought she trudged on.

Passers looked curiously at the child, but concluded she knew where she was going. "Possibly sent on an errand," they thought, so said nothing to her. It was growing dark, and she was tired and for the first time in her life afraid. At last she stopped and sank wearily on a step, just to see if her feet would stop hurting. Then her head nodded and she was fast asleep.

Meanwhile, the irate old gentleman, whose name was Burns, had calmed down, and, with Chesterfieldian courtesy, refused all offers of "the girls" to be allowed to recompense him for damages sustained, asserting that he considered himself under obligations to Cricket for the pleasure of meeting the sisters; this with a deep bow, which was acknowledged by sweeping curtsies from "the girls." When he asked how they came to give the child such a name as "Cricket," they told the story of her life, and then it transpired that Mr. Burns' son was an army officer, and had known Lieutenant and Mrs. Arlington. Further, that his son and wife were at present visiting the old gentleman, and "would the ladies permit him to beg the privilege of calling with them?"

While the other sisters assured him how delighted they would be, Anna hurried up to tell Cricket and bring her down, only to find that the child was gone.

In a few minutes Cricket caused more commotion by her absence than she had ever done by her presence. Mr. Burns volunteered to give the alarm at the police station, for there were no telephones in those days.

In spite of his corpulency he made good time, and returned to the house as the five "girls" were hastily donning their "bonnets." No one noticed that Adelaide had on Mary Ann's bonnet, while the more juvenile one, belonging to Adelaide, was perched

rakishly over sedate Emmaline's right ear.

As they hurried to the door Adelaide stopped, and laying her hands on Anna's shoulders, said: "Some one must stay here, sister. She will want you when we bring her home. Don't worry, dear; we will find her, please God!" and he kissed the wrinkled, twitching face, her own eyes bright with tears.

The sound of jangling bells woke Cricket, and she raised herself stiffly, wondering why the bed and pillow were so cold and hard. Then she remembered.

As she rose aimlessly the bells grew louder. Church bells never rang that way. There was a thud of galloping hoofs, and Cricket forgot all her troubles as she darted to the curbstone to watch the fire engine dash past. Windows were raised, doors opened and people seemed to spring from the earth; for a moment Cricket stood alone under the flickering light of the gas street lamp.

Mr. Burns and Adelaide had met a few blocks away by a prearranged plan, hoping one or the other might have good news. A glance had shown the results of their efforts, and together they started to meet Emmaline and Mary Ann, who had been hunting another neighborhood, while Malvina, with a friend's son, searched in a different direction.

The clanging bells also attracted their attention, and they paused at the crossing to allow the engine to pass. As Mr. Burns turned to speak to Adelaide he caught sight of the child.

"There she is!" he called, triumphantly, and started forward.

Cricket looked up, and seeing only the man whom she thought was pursuing her for vengeance, ran out into the street, blind with fear.

There was a horrified cry from the people, and the child glanced up at the horses that loomed above her. Then the engine passed leaving a limp little form on the ground.

In an instant Adelaide and Mr. Burns were at her side, surrounded by a fast gathering crowd which repeated a different version to each new-comer. An elderly man pushed through the mass of humanity and knelt by the child, saying, "I am a physician."

As he listened for the faint heartbeats, and held the tiny wrist, more than one woman in the crowd sobbed audibly; but Adelaide, with face and eyes that seemed frozen with horror, stood without a sound, her hands tightly clinched, until the doctor raised his head and said, "I think she is only stunned from the fall;" then Adelaide threw her hands out wildly and broke into sobs, "Oh, thank God! I have not killed her!"

Mr. Burns called out, "A quarter to the first boy who gets me a hack;" and it did not take long for a carriage to materialize. While waiting for it the doctor carried Cricket into an adjoining house, and Adelaide followed, without wondering whether the people who owned the house ever had a grandfather or not.

Mr. Burns waited on the steps, and presently came in to say the carriage had arrived. The doctor entered first, holding the child, then Adelaide got in and held out her arms in mute appeal, and Cricket was laid in her lap. Mr. Burns mounted the seat with the driver, saying, "Drive as carefully as you can." The red-faced driver nodded, "You bet your swate loife! Oi've got childers of me own."

Anna, who had been watching the window, saw the carriage stop and ran to open the door. As she saw the child in Adelaide's arms she made an effort to speak, but her lips refused to move. Adelaide looked into her face with an attempt at smiling. She is only stunned from a fall, sister. I drove her away, but, thank God, we have her back!"

The next morning the doctor came to inquire about his patient, whom he had ordered to remain in bed a couple of days. He was conducted upstairs to find a small girl lying in a big, old-fashioned four-posted feather bed, a pink velvet bonnet on her

Singer Talks

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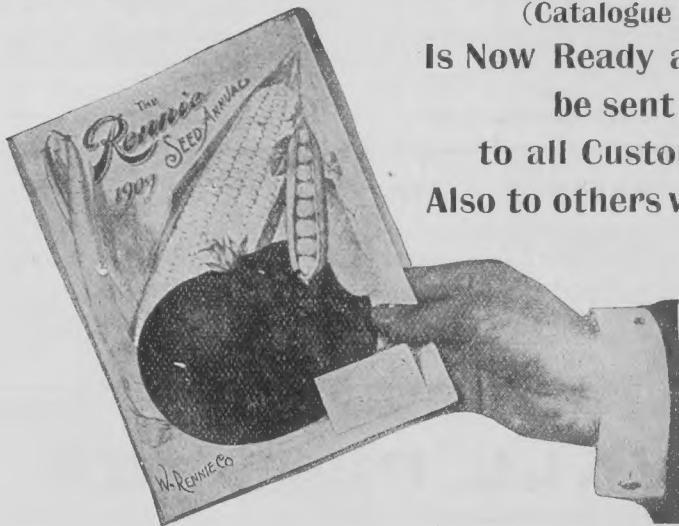
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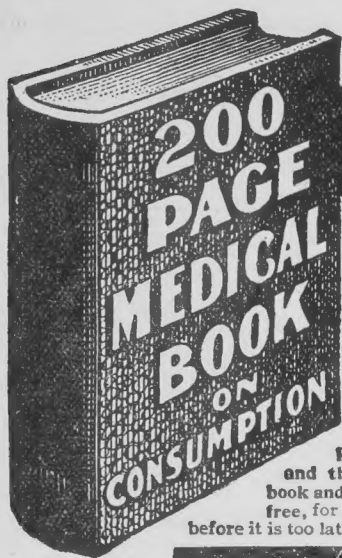
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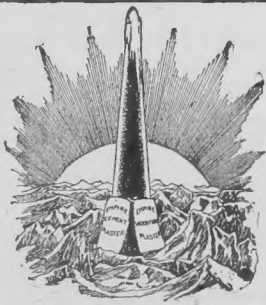
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head, blue kid shoes on her feet, and a blue silk parasol opened over her head, while a very stout old gentleman cavorted on hands and knees on the floor, pretending to fight a tiny, fluffy white puppy, that emitted a shrill series of yaps.

The doctor's laugh brought Mr. Burns to his feet with alacrity, but further embarrassment was avoided by the doctor, who stooped and picked up the dog.

"What a little beauty!" he exclaimed. "He ought to have a pretty name."

A voice came from under the parasol. "He's named Tatters like Colonel Johnston's dog, and Mr. Burns gave him to me, and he's going to live here with me and the cats and the Corgeseses, and we're going to the Park and ride on the little ponies!"

From which the doctor had a confused idea of Mr. Burns residing with the "girls," and a wild vision of the five sisters astride the Shetland ponies in Fairmount Park. After examining Cricket's pulse he left with an unexplained twinkle in his eyes, remarking that he did not consider further medical attendance was necessary.

Mr. Burns brought his son and wife, with their eight-year-old boy, Roy, to see Cricket and "the girls," and from that time the two little Army children were inseparable. Roy did not laugh when Cricket talked about her pony, Dobbin; and Cricket in turn grew round-eyed when Roy told her how his father had let him shoot a pistol sometimes on target-range; and promised Cricket that if she would go with him out West she might ride his pony, and he would let her learn to shoot, too, because he knew she wouldn't shut her eyes and hold her ears and squeal like other girls.

One day Cricket was dressed in her best clothes, and knowing it was not Sunday, she wondered why. Miss Anna curled the last curl and was tying the ribbon around the child's head, when Cricket noticed her eyes looked "funny."

"You look as if you're crying," she ventured. "Did some one scold you?"

"No, darling. I've just got a bad

cold, and it makes my eyes look that way," answered Anna, in a muffled, strained voice.

"Miss Adelaide always gives me medicine when I get a cold. I'll ask her for some for you," but Anna's hand held her back. "Never mind it now, dear. By-and-bye will do."

Anna stopped and picked up the discarded dress and hung it in the wardrobe, then she turned.

"Come, dear, we must go down stairs and see Mrs. Burns now."

The Burns were sitting with "the girls" in the front parlor when Cricket reached the back room with Anna, and her quick ears heard Adelaide's voice, which sounded as though she, too, had a cold. "The child must decide for herself," and wondered what it meant.

After shaking hands gravely with each one of the visitors she obeyed a motion from Anna and seated herself in her little rocker, crossing her hands primly, in unconscious imitation of the sisters.

"Cricket," said Mr. Burns, "Roy's father and mother are going back to Texas, and Roy is going with them. They are going to Fort Concho, where Colonel and Mrs. Johnston are. Do you want to go with them and be Roy's sister?"

An exclamation of delight burst from her lips; she rose impulsively and took a step toward Mrs. Burns, outstretched hands, then paused.

"Would you let me come back in a little while?"

"No, Cricket; if you come with us, you must stay all the time, like Roy," answered Mrs. Burns, gently.

Cricket thought of the pony rides with Roy, the games with Jack Johnston and her old playmates, parade, and all the memories of her little life in the garrison; then she thought of the long days after Roy had left and she had no playmate.

Like a captive bird that sees its cage door left open she poised for flight. Turning, she looked at "the girls," who sat silently, their eyes studying the carpet; one more second passed, then she ran and threw her loving little arms around Anna's neck, and they all understood.

Santa Claus Land.

There's a wonderful land I should like to see,
Where sugar plums grow on a great green tree,
Where you skate for miles on an ice cream lake,
And live in a house built on sugar cake,
Or of brown gingerbread or of picture blocks,
While the boundary walls are of almond rocks.
And the cellars are full of the loveliest toys
And games for good little girls and boys.

There are heaps of bonbons and cakes and fruit,
There's a golden bugle, a silver lute,
There are woolly rabbits and parrots gay,
There are horses that rock through the livelong day,

And when the shadows are gathering dark,
They go to sleep in the Noah's ark,
Or a farm yard shaded by stiff green trees
That never have bent to a passing breeze.

There are beautiful dollies that close their eyes
There are brave tin soldiers of every size,
There are chocolate dogs and peppermint cats,
There are gingerbread monkeys and shortbread rats,

There are clowns and sailors and gollywogs,
And wriggling serpents and jumping frogs,
And swings and rattles and gay-hued hoops,
And fair wax dollies in endless troops.

You can sail in the boats made of crescent moons,

While the sea sprites play you their magic tunes,
On drums and cymbals and silver bells,
And harps that are fashioned of pearly shells,
Till you reach the shore where the frost elves reign,

And the reindeer stand in a long, long train,
For Santa Claus is in haste to leave
For the distant earth on this Christmas eve!

His steeds stand ready to bear him far,
And his sleigh's bright lamp is the polar star,
And the northern lights are the maidens' fair
That light his path through the midnight air,
And the snow that lies round his reindeer's feet
Is sweetest sugar, so good to eat!

And those are the reasons I want to go
To this land where the sugar plums thickly grow!

THE FINISH.

By BRADFORD DANIELS.



YOU'RE a sneak, Garcyde—a low-down sneak! You come up here and play at lumbering, pretending that you're trying to get a practical knowledge of your father's business; but we all know it's Eve Lovejoy you're after."

Stepney Garcyde gave a final brush to a skating boot that he was polishing, swung leisurely round on the end of a deal bench, and then looked nonchalantly up and down the six feet three inches of rugged manhood that confronted him. "Oh, that's it, is it?" with an amused smile. "I'm going down to pay her the compliments of the season—Christmas eve, you know."

Jake Faulkner drew back a long, sinewy arm, whose bony fist usually settled all differences with his fellow lumbermen; but his blazing black eyes met

on the point of one skate like an exaggerated top.

"Go to — with your company!" springing to his feet and dashing away down stream with great strokes that scored the ice with white outward-curving lines each twenty feet in length, and made the other's eyes open wide in astonishment.

For a half-hour Garcyde merely kept his rival in sight, fighting cautiously for his second wind. That the fool would soon burn his lungs out at that break-neck pace he felt certain. Then, as his heart slowed and the perspiration started freely, he settled down to a long, sinuous roll, which, for a combination of strength, rhythm and grace, was like nothing so much as free-running waves in an open sea.

But before him Faulkner's long legs worked with the even thrust and jerk of two powerful piston-rods, and when the broad back in the blue sweater swept past the forked white birch on Porcupine Ledge it was as far away as ever.



"The great teeth sheared through the tough cloth as easily as though it had been paper."

the steady gray ones of the man on the bench, and the arm dropped awkwardly to his side. Wheeling, he strode across to his bunk, felt under the fir brush with which it was lined, and drew out a pair of clumsy skates with sixteen-inch runners, each forged from an old file. "Two can play at that game!" he jerked out with an oath, struggling into a blue sweater and reaching for his boots.

"Certainly! It's a free country," laughed Garcyde, drawing a porpoise-hide lace about a finely carved ankle with scrupulous care.

A few minutes later, with Faulkner slightly in the lead, the two men made their way in silence down the dung-strewn tote-road to the river. Quickly adjusting his Acmes, Garcyde rose with almost feline grace and, gliding out upon the glassy ice that showed blue-black against the dark waters beneath, cut a faultless figure eight.

"Well, why don't you get on about your business?" growled the big lumberman, tugging at a refractory strap. "I'm not interested in any of them fancy skating-rink stunts."

"Thought perhaps you'd like company," drawled Garcyde, spinning round

A sudden fear that this man could outskate him seized Garcyde, and so unnerved him that he broke, much as does a pacing horse, and slapped one ankle smartly against the other. But the beautiful tantalizing face of her who had led him such a dance for the last three months rose half-smilingly, half-mockingly before him, and pulling himself together with a humorous little laugh at his senseless panic, he buckled down to what he now fully realized was to be the race of his life.

With body crouched and arms held tightly in front of him, he was whizzing along through an alder swamp, avoiding the wind-ruffled strips of ice that his rival had dashed straight across, and hugging the shore around long bends to shorten the distance where the other had held recklessly to the middle of the channel, when he saw Faulkner pause at the further edge of the flat expanse. "I'll tell Eve you'll be there in time for breakfast!" he roared back between his hands, then wheeled and vanished in a tunnel formed of over-hanging hemlock boughs.

Garcyde flushed, and then smiled that slow smile of his, which, while it masked not a trace of anger, left a peculiar

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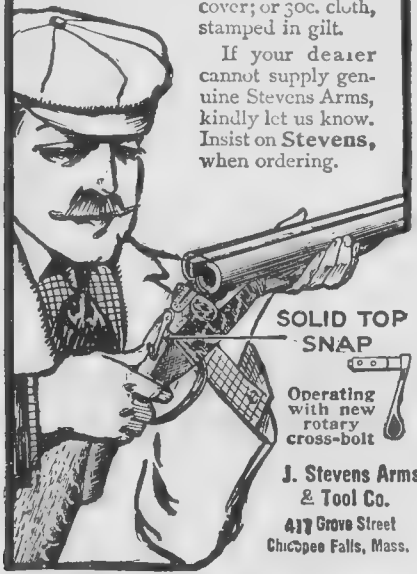
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set to the rather large mouth that could scarcely be described as pleasant. The long easy roll of the born artist on skates was not broken, but it was transformed by an easy alertness which seemed to buoy him in air and send him skimming along like a bird through the gathering twilight.

He was darting across the black shadows of hemlock boughs, limned upon the ice by a brilliant half-moon, and listening intently for the ring of his rival's skates through the frost-bound stillness, when he was aware of a low, tremulous sound which seemed to come from everywhere, and yet from nowhere. Gradually it increased in volume until it filled the forest like an all-pervading presence, and at last culminated in a prolonged, deep-chested howl upon the heavily wooded slope to his right. A moment later something went crashing away through the brushwood. Once before, in a remote lumber camp of his father's, he had heard that terrifying bass boom—the hunting cry of a hungry timber wolf.

Realizing that he was doomed if attacked in the narrow channel along which he was now passing, Garcyde made a desperate rush for the wider ice beyond, hoping to pass the wolf before it reached the bank of the stream; but the crashing through the underbrush went steadily on ahead of him, drawing nearer and nearer to the river, but sounding more and more remote. At length the truth flashed upon him. The wolf was pursuing Faulkner!

For a moment the temptation to desert his rival gripped Garcyde. Had not the man grossly insulted him? Why endanger his life? But the brown eyes of Eve Lovejoy looked at him with unutterable reproach from behind the mask of gay banter which she always wore in his presence, and made impossible the completion of the ignominious thought. Bursting from under the hemlocks into the clear white light of moon and frost, he saw Faulkner upon one knee not a hundred yards away, and between them, outlined against the sky, was a huge timber wolf bearing down upon the crouching figure with the speed of an express train. With a coolness that thrilled Garcyde with admiration the big lumberman was tightening the straps about his ankles, casting an occasional glance over his shoulder at the scudding gray shape. A moment's delay and the brute would be upon his back!

But Faulkner, with the precision of one who plays a game with life for the stake, sprang an instant before the wolf pounced upon the spot where he had been kneeling, and with a jangling snarl slid obliquely across the river, floundering in a gray jumble among the frosty tussocks along the farther bank. Before it regained its feet Garcyde dashed past and sped away down stream in the wake of Faulkner, who was now tearing across a strip of blueberry barrens. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the wolf disappearing over a ridge in a southerly direction, and, concluding that it was abandoning the chase, concentrated his wits upon the defeat of his rival.

But could he defeat him? That crude lunge that ended in a jerk was again widening the distance between them. He quickened his pace, but a warning catch in his breath made him drop back to his old stroke.

What was that? A train of sparks from Faulkner's skates! A strong north wind had sifted sand upon the ice from the open barrens, and instead of keeping to the south bank, where the wind had swept the surface clean, the clown was plowing straight through it. By the time he reached Salmon Rapids the bottoms of those old sled-runners of his would be made over into files again.

Yes, that was what he had expected; Faulkner was slowing down. In a few minutes he would be up with him. Now he could distinguish the St. Andrew's cross of the thick leather suspenders that stood out from the barn door of a back.

Crash! Garcyde looked over his shoulder. There was the wolf springing out of the brushwood not ten rods behind him. With devilish cunning it had cut across a neck of land and met them at the next bend of the river. Now it was upon its feet again, and coming on with great bounds. Well, he would give it a run for its money, that he would!

The moonlight flashed from the runners of Faulkner's skates, and "sandals of lightning are on your feet," went through his head. Ha! ha! Sandals of lightning on Jake Faulkner! What was the fool thinking of, anyway, tearing along there with his tree of a body thrust forward between his bent, jerky legs, like a giant frog twitching over a galvanic battery?

Pat, pat, pat. Nearer and nearer it came. The trees were whirling past in a mad dance and cheering frantically in pantomime. The ice was pouring under him in a headlong black torrent and rising in front of him breast-high. From its flying surface leered a white, distorted face that he scarcely recognized as his own. He knew that he was swaying like a drunken man. Something was burning at the pit of his stomach like red-hot coals, and he tasted blood—hot, brackish blood. Above the zip, zip of his skates he could hear the brute's nails scratching louder and louder upon the ice. Would it take three or four more bounds before it sprang? He felt the flesh along his spine creep icily in anticipation.

He couldn't endure the strain another moment; he must see just where his pursuer was. Swish! In turning his head he had involuntarily swerved from his course, and a pair of powerful jaws clicked ominously near his ear, as a shaggy mass of dirty gray-and-black went hurling past him shoulder high.

"Faulkner! swing round quick!" Heavens! the clown couldn't turn on those skees inside of two rods, and the wolf was crouching to spring upon his back. Chop! A leap of which he had never thought himself capable had landed him between the wolf and Faulkner, just as the brute was leaving the ice, and saw-like teeth had shorn away the shoulder of his coat, instead of sinking into his rival's neck.

There was Salmon Rapids at last! Could they make it before their pursuer came up with them again? To go straight down over the half-mile of jagged ice was a perilous undertaking, but there was no alternative. Pat, pat, pat. Once more the rapid panting and the rasping of nails upon the ice. Confound Faulkner's snail-pace! In a few seconds it would be too late to cut across behind him and draw off the wolf again. Good! there he scooted over the brink at last, his feet wide apart, and his knees doubled until his long flapping arms nearly touched the ice. Those old sled-runners were just the thing now.

Click, clack! Click, clack! His own skates were far too short for this rough ice; they let him down between the hubs with vicious jolts that threatened to lift a spring. Ping! His left skate was clattering along ahead of him, and he was performing a wild jig upon the remaining one. Thud! He was down just in time to see a pair of gaping jaws flecked with bloody foam stretched impatiently towards him as their owner flew past.

Bump, bump, bump! The sharp points of ice were cutting like knives. Ah! he had planted his foot against a hummock, and the lost skate lay in a hollow a couple of rods beyond. The wolf! Not ten feet away burned the two slanting green eyes that had been pursuing him forever, it seemed. In its blind leap the brute had crashed through the thin shell of ice which concealed one of the many air-holes that were scattered about like death-traps, and was now hanging to the edge of the opening by its fore legs, the body, from the massive shoulders down, being held well under the ice in the grip of the current.

Look out!—the brute was almost out of the water. No, the current was too strong and was dragging it back to its old position. Another such a lunge and it might succeed in hooking a hind foot over the edge of the ice. If only he had a stick he'd shove it off—he didn't care to have a foot amputated in the venture. Why not let the jaws close upon his thick woolen cap? Chop! The great teeth sheared through the tough cloth as easily as though it had been paper, but missed by a fraction of a second the boot that landed upon the thick neck. A frantic clutching of white fangs at the edge of the ice, a dull bump against the surface beneath, and the gray nightmare was gone.

Well, it would do him no good to sit there and stare stupidly into the hole

through which the wolf had disappeared. Lord, how tired he was! Could he ever drag himself over to that skate? What was the use, anyway? He was too fagged to take another stroke. His head weighed a hundred pounds if it weighed one, and he couldn't hold it up another minute. He had never been so sleepy before in all his life; he would go to sleep right there upon the ice.

Garcyde sat up with a jerk. Faulkner!—he had almost forgotten him. The cur would go on to Maple Ridge and propose to Eve Lovejoy, while he snored slothfully on Salmon Rapids. Not if he could get one foot ahead of the other! There was no wolf now to spoil a fair race.

Then some new thing woke in Garcyde. Something of the elemental savage seized him and transformed Garcyde, the finished product of civilization, into a primeval cave-man, hot upon the trail of an enemy. Heretofore his movements had been the embodiment of grace; now he leapt forward with the fierce directness of the wolf that had been pursuing him, crunching the flinty ice under his skates at every bound.

Rounding Tamarack Point, he saw Faulkner ahead of him, looking more than ever like a great jumping frog. The big lumberman looked over his shoulder, then broke into a blind plunging run—the last resort of a skater being driven off his legs. At the sight Garcyde laughed a hard, choppy laugh—the exultant bark of a brute about to run its quarry to earth.

With swift and steady strokes he closed the last ten yards between them with a tingling desire to leap upon the broad, swaying back; but at the last moment Garcyde, the product of civilization, mechanically turned aside.

As he shot past the rocking, gasping lumberman he got a glimpse of the big, unfinished face, and at sight of it his strange frenzy slipped from him like a garment. The look upon it wasn't only that of a strong man suffering the humiliation of defeat at the hands of a hated rival; it was also that of a primitive, unimaginative soul whose long-trusted world was suddenly ending in chaos.

Garcyde paused for a moment, his face seamed with thought; then an odd smile played about the corners of the large mouth, and he sped on towards the landing that led to Eve Lovejoy's house, the uncertain clack, clack of Faulkner's skates sounding more and more remote.

"I can stay only a few minutes—off for town as soon as I pack my traps," Garcyde rattled on, avoiding the eyes of the astonished girl who had received him into the cozy sitting room where a Yule-log blazed in the great stone fireplace in anticipation of his coming. "I couldn't possibly go away without dropping in to break the good news. Miss —" (here he stammered, having forgotten to invent a name) "Belmont has made me the happiest man alive. An old flame, you know, I knew you would want to congratulate me."

Then Garcyde underwent his ordeal by fire. He felt, rather than saw, the pain in the startled brown eyes change to contempt. The palpitating girl who had met him at the door had suddenly flowered into an imperious woman, who was now passing judgment upon him in the light of his own testimony. He could read her decision upon her mobile face. He knew what her estimate of him was now.

To her he was no longer a man—he was only a "thing," and a pitiable one at that. No, it was more than flesh and blood could bear; he must undo the lie and right himself in her eyes. But the face of Jake Faulkner as he has last seen it upon the ice rose between them and silenced him.

"Poor devil, he has little enough in his three-by-four world, without my robbing him of the best thing in it," he mused, as he stopped for a moment.

Then, with head down, he stumbled down the moonblanched slope towards the river.

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

Correspondence

The Christmas holidays, with the many good things that are served up during that festive season, appears to have a buoyant effect on the spirits of our correspondents.

During December the number of letters received, addressed to our correspondence department, exceeded those of any other two consecutive months.

If we had any misgivings in the past regarding the popularity of this department, the heavy correspondence on the matrimonial question during December would speedily dispel them.

If you desire to form the acquaintance of any lady writer writing in the correspondence columns of this magazine, address the Western Home Monthly, enclosing in a sealed envelope with stamp attached, letter intended for such writer as you may designate and we will forward it through the mail to the party you intend it for. When writing us, please give full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

A Letter from A City Girl.

Winnipeg, Oct. 4, 1908.

Editor.—Perhaps I am intruding upon this page by making a call, but please do not exclude me for I am neither a farmer's daughter nor am I hunting for a husband so that probably all the bachelors will glance on to the next letter. This is, I must confess, the first time I have ever read your publication and although I am taking up space, still I feel that I must congratulate the editor on the apparent success and popularity of this magazine and also the readers for the pleasant hours they must derive from the same, for I myself can vouch for several pleasant moments just spent in reading the correspondence section.

As I see it is usual for one to describe one's self I shall begin to commence or commence to begin. (Do you allow such lightness in your columns, or must one be very decorous), or is it possible to maintain decorum where young people are concerned? I have taken notice of the different ages; also wandered from the subject.

I am about 5 feet 4 inches tall, have large dark blue eyes, with dark brown hair (some call it black). I am fond of many of the sports mentioned, driving, etc. I have never lived on a farm but spent two weeks on one when I was a little girl. I have spent a great deal of time traveling and I do not think I could settle down in any one place for I shall soon be on the go again. I suppose although this page is devoted to the matrimonial question there may be some young ladies (girls, I mean) who would like to correspond with me and to whom I could send post cards if they wished me to. Of course, I do not mean by this that I would not like to hear from any of the boys, but it appears to me that they are all busy looking for affinities or some one who can make bread; and as my initial is not B and I have never attempted to make bread, I am afraid I would not do in either case.

I admire the spirit of "The Girl with the Apron" very much and I think she would suit the "Prairie Schooner." I rather like him myself, he appears to me to be very industrious and sensible, although I do not think he should choose anyone older than himself; he places 30 as the limit. Pardon me, "Prairie Schooner," for the personal remark.

I notice from the dates on most of the letters that they are not published the month received, and doubtless if the editor is so kind as to place this in his column, I shall probably be by that time speeding south again. However, I shall leave my address with the editor and anyone wishing to write I will arrange to have mail forwarded to me. I might say it would give me great pleasure to have some Western correspondents and I shall be delighted to answer any letters I may receive either from some young farmers or farmers' daughters for I have never had the pleasure of knowing personally anyone outside of city people and "flitters" like myself.

I thank the editor for his kindness in allowing me so much space, and beg all to accept my best wishes for the success of this correspondence club and the W. H. M.

"A Southern Girl."

John Bull Wants Correspondents.

Tiny P. O., Sask., Oct. 10, 1908.

Editor.—Have been a reader of your paper for some time and, finding the correspondence columns very interesting, would like to pen a few remarks myself.

I am a farmer at present, but could find enough time to correspond with some young lady who wishes a cosy Western home. Have a cheerful disposition and am called good looking, having auburn hair and light blue eyes, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150 pounds. I neither smoke, chew nor



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drink and am rather musically inclined. There are some cows about the place but, of course, would not expect a woman to milk them, nor to carry wood and water.

Any young lady who wishes to correspond with a jolly Western bachelor will find my address with the editor. Would be pleased if "Calla Lily" or "Chick" would write to me at their earliest convenience. "John Bull."

Polly Says She Is Very Pretty.

Fairfax, Man., Nov. 4, 1908.

Editor.—As I am not a subscriber to your paper, the W. H. M., I thought that I would like to join in the correspondence columns. I always take great pleasure in the letters; they are often very laughable. I will answer letters from either sex but would like to hear from "Mamma's Little Love-sick Boy," in the September number. Will exchange post cards or photos with any nice young man who does not drink (I will not be hard on him, he can smoke if he chooses to), and who wants to correspond with me. I am 17 years old, weigh 126 pounds, am 5 feet tall, and I am very fair with nice blue eyes and very good looking (when not cross or out of humor). Well, I will be pleased to see this in print. Will leave my address with the editor.

"Polly."

A Letter Full of Advice.

Manitoba, Oct. 8, 1908.

Editor.—I was very much struck with the letter of "The Girl with the Apron On." It seems to me from what I have observed both in this district and in others where I have been that she is about right as to her opinion of bachelors' ideas, though why they have those ideas I cannot understand. She says that the men seem to want a partner, experienced, a good housekeeper, a good cook, good looking, know all about music, etc. Now I would say that such a person would be rather an ideal something to aim at, and the nearer the man came to getting his ideal, the more thankful he should be, and if he is truly thankful she will show it and live up to it. She says she thinks the home should be nice and comfortable. Certainly, but I think that it should be more than that, comfort is not all. It seems to me that there is nothing a man should think more of in this world than his home and family. It seems to me that his home can be made a little heaven. I often think of a little verse:

"What is a woman's world,
A castle or a cot?
A little place where hearts beat true,
A spot where love doth leaven,
Built on the rock of Faith by two
Who make that home a heaven.
Where busy hands toil all day long,
Where children lisp a prayer,
With voices raised in cheerful song,
A woman's world is there."

Now I do not wish to infer from "Where busy hands toil all day long" that I think that the woman should feed the pigs and milk the cows, for that is decidedly outside her realm; but I verily believe that if the woman is encouraged by her husband, who shows his appreciation of a nice comfortable home, she will not only find it easy but a pleasure to toil to make their home such that the husband will think so much of it that he will be loath to leave her presence for an evening. Such a home would go a long way toward making the man and woman true companions. I think that a great deal of trouble is caused through persons entering the state of matrimony without considering well what it means. Marriage should be to both sexes an honorable and holy estate, to be entered upon only when it is well known that the party is faithful and carries with him the spirit of chivalry and love.

Perhaps I am extreme in some of my views, but I think that if they were followed more closely it would cause more happiness and eliminate some of the existing misery.

"Sauerkraut Bill."

The Lonely West.

Saskatchewan, Nov. 8, 1908.

Editor.—For some months past I have read the correspondence column of your paper with pleasure as I am at present keeping house for my brother who (in the past) has been a bachelor and is proving up on his homestead. As he is a subscriber to the W. H. M. I have the privilege of reading it.

I agree with many of the girls that it is the man's place to write first. I know for myself I would not wish to write first. The bachelors speak about being so lonely, but say, girls, don't you think it is just as lonely, if not more so, for us to be away out here in the West and often for months at a time and not to see the face of one of our sex and the nearest is nine miles away? Such is often the case in this part of the world.

Now if "Handy Andy" or "Scotchman," (whose letter appeared in the June paper) care to write to me or any others, I will answer all letters.

Now, somebody will say, "Who are you, anyway?" Well, I am a farmer's daughter, am 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 130 pounds, have dark hair and blue eyes, and as for my beauty, will say

nothing; my brother tells me when I start to play the piano I make such a noise it often starts to rain.

Excuse me for taking up so much space in your columns, as I know there will be other letters of more interest. My address you will find with the editor.

"Prairie Lillie."

A Voice from Bonnie Scotland.

Highlands, Scotland, Oct. 12, 1908.

Editor.—I receive the W. H. M. from a friend in Canada and have always been very much interested in the correspondence column. I shall be so glad if you could print this letter as I have no Canadian stamp and cannot send any letter for you to forward. I should be so pleased if "London" would write to me. My address will be with the editor. As I cannot write to him I had better give a description of myself here. I am quite Scotch but intend going to Canada this winter to stay a few years on my brother's farm. I am 19 years of age and have just left school. Fairly tall, dark hair and eyes. I am musical and have a good training in piano, violin and singing. Of course, I will tell him more about myself if he cares to correspond. Perhaps he has found a Canadian stamp by this time. I do hope you will find space for this in your columns.

"Dark Eyed Betty."

A Glut in Girls.

British Columbia, Nov. 15, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the last six months. Have been greatly amused by the queer ideas expressed by some of your correspondents.

I do not think I shall advertise for a wife through your correspondence bureau as there are about five young ladies to every gentleman in this beautiful valley of ours. I confess we have a few bachelors but I think it is a case of "getting too much of a good thing." I think the Eastern ladies must believe in the old maxim that the road to a (Western) man's heart leads through his stomach. By the trend of their letters, they all seem to be good cooks, no medium or poor ones.

I suppose a description of myself is essential, so here goes. By profession a logger, by necessity a rancher; height 6 feet, weight 155½ pounds, neither blonde nor brunette, as the girls say; dark brown hair and blue eyes. My ideal girl must not dance, play cards, nor smoke cigarettes. I'm not particular as to her looks, so long as she finds the road to my heart. Wishing your paper success.

"B. C. Optimist."

"School Peggy" Writes a Long Letter.

Ontario, Nov. 12, 1908.

Editor.—For some months past I have been perusing your correspondence column. It has afforded me much pleasure and some amusement to read some of the letters but had no notion of writing myself until I read the letter written by "Flymo." Not many men express themselves so strongly, else I am sure their reception by ladies, at least, would be at freezing point. However, there is something rather taking about "Flymo's" letter although I believe Cupid has already been at work and left him a little bitter; perhaps he was fed on sour grapes.

I think it a very nice thing to carry on this correspondence and to have some of it printed for perhaps some person's letter is cheering some lonely heart. As the pebble thrown into the water causes vibrations past and beyond our vision so our actions often influence farther than we have any conception of.

Although I live in the East and read many Eastern magazines and papers, the *Western Home Monthly* appeals to me more than almost any other, perhaps because I have a strong desire to go to the West, and besides in this present day all eyes are turned more or less to the West. From the West should rise a strong, intelligent race of people, and I am sure that day is on the advance now.

If any who read my few words would care to correspond with me I would be very pleased. I am not at all particular about matrimony, for being very ambitious I wish to avoid such, unless Mr. Right should happen along. But my aim is to help or enlighten, or carry on a bright, cheery line of correspondence, just as the case may require. As to sounding my own praises I would rather some one else to do that, but I may say that I am a school teacher, also follow vocal work and oil painting. The age is often interesting to some people, especially young men, and as I am not at all ashamed of mine I can tell you that it is 22.

I notice most of the young ladies ask for the gentlemen of clean habits, free from tobacco, alcohol and cards, and I heartily agree with them. And the best part of it is that if they will stick to what they say we can win. Men may fight against it for a time but eventually they will give in, and much more respected and loved is the woman for the stand she has taken and held. I once heard a young man say that nothing could influence him like a lady. If that be so, let every woman exert her influence for good to stamp out the evils of our country. Although I often think of these sober sides of our lives

I am very fond of having a good time and hope the male readers will not consider me a cross-grained, cranky school marm, for I am nothing of the sort, but have decided views on most subjects and sometimes they are brought to the fore. If some of the young men care to write I think I can answer by something of an interesting letter, and just as welcome will a letter be from any young lady.

Hoping I am not trespassing with too much space and thanking, in advance, your kindness in publishing these few rambling remarks. I will close with the delightful epithet my little cousin often gives to me, "School Peggy."

"Cleo" Likes to Smell Cigars.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 17, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a silent but very much interested reader of your correspondence column for some time and seeing letters from such a number of bachelors and maidens wishing correspondents, I would not be girllike if I did not shake my silence and have something to say for myself.

I am living at home on the farm at present, but have lived in cities and towns and for the life of me I cannot tell which I like the very best, so would like one or two correspondents from either or all of them, for pastime only, as I want to be able to see the man I take for better or worse. I am 21 years old, 5 feet 3 inches in height, weigh 124 pounds, fair complexion, usually, but am tanned a good healthy brown just now as I almost live out doors; have grey eyes and brown hair, and considered not too terribly homely. I do not object to smoking but like the smell of a good cigar, but do not think that any real gentleman who has any respect for himself will chew; as to drinking, just think it is a waste of time and money.

Now if any good looking man between 22 and 30 years old cares to write to me I will answer his letter with pleasure, and will answer all letters if I am favored with more than one.

Hoping that I have not taken up too much of your valuable space, I will close with best wishes for the success of the W. H. M. I will sign myself "Cleo."

"King Bruce" is Mashed on "Sly Puss."

Lochalsh, Oct. 14, 1908.

Editor.—I have written to this excellent magazine before but thought I would write again in the hope of getting some of those happy-go-lucky, comical girls to correspond with me.

Say, girls, what do you think of "Flymo's" letter? He doesn't seem to care much for the "fair sex." I think he must live away back where there are no decent girls. At any rate, he thinks he can cook better than any of you. I hope "Hello Girl" gets a few silk dresses. I know she will be disappointed if she doesn't. I would like to correspond with "Sly Puss" in July number and in fact with all you girls. I think as it is leap year the girls should write first. Wishing the editor loads of success, I will close with a short description of myself. I am 6 feet tall, have dark hair and brown eyes and am 18 years old. So get busy girls, and write. "King Bruce."

Recommends Marriage By Mail.

Regina, Sept. 18, 1908.

Editor.—As I have read your paper for the past three years I can say that as I take out the W. H. M. from the post office box I always receive it with a bit of humor, a bit of pleasure, as a welcome visitor or with a pleased anticipation of an hour or so of good reading, wit, humor and instruction. There is something for the boys and girls, for the farmer, the housewife, the philosopher, the young man, and from the month's bright sayings I have often gleaned little paragraphs that were worth a whole year's subscription. I do not always, or seldom, read the correspondence column first, but I generally wind up there. I admit that the correspondence columns, taken as a whole, are very interesting, often amusing and instructive. As I have read them this long while, I do not think it more than fair that I should air my views along those lines. In as much as the W. H. M. gives us that privilege and maintains the correspondence columns for that purpose. Many of the writers claim that he or she does not believe in marriage by correspondence only or getting a life companion by the mail order plan. Now from the very nature of things, the parties involved must necessarily see each other before marriage contract can be very well executed and they would be very foolish indeed if they did not verify the truth of the statements made during correspondence and find out something of the antecedents of each other beforehand. I believe an intelligent young man or woman can read character and disposition more intelligently from written language than from spoken language. A well written letter seems to be the unerring reflection of intelligence, character and disposition. If any shamming or misrepresentation is committed, it must be done by telling an untruth or lying in written form, which most people are reluctant to do, while on the other

hand, in personal communication the one trying to make a favorable impression can perform all sorts of little pet shamming and false actions in order to hide her real disposition and character. I personally know a number of correspondence marriages in the Western States who live ordinarily happy together and some are exceedingly happy. I will now conclude this letter next month if the publisher will see fit to print it. "Teddie Bear."

A Long Letter, but Nothing Much in it.

Regina, Sask., Oct. 15, 1908.

Editor.—As I have written to you last month and did not conclude my letter on account of its length, I will try to do so now, as this letter is in conclusion to the other.

Some other bones of contention among the average correspondents seem to be feeding pigs, doing chores, working out doors, sewing on buttons, chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking. I admit that any girl who marries even a moderate drinker takes chances. He is on the road and at the slightest turn of events may get started down hill. While chewing tobacco is a dirty, filthy and unhealthy habit, and the breath of an excessive tobacco chewer should be enough to turn any girl against him, there is no excuse. As for swearing and using filthy language, a man that will deliberately do so in the presence of ladies, decent company or children can have little respect for himself and humanity; he is an unworthy brute, incapable of seeing the beauties of nature. If girls would utterly disregard the above-named class of men they would soon come to their senses and get upon their dignity. But it seems that some girls are willing to take long chances along those lines. As for moderate smoking, science broaches the theory that it is in many cases beneficial for a full grown, well matured man to smoke moderately and often I believe a pipe full of pure tobacco adds peace and comfort and joys to the home and often quiets an otherwise crabby and disconcerted man.

Yet many a big, loving heart beats to an occasional stimulated pulse, and often the man who is so very nice, affable and generous during courtship and in the street or in company may in reality be a rogue and be a contemptible nag at the shrine of the home.

As for feeding pigs, etc., it would seem that many of the girls who write as they do could hardly be entrusted to feed pigs, much less cook a nutritious, digestible meal or take the responsibility of wifehood and perhaps motherhood. I assume that we are discussing the matrimonial question under ordinary conditions as it presents itself to the working class or the North West farmers in particular. I concede that a farmer's wife should not be expected to be a chore boy, a continual drudge or a mere convenience about the farm; whether a wife should or should not do certain things as regards work, circumstances must decide. In all lives, especially married lives for all parties concerned, there should be forbearance, self-denial, respect, love, patience and endurance in abundance. The continual pleasure loving or eccentric flirt has no business to become the wife of an ordinary farmer, but the ordinary girl in ordinary circumstances, who loves nature and the beauties of nature, need not hesitate to marry an intelligent man whose profession is farming. Of course, all things considered. The woman who loves domesticated animals loves to feed them and see them eat, loves all the rest of the world. If young girls in general would take more outdoor exercise and breathe fresh air more freely they, in after years, would have to take fewer pink pills for pale people and less often be wretched with feminine maladies. They could be happier and make others happy. As for sewing on buttons, here is a bone of contention that has often caused eruptions in the family circle. There are few things that annoy a man more than a dislocated button, but the man who flies in a rage because of an occasional broken button or who cannot appreciate his wife's care and earnest endeavor, is a fool and a blackguard. A little advice to a girl. If you want your future husband to think a whole lot of you, keep his buttons sewed on by all means. A woman who sees to the buttons will attend to other things. Many a man has become a fractious jawer, a dyspeptic crank or a disrespectful, uncomfortable absentee from home, hotel lounge, or a drunken tippler because of indigestible meals, the continuous nagging of the wife, the habitual untidiness of herself, and the neglect of her home and her children. As for myself, I am a Yankee, old enough to be married but I can't afford the luxury as yet. If I ever decide to go prairie chicken shooting, and must have a mate, I guess I will go down East for girls are more plentiful than in the North West, and simply fall in love, which, I might say, will be an easy matter for a fellow of my nature, and as down East there are so many girls dying for love, I guess I could find one that would have me. I am not good looking but, like the big Swede, "I think I know a lady when I see her."

"Bare Teddie."



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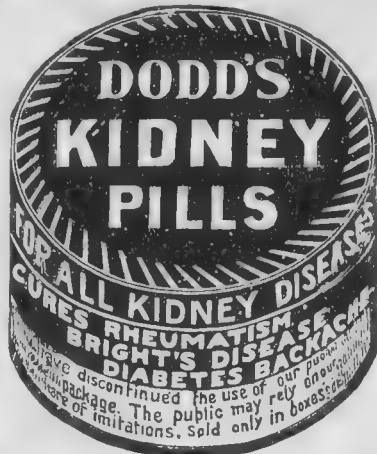
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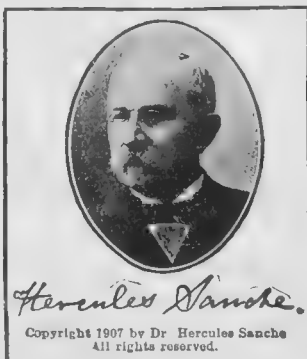
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English Rose Writes.

Kent, Eng., Dec. 8, 1903.

Editor.—Through a friend having the W. H. M. sent to her I should like, through you, to make the acquaintance of a gentleman. I do not know if I am writing in the right way as I have not done this thing before. I should like the gentleman to be in a fairly good position, fairly tall and dark. For looks, I do not trouble about as they are only skin deep, nor do I mind about smoking in a moderate way.

About myself. I am a fair height, with dark brown hair, with a clear complexion. I can do anything in the way of needlework or housework. I am 26 years and should like the gentleman to be about the same or older. I am very fond of dancing and am a good one at it. I should like an answer to this as soon as possible. "English Rose."

Youthful "Rufus" Writes.

Manitoba, Dec. 7, 1903.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber I am a silent reader of your valuable magazine, and have decided to write a few lines if you permit space in your paper. My opinion is that it is the best paper published. I always look for the correspondence columns first and am greatly amused by some of the letters. There are nice stories, too, which cannot be overlooked.

I am a farmer's son and know farm work pretty well. As to my work, I do everything going on, and can wash dishes as well as any girl, although I have not been kitchen girl very often. I live in a well settled part of Manitoba. There are quite a lot of young people around here, but I thought of putting in a few lines with the girls and boys just for pastime.

I see it is customary to give a description of one's self; here goes for mine. I am 5 feet 6 inches in height, weigh 125 pounds, have dark brown hair, brown eyes, and fair complexion. I am entirely temperance as far as tobacco and liquor are concerned. I am very fond of music and all kinds of sports such as skating, etc.

Hoping not to take up too much of your valuable space, I will close, wishing your paper every success. My address is with the editor.

"Rufus," Age 18.

Bill the Cowboy Throws Lasso.

Innisfail, Dec. 9, 1903.

Editor.—Will you allow space in your much used columns for another short epistle. I have been a subscriber and reader for quite a long time, but have never taken time to write. I enjoy reading your correspondence column very much, although some of the letters are very silly.

I have been in Alberta eight years and like it better every day. I think there is no place like it, one gets so many different ideas knocking around from one place to another.

Now if it should be possible for this to be in print, I do not want all the girls to jump at the chance. I am a bachelor of 23, am 5 feet 10 inches tall and weigh 170 pounds, and have a half section of land about seven miles from town. Now, girls, I am not in this marriage lottery, but would correspond for pastime with some bright girls. Please send enclosed letter to "Daisy Bell" and oblige. Wishing your paper every success, I remain

"Bill the Cowboy."

Golden Rod—Golden Rod.

Invermay, Dec. 9, 1903.

Editor.—As I have taken your paper for nearly a year, I enjoy reading the correspondence columns. I live two miles and a half from our nearest town. There is a lake half a mile from our house, it is called Stonewall Lake. I am 17 years old, weigh 113 pounds, 5 feet 1 1/2 inches in height, have red hair and blue eyes. I cannot play any instrument or dance, and wish to correspond with some young bachelor from 18 to 22 years who does not drink or chew tobacco. If any young bachelor wishes to correspond with me he will find my address with the editor.

"Golden Rod."

Tin Plate Rattler.

Saskatchewan, Dec. 9, 1903.

Editor.—I have been reading the correspondence columns in your magazine for some time past and at last I decided to write to see if there is any call for a nice young man like me.

Well, I will give a description of myself. I am a bachelor 22 years of age, height 5 feet 9 inches, hazel eyes, brown hair and weight about 165 pounds. I would like to correspond with some nice young girl that's not too fast nor too slow, but one that has a steady salt just like me. I don't care anything about dancing, but like card playing and music. I don't wish to take up too much space this time, so here I will drop off, hoping to see this in print and wishing your paper every success.

"Tin Plate"

Never Stopped Funeral Going Down Hill.

Saskatchewan, Dec. 8, 1903.

Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your valuable magazine for some time and take great sport in reading the correspondence columns and find some of the letters very interesting. But some of the fair sex are looking for too much of a good thing from the

men, and on the other hand the men don't know a good thing when they do get it.

Well, for a description of myself. I am a farmer, but not a bachelor as yet. I am 22 years old, height 5 feet 10 inches in height, weigh 155 pounds, light hair, blue eyes; and for looks, I have never stopped a Chinese funeral going down hill. In regard to pleasure, I am very fond of dancing, playing cards, and all kind of sports; for habits I neither chew nor drink, but take a smoke occasionally.

So now, if "Daisy Bell," of November issue, and "Sly Fuss," of July issue, would care to write to me, I will be pleased to answer all letters received, and any young lady wishing to write may do so. Now, ladies, don't be shy. Leap year only comes once in four years. You will find my address with the editor.

"Spring Heels Jack"

A Letter from a Shy Lass.

Wawanesa, Man., Dec. 9, 1903.

Editor.—We have received the W. H. M. for a good while and I think it shows that some of the bachelors have good taste when they admire your paper; they deserve a nice little wife. I have always had a deep interest in the correspondence column. I think that some of the bachelors and maids write some cute and amusing letters, but some are absurd and let me say, cruel, but those are few.

I was never very much at telling how high I am or how I look, etc., for I am not a bit conceited. But since the bachelors are so particular (by the way, I like a particular man), I guess I'll try to please them. I am tall and slim, black hair and brown eyes, but I never heard of my beauty dazzling anyone yet. I am a farmer's daughter, and that will do for my reputation as to what I can do. Won't it boys?

Now, boys, I am not tied to my mother's apron strings nor any fellow's coat tails either, so you see my time, heart and fortune are mine to do as I like with. It is my idea that these are not as good as they might be so I intend to save them for some hero of the West.

I am a shy little miss who would like to help one of those dear jolly bachelors, and am proud of it. Now I think some of the bachelors are terribly unjust to us girls, but I am not going to scold them for I am sure they would only laugh at me, wouldn't they girls, they are so rude? At least, their letters sounded like it. Now don't get offended, boys, for I only mean some of you, for most of the bachelors are "jolly good fellows" and that we can't deny, can we girls? I do not like the idea of marrying through correspondence, but you may write to me anyway. I'll perhaps change my mind—just perhaps. One thing I do object to, boys, is liquor; smoking is excusable if the man himself is nice, but liquor never.

I will be glad to hear from any of you bachelors. I will answer for, either for pastime, pleasure or the before-mentioned. I will now leave your charming circle for the present. If "Clingalee" or "Lonesome but Hopeful" in the May number will write for a beginning I will be obliged to them.

"A Shy Lass."

To Females Over Eight and Under Eighty.

Saskatchewan, Dec. 10, 1903.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your magazine. I wrote a letter some time ago but as it did not appear I have screwed up courage to try again. My object in writing is to gain correspondents of the fair sex not averse to marriage, of any age whatever over eight and under eighty. I have a quarter section of land and am practically out of debt, but not rich by any means. I am 5 feet 7 inches tall, weigh 150 pounds, have dark brown hair and blue eyes. If any maiden wishes to correspond with me my address will be with the editor. I would like to hear from "Lonely Mabel."

"Thresher."

College Widow Has Her Say.

River View, Sask., Dec. 13, 1903.

Editor.—Although I have only been a subscriber to the W. H. M. since September, I enjoy reading it very much. The correspondence column is very interesting and amusing sometimes. Most of the writers describe themselves, so I think I will follow suit.

I am a widow of only twenty years, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5 feet 4 inches in height. As to looks, well, the clock has almost stopped sometimes. Have tested both city and farm life and think I prefer the farm, but I can't milk cows. I like music and sports very much. Don't object to smoking as long as Irish twist tobacco is not used. I can't tolerate any person who chews tobacco.

I would like to correspond with any of the gentlemen not over thirty, that is, if they care to write to me. Hoping this will find a space in the column, I exit as

"College Widow."

From a Youth of Tender Years.

Cambridge, Dec. 12, 1903.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your magazine, I read it every month as my father takes it. I take great interest in the correspondence pages and think some of the letters are fine but there are others that I cannot agree with at all.

"Modest Pansy Saucebox" writes that

the young homesteaders have it in their power to be the pillars of our country if they live right and vote right. Now I would like very much to know which way she calls voting right. I think "Sly Ann" must have a soft streak somewhere; in the first place she calls herself an old maid, and I think girls who call themselves by that name at seventeen years of age must be in a great hurry to get married. In the second place she writes "I want to be loved; I want to be loved, but I am so shy." She seems very shy for a girl of her age, does she not? She also writes she is not the one to land the boys. I should say she was right for once, for if there is anything we boys don't like it is a flirt.

In April number "Sweet Rose Bud" gives a description of her ideal but I think she will find they are few and far between. And there is "Ellen Jane." She wants a man that will let her go out whether her work is done or not. I have seen women of that class before and as a general rule when their husbands come home from work at night their wives are out calling and having a fine time and there is no fire, supper or anything to make a cheerful home. If "Sly Puss" sees this I hope she will remember the interesting letter she wrote me. If she had given her address I would have tried to have done as well in return. Well, girls, I hope I have not been too hard on you, but if there are any of you who would like to correspond with a lad of 18 summers, I would be only too glad to answer your letters.

I would like to hear from "Sweet Sixteen," September number, and the "Strawberry," November number. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space and wishing you every success. "A Nova Scotia Lad."

Irish as the Pigs in Dublin.

Saskatchewan, Dec. 16, 1908.

Editor.—Being a reader of your paper for some time I enjoy reading the correspondence columns very much and thought I would join your writers.

I live on a farm and would not exchange for city life. I dance a little and play the piano some. I think I could amuse some lonely bachelor. I have dark brown hair and blue eyes, weigh 135 pounds, and 5 feet 7 inches tall and am as Irish as the pigs in Dublin. I am not thinking much on the matrimonial subject but would like to hear from some of your young men. I do not believe in advertising for a husband as I can find lots of the kind around here. I think a girl should think twice before she speaks once, but the longer she stays out of it the better. I would like to get a letter from the fellow that calls himself "F. H. C." in your November number if he will only write first as I am bashful. My address is with the editor.

"My Pretty Irish Maid."

A Note from an Irish Soldier in Sunny India.

India, Nov. 25, 1908.

Editor.—Having received a copy of the W. H. M. from a sister in Manitoba, I became interested in your valuable magazine, especially the correspondence page. As this is my first letter I will be wondering if it escapes the waste paper basket. I am a soldier and compelled to spend a few years far removed from civilization and white faces; time hangs pretty heavily on my hands. I would like to correspond with some of the opposite sex, "Princess Helena" of last August number preferred. Am a very bad hand at giving descriptions. I am inclined to be on the boastful side of the question, so I hope you will excuse me if I proceed to describe myself. Here goes. My age is 22 years, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 160 pounds, complexion and hair fair, eyes dark blue. Am considered good looking; would pass in a crowd if allowed to wear a veil. I am fond of sports, especially football, hockey, running, rugby or rowing. Am good natured and jolly. Anyone who likes to correspond or exchange photos or post cards will find my address with the editor.

"Indian Paddy."

Another Opinion on the Matrimonial Question.

Crossfields, Alta., Dec. 17, 1908.

Editor.—Having read your valuable paper quite often and being interested in the correspondence column, I thought I would write and give my opinion on the matrimonial question. I, for my part, do not see why this is not as good a way to find one's ideal as any other. Of course, it might be better if a person were a little better acquainted than just corresponding, but I wish to say to the girls that we lonely bachelors out in this Western country find it very lonesome working all day and getting our own meals. The girls in the east probably do not know how lonesome it is for a man. Girls out here are scarce, although there are a good many families out here. What we lack is single girls as there are so many homesteaders out here. I, for my part, would like to correspond with some nice young lady who would not be ashamed to live on a farm and who would try to make home a happy place for a man that would be willing to make life as comfortable for a good and loving woman as he possibly could. I do not believe a woman should do chores or outside work of any kind except perhaps in a case of necessity. I do not think it would be out of the way for a woman to milk the cows, but this should not happen very often. So now if any of the girls wish to write, I would be glad to hear from them. I will answer all letters and give a description in the first letter. My address is with the editor.

"Alberta. Homesteader."

A Voice from the Land of the Hindoos.

India, Nov. 15, 1908.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your paper but had the good luck to get a copy from a comrade soldier who receives it from a friend in Manitoba and I have become deeply interested in the correspondence page. As this is my first letter I hope it will not become acquainted with the waste basket. Not being of a matrimonial turn of mind I do not seek a life companion to share my joys and sorrows, but would like to correspond or exchange post cards with either sex. I will not break the custom of describing one's self so here goes. I am not troubled with facial beauty but would pass a man on a galloping horse. Am 22 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches tall, weight 184 pounds, hair fair, eyes grey, complexion fresh, teeth good (per army doctors), life abstainer, non-smoker, with a fondness for athletics. I can dance and sing fairly well, play hockey, football, handball, quoits, cricket; can swim, row, run, punch the bag and box a little. That is my share of games. A fellow must do something to pass the time away and the exercise helps to keep a fellow in good health in this unhealthy climate. I like a lot of the letters published in the correspondence column and find some of them amusing but I like "A Yankee Doodle Girl's" letter best and I think it a very sensible one. I would like to correspond with her but unfortunately she does not say if she has left her address with the editor or not. If she cares to exchange names and addresses I will gladly do so. Anyone who wishes to correspond or exchange post cards will find my address with the editor.

"Irish Rifleman."

A Long-Winded Homesteader.

Saskatchewan, Dec. 14, 1908.

Editor.—I have for some time been an interested reader of your magazine, but it is only lately that I have had the leisure to read it thoroughly and it is only this month that I noticed your correspondence was upon the subject of matrimony. It is intensely interesting to read the ideas of the various young ladies in regard to the life of a bachelor homesteader in the West, as is also their ideals in regard to their gentleman friends in their suitability as prospective husbands.

I am a bachelor with a quarter section of land not far from town and I am certainly tired of living alone. I am 24 years old, 5 feet 9 inches in height and weigh from 160 to 170. I am fair with blue eyes and a complexion which the sun and the winds of the prairie cannot tan. I smoke occasionally as most bachelors do when lonely, but I certainly do not approve of chewing tobacco or drinking. Although not a musician myself, I am very fond of music and dancing.

I see there is a controversy among the correspondents of this column in regard to the fitness of a school teacher for a farmer's wife. As I have taught school myself, I see nothing in such a training to handicap a young woman in any way from making a true and loving wife, and a useful one also. I shall not presume at this early stage to write to any of the young ladies whose letters I have perused, but should any of them care to write to me I shall be delighted to receive letters from them and will answer them. Of course, if they are too bashful, all they need do is to signify their desire to correspond through the correspondence column of this paper and I shall write them. Being from a city myself, and having made a success of farming, I see no reason why a city girl of the right kind should not make a better farmer's wife than some farmers' daughters who, although they can do any kind of farm work, have neither education nor refinement. I would like to hear from "A City Girl" in the November issue; also "Baby Bug," "Little Rosebud No. 10," "Arrah Wanna No. 2," "Dotty Dimples" or "The Strawberry." Of course, I know "The Strawberry" will not write first, so I'll do like "A Juggler" dream about it until she does.

In conclusion I will state that I have a well improved homestead where there is plenty of room for two, but as there is only one unmarried young lady in the township, albeit plenty of married ones, all my hopes are centred on the correspondence columns of your paper for the present anyway. If I lose hope, well, all I can do is conclude that none of the young ladies are anxious to marry a homesteader, especially those city girls who believe they would make good farmer's wives. I shall now close with best wishes to you and your correspondents.

"Golden West."

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It has been compiled along the lines of the thousands of queries which have been received and answered by The Telegram during the past year.

There are three sections—legal, veterinary and household. The legal department was compiled and copyrighted by J. Robert Long, J. P., of Caron, Sask. Western law on questions which merchants, business men and farmers are continually facing have been summarized and put in non-technical language. The law between employer and employee, between farmer and farm hand, has been lucidly set forth, the game laws of the west, mechanics' lien act, the noxious weed ordinance, the naturalization act, the land laws, the law between landlord and tenant, etc., etc., are all clearly defined. There is problem after problem in every man's business where lawyer's fees could be saved, where litigation could be prevented by consultation of the Western Farmers' Handbook.

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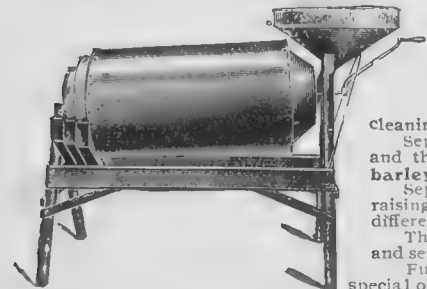
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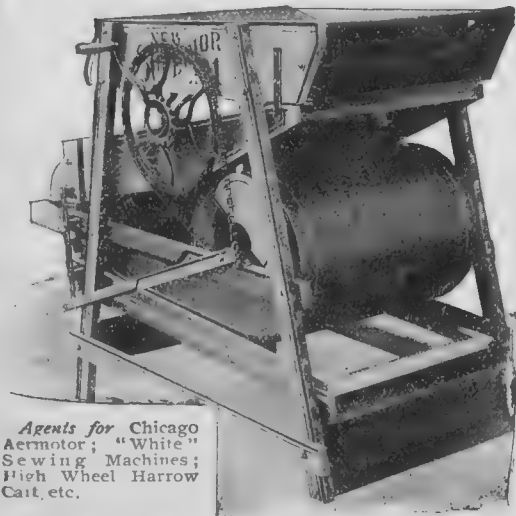
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At the Sign of the "Thorn."

By Sarah Doudney.



WONDER how I am
going to live through
the winter," said
Cis to herself.

She was standing
by the bay-window
of a very small
house. The summer
was nearly over;
and what a bitter summer it had been!
Yet she dreaded the darkening days, and
the deeper note in the wail of the au-
tumn wind. If life had been sad in the
sunshine, it would be sadder still in the
gloom and rain.

The gate clicked; a black-coated fig-
ure entered the tiny front garden, and
then came the sound of a latch-key.
David Willington was a man who lived
by rule; his landlady could always de-
pend on his comings and goings; but
his sister had begun to wish that he
would do some unexpected thing. Any-
thing to relieve the hideous monotony
of existence here! She loved him, of
course, and readily admitted that he was
the best of men; but she, alas! was not
the kind of girl to be happy in the
bachelor curate's home.

"Have you had a walk to-day, Cis?"
he asked.

"Yes; a dull little toddling walk," she
said, with a sigh.

He looked at her, standing there in
her loveliness; but his grave face did
not express the sympathy which he
really felt. She thought that he could
not feel for her at all. It was difficult,
she supposed, for any one so saintly as
David to comprehend such a worldly
sorrow as her own.

But he did feel for her. She sat
down by the window, clasping her hands
round her knees, and looking up wearily
at the slowly fading gold. A year ago
she had stood on the terrace at Ivy
Mount, and gathered the first red leaf
from the creeper that clung to the old
grey wall.

"He is master there now," she said,
speaking her thoughts aloud.

"Who is master?" David asked. "Oh,
I know. You mean Bevis Halliday; yes,
he has come into his kingdom at last."

"He has no right to the kingdom,"
she said, bitterly.

"But he has," insisted David's gentle
voice. "The right of an only son. He
must be very lonely, poor fellow."

"Lonely? His wife's relations swarm
all around Ivy Mount, and, of course,
they will welcome her home."

"You haven't heard about his wife,
Cis. She died just before his father's
death. I had a letter from Dawson this
morning, telling me the news. He says
that Bevis is very quiet—very reserved."

"I didn't know that he was a widow-
er," Cis said. "And, naturally, I was
picturing Mrs. Halliday in her triumph.
Well, I dare say a man of his stamp
will soon marry again, and make an-
other low match."

David was silent. He opened his
desk and began to write. Presently she
spoke again—

"The Mortimers want me to meet
them at Liphook. They are coming
down on a cycling tour on Monday. I
think I shall go."

"Won't it be rather a lonely spin for
you?" David asked.

"I shall enjoy it," she answered,
quickly. "All the more because I don't
know the road. And the weather is
sure to be fine."

If he had any objections to her plan
he kept them to himself. The Mortim-
ers were London friends of hers; he
hardly knew any of her friends, and
saw that she shrank from making new
ones. But he guessed that she was dis-
posed to over-value an attention from
those who had been the companions of
her prosperity. Miss Willington, heiress-
expectant of old Mr. Halliday's for-
tune, had been a person of importance.
Cis, a disappointed girl, living with a
poor brother, was only too likely to be
neglected and put out of mind.

Monday morning came, and David
could not share his sister's confidence
in the weather. But he kissed her, and
went off to his work in the parish, leav-
ing her to complete her preparations for
the start. Somehow, she did not

get away as early as she had intended,
for she had been accustomed, for years,
to rely on the deft fingers of her maid;
but the maid was a thing of the past,
and too often there were stitches want-
ing at the last moment. After several
delays she was ready at last, and the
landlady stood looking admiringly after
the slim, grey figure flashing past the
house with the sun on its bright hair;
as pretty a wheel-woman as could be
seen in all England.

The old coach-road from Portsmouth
to London is ever at its best in early
autumn. But Cis, as she sped along,
was thinking very little about the
scenery. The swift motion was exhi-
lating; she was young and strong, and
her great disappointment had not taken
all the sweetness out of life. Perhaps
the Mortimers would ask her to spend
part of the winter in Cavendish Square;
there were all sorts of pleasant possibi-
lities before her yet. If you are young,
beautiful, and perfect mistress of your
bicycle, you can imagine how Cis felt,
as she went flying through the lights
and shadows of the September noon-
tide.

Far off, thin veils of rain had dim-
med the delicious blue of the horizon;
but she did not notice that the clouds
were gathering and spreading over her
head. She was spinning along a lonely
bit of the road when the rain began to
fall—not fast at first, but in big drops,
coming down with a heavy splash be-
tween wheels. She bent her head and
quickerened her pace, hoping to gain some
sort of shelter before the weather got
worse. And then there was a sudden
yell, and a crash which sent her flying
out of her saddle to the ground.

For a moment the whole earth seemed
to heave and rock. But she was not
really hurt, and soon rose to her feet
to find herself face to face with the
most villainous-looking man she had
ever seen. Beside him was a donkey-
cart, and close to the wheel lay the
luckless bicycle, hopelessly twisted and
broken. It was a terrible moment for
Cis, for never in all her well-protected
life had she been so horribly frightened
before. Fear made her dumb; she stood
helpless, gazing confusedly at the shat-
tered machine, and feeling that, if any
aid came to her, it must drop from the
clouded heaven overhead.

"Well, you 'ave made a pretty mess
of it," said the man, with an atrocious
grin. "Now, what are you goin' to pay
me for lamin' of my donkey for life,
and hinjurin' my cart? 'Ow much cash
do you carry in them little pockets of
yours? Where's your watch?"

Cis glanced around with hopeless
eyes. On one hand rose the side of a
steep chalk down; on the other was a
hedge, dividing a bit of waste land from
the highway. They were standing in a
spot where the road took a turn and hid
itself behind the hill, and not a single
human creature could be seen. The
distant fields were veiled in a grey mist
of rain; the stillness was intense; no
welcome sound of hoof or wheel broke
the oppressive silence.

"Lost your tongue, haven't you, my
dear?"

She made a quick, desperate move-
ment; but in an instant a cruel hand
clutched her shoulder.

"Don't try to bolt, or—"

A loud, shrill scream burst from her
lips—a scream which sounded very
strange in her own ears. But she had
seen something which he could not see,
for he was staring into her face, and
she could hear his heavy breathing. A
bicycle had shot out from the corner of
the hill, and the rider was a man.

In another moment the new-comer
had dismounted, and was coolly asking
Cis what the matter was. He was a
bearded man, very brown, singularly
quick of eye and lithe of limb. The
costermonger slunk back a little, and
gave him a furtive glance, coming at
once to the conclusion that this was a
person who could hold his own—an
awkward customer to deal with. Poor
Cis, in quivering tones, explained her
position.

"As to damage, that's absurd," said
the knight of the beard. "Here's a

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shilling for you—take it and be off; you may think yourself lucky to get that!"

The rascal muttered, hesitated, then jumped suddenly into the cart, seized the reins and whacked the donkey. In a minute or two both driver and beast had vanished into the fast-thickening mist, and Cis saw them no more. She sank down, limp and shivering, in a heap under the hedge, while her new friend examined her bicycle.

"I'm afraid it's done for," he remarked. "You mustn't sit there, you know; there's going to be no end of rain. Are you expecting any one to meet you?"

Again Cis had to explain. He lifted his brows when she mentioned Liphook; it was still a long way off.

"I don't want to go on," she said,

feebly. "I should like to get home. But if there is an inn—"

"There is a very decent little inn; I passed it a few minutes ago," he cried. "You had better let me take you there. It can't be more than three-quarters of a mile from here."

"But you will lose time in going back," she faltered.

"That doesn't matter. When I've seen you safe, I can get on to Portsmouth."

"I have just come from Portsmouth," Cis said.

"You were not wise to come so far alone. Now make haste; I am afraid you are in for a wetting."

Do what she would, Cis could not manage to walk at her usual brisk

pace. Fright had deprived her of strength; she was ashamed of her weakness, and began to think that David had known her better than she knew herself. He had told her that very morning that she was not built for an adventurous woman. What would he say if he could see her now—limp, trembling from head to foot, and as white as a lily? She knew that she must be white, because her companion glanced rather anxiously at her face. Just before they reached the inn down came the deluge. They were washed into the low doorway by a flood of rain, which rushed in with them, and made a swollen river in the passage.

"Mercy upon us!" said the landlady, as she received Cis with open arms.

She was a good creature. While her husband listened to the cyclist's story in the empty bar, she led Cis upstairs and took off her drenched outer garments. Then she enveloped the girl in a crimson dressing gown, took her down to the only sitting-room which the house possessed, and seated her in a quaint arm-chair. It was a cold rain; the air was so chill that it was a pleasant thing to hear the crackle of wood, and see a bright fire blazing up the chimney of the best parlour of the "Thorn." Cis felt comforted. She drew the flannel gown more closely around her, and was thankful.

"I never see such rain in all my days," the landlady said, with lifted hands.

Cis remained seated by the fire, with

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a look of content upon her face. Five minutes later the door opened, and the knight of the beard came in, wearing a queer costume borrowed from the landlord's scanty wardrobe. He looked so funny that she laughed aloud.

"Yes; I know what a guy I am," he said, with perfect composure. "But I have come from a place where guys are common. And now about yourself. You had better make up your mind to stay here tonight, and I will take a note to your friends in Portsmouth."

"But you can't get there in such weather as this," she cried.

"It isn't going to last. Please write your note. Here is a venerable pen, and some awful ink; and I can supply half a sheet of notepaper. There may be an envelope in the house, but it is unlikely."

"And unnecessary," she replied. "I have only a few words to say." She wrote rapidly, folded the paper, and addressed it to the Reverend David Willington. The bearded man looked at the address, and gave her a swift, sharp glance.

"He is my brother," she said. "The curate of St. Augustine's—a church on the outskirts of the town. We are a pair of paupers. Living in lodgings."

"Then you are Cis Willington? I beg your pardon, Miss Willington; I have heard of you on a station in Australia. The fact is, I knew a cousin of yours out there—a certain Bevis Halliday."

"Oh, you knew him?"

She looked very queenly in the voluminous crimson gown. Her head was thrown back a little, and the sweet mouth took a proud curve. Nothing was lost upon him; he saw all the pride and all the beauty.

"Yes," he answered, standing with his back to the window, "I knew Halliday very well. He had a rough life for many years."

"Not rougher than he deserved," Cis cried. "I dare say I know more of his history than you do. He was my Uncle Halliday's only son, and all the old man's hopes were centred in him. At one-and-twenty he married a low girl, the daughter of one of the commonest laborers on the estate; and when my uncle refused to acknowledge her he ran away to Australia with his bride."

"I don't think I should have called her a low girl," said the bearded man, quietly. "She was very gentle and innocent—quite ignorant, poor child, of all the world's ways. I'm afraid she did not find it sweet to live; she was glad, I fancy, when her meek little life came to an end."

"Of course, I never saw her," admitted Cis. "It was after his son's departure that Uncle Halliday sent for me and adopted me altogether. I was the child of his only sister, you see. My mother was dead, and I went to him straight from school. That was five years ago."

Her voice trembled. He waited for her to go on.

"He told every one that I was his heiress. No one ever heard him mention his son; I was his dear little girl—all that he had was to be mine some day. But just before he died there was a change, of which I knew nothing. He made his will in favor of Bevis, and left me with only a thousand pounds. He has been dead a year, you know; and I have been living with my brother, trying to get reconciled to my lot."

"It was very hard on you," he said, "awfully hard."

"It was bitterly cruel." The lovely face was flushed, and there were tears in the dark grey eyes. "As to Bevis, he has come into his kingdom, and I am left out in the cold. People will forget. I suppose, that I used to fill the void he had left in his father's heart. They will only say—as my brother says—that he has the right of a son. I may be excused if I don't feel very charitable to the prodigal; I never professed to be a saint, and I do pine terribly for all the good things I have lost."

There was a short silence. The rain still fell in torrents, and the South Downs were blotted out of sight. No light or color could be seen in the outer world; nothing could be heard but the monotonous tune of ripple and splash, splash and ripple. But in the low-ceiled parlor the warm firelight played over

the face of a beautiful girl in tears, and lit up the man's steadfast eyes as he stood looking down upon her—looking intently, but neither moving hand nor foot. At last the door opened again, and the landlady entered with tea, and eggs and bacon.

"I do 'ope the gentleman 'll coax you to eat something, miss," she said. "It goes to my 'art to see you run down so low."

Cis raised her head, and her smile was so sweet that it touched the man like a strain of soft music. He waited on her carefully, deferentially, as if the pleasure of ministering to her wants was too great to be taken lightly. There was not much talk, and presently both became aware that the rain had ceased at last. Their hostess came in to clear the table, and remarked that it might be a fine night, after all.

When they were alone again, she rose and stood by the window, watching the clouds rolling away from the hills. At length, she could see their summits outlined softly against a background of silver and grey; and then, quite suddenly, she grew conscious that he was studying her face.

"Good-bye," he said, gently. "Your brother will have your note tonight. And you will go back to him tomorrow morning."

"In the carrier's cart," she replied. "It will be fun, won't it? I've never done anything quite as rustic before. Many, many thanks for all your kindness. Good-bye." She held out a slim white hand, and he pressed it for a moment. Then, without another word, he was gone.

There was no inducement to sit up late at the "Thorn." Cis, feeling very meek and weary, went to the little white-washed bedroom at eight o'clock, and lay watching the stars through the lattice till slumber closed her eyes. When she opened them again it was early morning, and the landlady had brought her dry clothes to the bedside. She must get up and dress. The carrier would be coming along at eight, and she could not start on her homeward journey without breakfast. She was feeling stronger now, and was even conscious of a little reluctance to leave the inn. It might have been pleasant to have lingered a day or two among these quiet downs, now touched with the tranquil charm of sunrise. As the carrier moved on, she looked back to wave her hand to the good hostess of the "Thorn," who stood on the threshold to see her depart.

"My dear girl, how good it is to have you here, safe and sound," said David, when she sat down to pour out his tea in the familiar room. "No more solitary excursions! You have had a warning."

"Such a thing may only happen once in a lifetime—" she was beginning; but he shook his head.

"Halliday told me everything, Cis. There was real danger."

"What Halliday?"

"He did not tell you his name. It was Bevis himself who came to your rescue. And, oddly enough, he was on his way to Portsmouth to look us up. Dawson had given him our address."

Cis felt herself turning red. Why couldn't he have told her who he was? "Of course, you wouldn't have talked so freely if you had known," he said. "But, Cis, you can't imagine how hard you have been on him. It turns out that Uncle Halliday had been living beyond his means for years; and your legacy had to be literally scraped together. Bevis has inherited nothing from his father but an estate encumbered with debts. His own fortune, carefully amassed in Australia, is all that he has to live upon, and he says that it is a great deal larger than his needs."

"Cis could not speak. She had begun to cry."

"My girl, you mustn't upset yourself. Dawson, of course, has not been Vicar of Ivy Mount for twenty-five years without knowing everything, and he told Bevis all about you. So, as soon as things were set straight, Bevis set out to find his unknown cousin, and picked her up on the road. What a funny story it is! But it isn't finished yet, and you must prepare for a big surprise."

"There can't be any more big surprises, David!"

"Just one more. Bevis has invested

some of his money in your name, and you are now mistress of five hundred a year."

"I won't touch a shilling of it!" Cis cried, with a burst of anguish. "After abusing him as I've done, do you think I can take his money?"

"Decidedly you will have to take it. He says that he is simply paying his father's debt. You need have no scruples, Cis, for he is very rich, and—quite alone in the world."

David emptied his cup, got up, and went out to finish his work for the day. The tea-things were removed, and Cis, in a quiver from head to foot, was glad to find herself in solitude. She sat down in her favorite seat in the bay-window, and looked up again at the evening sky through the screen of delicate leaves. How strange it seemed to find herself sitting there in the old place, a girl whose whole life was altered! It was no longer proud, passionate Cis who lifted tearful eyes to the golden west, but a woman whose heart was brought low, and made humble like that of a little child.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if ever I shall dare to judge any one again?"

When David came home that evening the sitting-room seemed to have put on a new aspect. Cis's things were not scattered about as usual; all her belongings had found their places. She got up to greet him when he entered, and spoke in a very quiet voice.

"Forgive me, David, for all my selfishness in the past."

"My dear girl," he answered. "I've always been sorry that I couldn't give you a better home."

"It's a dear little home, David. We'll stay on here, and you'll find some work for me to do. I've been talking to Mrs. Cuthbert, and she says she can let you have the room at the end of the house. It will hold all your books, and you can use it as your study."

He looked astonished. "Don't make arrangements in a hurry, Cis," he said. "Take time for thought. Do you know I was quite prepared to hear that you would leave me? You must have been very dull here, poor child!"

"David," she was very grave and earnest now—"if I take Bevis's money, I must turn over a new leaf. I've wasted

just a year in bewailing the loss of a phantom fortune, and now I am to accept a handsome income from a man I have hated and insulted. The only way in which I can get back my self-respect is by doing all the good I can, and you must help me."

When the weeks lengthened into months, and she showed no sign of weariness, he became convinced that there was a genuine change in Cis. She had not ceased to be his pet, but she had become his fellow-worker and companion. Her money was spent wisely, there was no waste; and David often wished that Bevis would come and see all that she was doing, and learn to know her better. But he did not come. He never seemed to remember that he was their first cousin. He said and did nothing to continue the friendship which had begun on the roadside.

"He has good cause to detest me," Cis confessed. "How I hate myself for saying what I did! That remark about his poor young wife was the worst of all. He has never given me a single chance of proving that I'm not such a wretch as I seemed. Oh, David, I wish he would be friends with us!"

"Well, I've thought of a little plan," David said, with a smile. "I'm to take my holiday, you know, in the first week in September, and that will very soon be here. How would you like it if I wrote to Bevis, and suggested that he should meet us at the 'Thorn'?"

"It's a lovely idea!" she cried. "Only I'm afraid he'll refuse. Anyhow, we are sure of having a good time together, you and I. If it hadn't been for my disaster, David, you would never have become such an illustrious cyclist!"

Early on a warm afternoon, the landlady of the "Thorn" stood under the creaky sign, and looked eagerly down the London road. It was just a year since that beautiful girl had come to her, drenched and shivering and weebegone, and the kind woman wanted to see her face again. Well, she would find the old place looking as it ought to look today! It was a pity that she could not have seen the white bloom on the big thorn which gave the inn its name; but the furze was golden on the hills, and in the sweet stillness you could hear the gentle crop-crop of the nibbling flocks. The gentleman with the beard had arrived first, and there he was, strolling down the road to see if the others were in sight.

Cis thought her cousin's greeting a little distant and grave. Uncertainty gave a shyness to the sweet eyes lifted pleadingly to his. How could she know that he was self-distrustful, fearing that the shadow of the poor, dead village-girl would always come between them? It was David, the celibate, who knew what was stirring in the hearts of both, and perhaps it was owing to his mysterious influence that they learned so soon to understand each other. For David held that it was a pity to waste the golden hours which Heaven sends to most of us. He felt that a great deal of happiness is missed in many of our meetings and partings. Some joy slips away because we are afraid to grasp it. The bright wings, which might have been folded beside us, only touch us lightly as they pass, and are lost to our sight forever.

Cis and Bevis sat together on the warm hillside, and had one of those long talks which are the beginning of heart union. Below them lay the winding road, and the white walls of the little inn. It's ancient, red-tiled roof was cushioned with mosses, green and brown, and every twinkling casement had its ivy frame.

"I am glad I'm coming to sleep under that funny old roof tonight," Cis said. "You know, I learned some lessons there which I shall never forget. I discovered that I wasn't quite the dauntless creature I had supposed myself to be, but a weak, nervous girl, heartily glad of a little care and kindness."

"You wanted it badly enough," Bevis answered. "And it was in that queer little parlor that I found out I wanted something, too! It was a sharp experience; but, perhaps, if we are ever to make important discoveries about ourselves, and our own lives, we've all of us got to go to the Sign of the 'Thorn'!"

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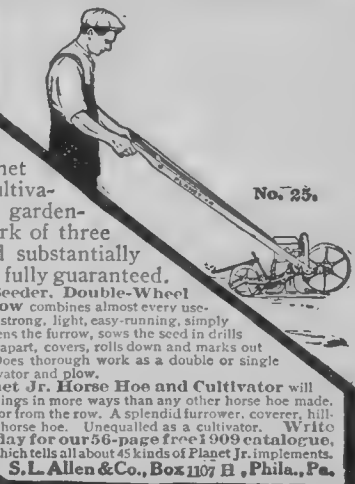
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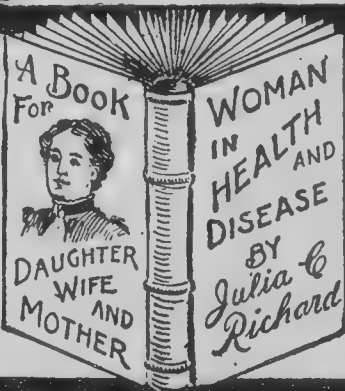
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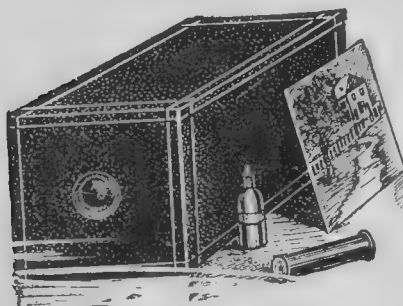
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One Can Love More Than Once,

By Helen Oldfield.

IN ALL the ethics of love there is no question more frequently asked, more earnestly argued than this: Can we love twice? Yet, for all this, the question is one which might well seem absurd to calm, dispassionate observers, who regard it in the light of all the cumulative evidence that men and women love not only twice, but many times; who remember that some one has said that "more widows and widowers marry than single men and women," while not even the more ardent supporters of the one love theory will deny that comparatively few people marry the first person to whom they take a fancy.

Nevertheless, there are many advocates of the theory set forth in Mrs. Browning's well known lines, spoken out of the fullness of her own experience:

"But love strikes one hour, Love! Those
never loved
Who dream that they have loved once."

Jerome K. Jerome goes further yet, and declares that we never sicken with love twice. A man's heart is a fire-work which once in its time flashes heavenward. Meteorlike it blazes for a moment and lights with its glory the whole world beneath. Then the night of our sordid, commonplace life closes in around it, and the burnt out case, falling back to earth, lies useless and uncared for, slowly smouldering into ashes.

But as some one has said, there are as many varying kinds of love as there are plants of the field, trees of the forest; and this description applies only to a grand passion, such as is felt but by the few.

Undoubtedly young people, fondly in love at the present moment, will assert what they honestly believe, that it is impossible to love twice. They never have loved before, they say; they perhaps may have felt a passing fancy for some one, but love—no! They are firmly convinced that now no change can come over the spirit of their dream; by a merciful dispensation of Providence the latest love always is loved—

"With the one love given
Once in a lifetime only,
With one soul and one heaven."

Indeed, this is probably as it should be from the lovers' point of view; it would be unkind, not to say unfair, to themselves and the present object of their affection to admit for a moment that any other love which they may have felt has equaled their present devotion in intensity.

Undoubtedly there is a great deal of foolish sentiment felt concerning first love; a sentiment which often is productive of infinite harm, not to say misery, to those who act as if this passion were a species of obsession which is not to be resisted. Much sorrow may arise from some spurious emotion being mistaken for genuine permanent love. A passing fancy born of vanity or boredom, an infatuation fanned by a masterful exhibition of will power, sometimes amounting to hypnotism; an ardent admiration which cannot be warranted to last; these are only a few of the feelings which hurry people into matrimony, to be deeply regretted later on. Opinions upon the subject of marrying one's first love are much divided, and the only possible means of settling the question is to beg it and allow that it is mainly a matter of temperament. The age at which one begins falling in love has much to do with the matter. A cynical modern writer gives it as his opinion that no wise man ever will marry his first love, since he knows that matrimony demands as much special attention as any of the learned professions. And, he sententiously re-

marks: "Unqualified amateurs swell the list of the divorce court."

George Eliot asks: "Why should a man's first love be his best? Does the artist or the musician produce his masterpiece at the beginning of his career?" There is much to justify these questions. There is no ground for supposing that love is inspired of heavenly good, and in an undertaking so momentous as that of marriage it is well to be sure you are right before you go ahead. It often is a blessing in disguise, no matter how much present suffering it may cause, when one's first love is not allowed to ripen into matrimony. The partner who seems all desirable in youth may prove the curse of a later life. Such a marriage would be like plucking a dandelion at the garden gate before entering to gaze upon its floral treasures. The infatuation of a college boy for a woman of 35 is quite another thing from the love of his manhood; while the romantic attachment experienced by a girl in her teens rarely if ever is bestowed upon the manner of man whom she would choose as a husband ten years later. For the majority of mankind the great love of life comes after several preliminary passages, and it would seem but natural that the sincerest affection should develop in maturity, when the mind has been strengthened and enlarged by experience. The faculties sharpened by use, the impulses regulated by judgment, ought to be more trustworthy than the immature yearning after the first fancy.

No one can dispute the fact that disappointed love is the source of untold pain, even agony. "That way madness lies," suicide, murder; for, doubt it who will, there are such things as broken hearts and some have known them. But fortunately for poor humanity people get over most things, otherwise life were impossible to be borne. In all but rare exceptions the human heart is adaptable and the memory conveniently short when it is a case of transferring affections. The average man's capacity for loving or pretending to love is such as to excite a certain degree of admiration, since after all it shows his ability to make the best of things, which in itself is commendable.

The probability is that a man's first love, when it is more than attack of "calf love," is the deepest and most consuming, but like a hot fire it burns out soonest. This is as it should be, since a youth when he first falls in love rarely is old enough to marry or in a position to support a wife. Therefore the "adorable she" marries a more eligible suitor; the boy's infatuation wares away; he puts in a few years of hard work, and when later on he finds a new love he probably is in a position to marry. Thackeray tells us that every man ought to be in love a few times and have at least one sharp attack of the fever.

But after all the strongest proof that men and women can love more than once is afforded by the large number of men and women who marry after the death of a dearly beloved wife or husband. It would be unjust to say that those who make such marriages do so without love for those whom they espouse in either case, and the fact that a large percentage of such unions are plainly and clearly happy leaves no doubt that for them at least it is possible to love more than once. A fault with women who marry widowers is that they are prone to imagine that their husbands compare them continually with those into whose places they have stepped. If the marriage is happy, nothing of the kind takes place. Moreover, the fact that a man prefers to marry again is of itself ample proof that he loves the second wife well enough to put her in the place of her predecessor.

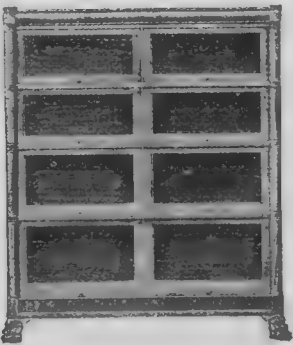
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Miscellaneous Poetry.

Forgive.

Forgive—the very word is sweet.
"Forgive as you would be forgiven."
When coming near the mercy seat,
Forgiveness you must ask of heaven.

Man is but human to offend
By careless act or word unkind.
But let not strife tried friendship end.
When this sweet word the wound may bind.

If one with sorrowing heart should say,
"Dear friend, forgive me once again,"
To smooth some thorns from life's rough way,
Would you refuse in proud disdain?

Methinks if one had wrought me ill,
Yet penitent should say, "Forgive,"
"Would move my proud and stubborn will,
No anger in my heart could live.

We cannot tell what moves the mind
Or what the subtle cause may be;
We only know our friend unkind,
And we grow cold in sympathy.

And yet one heart from pain to save
What matter if our pride must bend
We might be parted by a grave,
Life is so short! Forgive thy friend.

When All was Young.

When all the world is young, lads,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lads,
And every lass a queen,
Then hie for boot and saddle, lads,
And ride the world away,
Young blood must have its fling, lads,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lads,
And all the trees are brown,
And every game is stale, lads,
And all the wheels run down;
Then back and take thy place, lads,
Thine early friends among,
God grant you find one face, lads,
You loved when all was young.

—Anonymus.

Life.

The baby sat on the nursery floor,
And cried for a couple of hours or more;
For her sawdust doll had a gaping side,
But the rent was stitched and her tears were dried.

The maiden stood on the windy quay
As her sailor lover put out to sea,
He never may come again, she sighed;
But his ship sailed home on a friendly tide.

The wife sat watching a struggle grim
Twixt life and death in the twilight dim.
But she heard him whisper before he died,
"We'll meet again—on the Other Side."
—R. Arkell.

Ten, Twent', Thirt'.

When I go out o' Sat'd'y night
Most gin'rally I blow
Meself an 'Mag ter suthin' light
An' snappy in a show.
Dere's only one sort fills de bill—
One sort I like to see;
De udders are all right, but still
De voddervil fer me.

I'm stuck upon de funny Micks;
I'm daffy on de Dutch.
I like ter see dem t'rowin' bricks
An' reppertay an' such.
I like the good old song an' dance—
It's easy like an' free.
Whenever I kin git de chance,
De voddervil fer me.

I don't pay no good money out
Because I want ter weep.
To see folk turning on de spout
Most any time is cheap.
I'm sorry when dey sigh and groan,
All right, but hully gee!
I've got some troubles uv me own—
De voddervil fer me.

—Chicago News.

To My Nymph.

Open thy heart and let me in,
Message I bring to thee and mine,
I've toyed with life, tussled with Death
And I am thine.

Open thy heart and let me in,
The dull gray earth is cold and sere
The moon a welcome glance sends not
To me down here.

Open thy heart and let me in,
The tear-free years they do fit by,
Time sits and counts heart-beats of
clay
And mocks my sigh.

Open thy heart and let me in,
The eagle somewhere heaves to fly
The white swan sings, the cricket chirps
I too must die.

Open thy heart and let me in,
Oh, fair One, rise and hasten day.
Alloy old age, graft Death's gnarled seed
With me away!

—Lloyd Starr.

EYEGLASSES
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Eyesight Can be Strengthened and Most
Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully
Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eye-glasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Cataracts without cutting or drugging. Over seventy-five thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive.

J. J. Pope, P.O. Box No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years and "Actina" is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using "Actina" I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience.

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time, after using "Actina" I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes: "Actina" has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headache now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial postpaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely FREE, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

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Don't You Want One?"

The Minnehaha will wash with greatest ease the same amount of clothes in less time than any other machine on the market. The tubs are made from selected Virginia white cedar, corrugated and secretly filled, rendering them moist proof. All parts coming in contact with the clothes are heavily galvanized, preventing rust. Write for booklet and information.

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This Silver Nickel, guaranteed Stem Wind Man's Watch, given for selling only \$2.50 worth of DR. SNYDER'S Famous VEGETABLE PILLS. They are the greatest remedy known for indigestion, weak or impure blood, catarrh and also for all liver and kidney troubles. Send us your name and address stating you will do your best to sell the pills at 25c a box. When sold, return us the money and we will mail you this handsome watch. We take back what you cannot sell and give you a premium for amount sold. Please write plainly and at once.

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Why suffer from corns when they can
be painlessly rooted out by using Hol-
loway's Corn Cure.

Buildings Should Be Fireproof,

By E. W. Fitzpatrick.



THE fire insurance companies have secured much business under what might legally be termed "false pretence." In years past people had grown to look upon the requirements of the companies as the standard of construction. The companies preached on fire prevention, but the difference in their rates for insuring good buildings and poor buildings was not sufficient to encourage people to build well. Our people are natural born speculators. Their solicitude was to know how poorly they could build and yet be insured. The companies placed a ridiculously low rate on such construction and people built so because they could get shabby work insured, and thus tinder box construction spread in our cities. Then a great conflagration would occur or the municipalities would not go to the expense of installing wonderful water supplies, etc., at the dictation of the companies. Up would go the rates. People could not well tear down their buildings to build properly and therefore had to mildly submit and we are actually told living in a species of subjugation to the insurance companies, as far as our buildings are concerned. When it comes to new work, however, the people are to blame absolutely and deserve no commiseration if they deliberately put themselves into such bondage.

It is the duty of the press, the real educator of the people, to show them how they can keep from that bondage, and also to point out the way to the municipalities that they may encourage their citizens to build better. Let me quote from an editorial from the American Architect and Building News, the leading architectural journal of the country. It indicates the way and does it tersely: "There is no public ordinance that restricts the sale of comestibles lest a man may kill himself by overeating, for if he does it is merely a warning to his neighbors not to do the same thing. The community do not legislate for the benefit of the individual. But there is propriety in legislation intended to prevent and control con-

tagious diseases, which may be spread from the unclean or ignorant individual who originates them to the community at large. No legislation aimed for the prevention of contagion is held too grinding and unendurable. No disease that can affect the public welfare is more contagious than a conflagration, and yet comparatively little effort is made by the public to deal with it preventively.

"Millions are spent yearly in handling fires, but only hundreds are expended in steps to prevent their outbreak.

"It is the community at large that is the culprit, since it 'suffers' fires to take place when it has the power to prevent them. It annually looks calmly on at the expenditure of millions that come out of its own pockets for the maintenance of ineffective fire departments, and yet if but half the money spent in Winnipeg in his way had been divided among the improvers of real estate so as to cover, in the case of each improvement, the difference in cost between combustible and incombustible building, the greater part of the city would now be indestructible. . . . This simple method could be adopted from today and future generations would look with reverence on the men who devised this system and honestly administered the details of its application. . . . the men, it might be added, who would have thus safeguarded their own interests while looking to the welfare of posterity.

"The theory under which advances in fireproof building have been made hitherto is largely, if not altogether, a mistaken one. It has been the assumption that a real estate improver, as a sane business man, should be able to perceive how much it was to his own ultimate advantage to build an indestructible building and so save in the long run a large amount in insurance on building and contents. The true theory is that incombustible buildings must be built. It is immaterial to the taxpayers whether or no an individual elects to let his building be destroyed by fire, but it is of material interest to the public that the property of other people be not destroyed at the same time. This fact recognized, it is easy to see that the real responsibility rests upon the public and not upon the individual.

It is desirable to substitute incombustible for inflammable buildings with the least delay possible. A conflagration may occur any minute.

"The process can be better accomplished by coaxing than by compulsion. The best means is for the municipalities to adopt a sliding scale of tax upon improved property. The man with a well built fireproof building should pay the minimum rate and the man with a firetrap the maximum. Such a system of taxation would be equitable to all. It would put the burden of paying for fire departments and extra water supplies upon those that need the service, and would relieve those who are public spirited enough and prudent enough to erect buildings which do not require such service. It is the one sane solution of the problem, and all right minded men should join in the effort to bring about this much needed reform in municipal taxation. As things are today, the better and safer a building is the more tax you pay; you are taxed upon your improvement and upon the extra amount you tax yourself for the public weal! Unjust, inequitable, discouraging!"

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Young men should write at once for free catalogue outlining their system of instruction.

Address the Dominion Railway School, Winnipeg, Man., and when writing mention the Western Home Monthly.

Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada.

A new edition of Mr. Tyrell's book known as "Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada," revised and enlarged, has just been brought out by the original publisher, William Briggs, of Toronto. This second edition, like the first, contains a complete account of the journey, also a list of plants collected on the expedition, a vocabulary of Eskimo words, a route map and full classified index. It is illustrated from photographs taken on the journey by Mr. Arthur Hemming. The second edition contains several new chapters which greatly add to the interest and value of the work, making it a very timely book now that the Government have pronounced their policy with respect to a railway to Hudson Bay. These chapters discuss the resources of the region and the navigability of the Bay and Strait, and, therefore, contain much information respecting one of the pressing national problems of Canada. The book is printed in large clear type and is well bound and would be a valuable acquisition to any library either private or public.

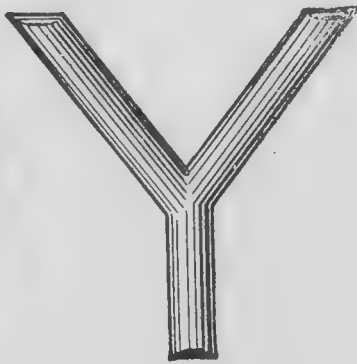
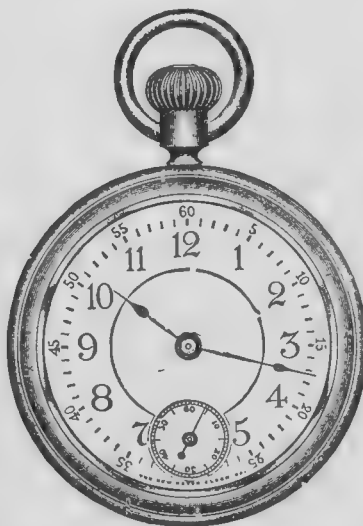
One million five hundred thousand dollars is offered as a prize for a literary composition, the biggest prize of its kind on record. The award will be made at St. Petersburg on Dec. 1, 1925, to the writer of the best history of Alexander I. of Russia. Arakcheief, founder of the military colonies of Novgorod, left a fortune of 50,000 rubles (27,750) to provide for this unique prize. The prize-giving day is the centenary of the Czar Alexander's death, by which time the money will, it is estimated, have increased to \$2,000,000. One-fourth of it will be used to defray the cost of publishing the work which wins the prize.

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The New Year's Number, at 10 cents, will be better than an ordinary New Year's Card, to send to friends in the Old Country or elsewhere. You can often sell three or four in one house. Send us a postcard to-day as follows: 'Please send me twenty copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which I agree to sell at ten cents each and remit proceeds to you in return for reliable Nickel Watch, as advertised in the _____.' We will then send copies, outfit and full list of other premiums. Address at once,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Witness Block, Montreal, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial."

For further particulars about the 'Canadian Pictorial' see another page of this paper.

PRICE AND QUALITY

OUR POSITION ON THE QUESTION OF PRICE AND QUALITY---QUALITY AND PRICE

QUALITY WITH US is always the first consideration. Prices cannot be determined until quality has been fully established, for the very good reason that quality is in itself the first great measure of value, therefore, measures the meaning of price.

QUALITY WITH US is the measure of success or failure, profit or loss, decline or perpetuity. Every dealer in every commodity in every town is disposed to attack us on the question of quality, being unable to meet our very low prices. Often failing to understand how thoroughly reliable goods of a high standard of quality can be sold at such very low prices, he often takes for granted that the low price must be at the expense of quality; or the wholesale dealer, the traveling salesman, or the manufacturer from whom the retail dealer buys, being unable to furnish the retailer goods at prices that will enable him to meet our low selling prices, will either take for granted or assume, for the purpose of justifying their price, that our goods are probably of a lower quality.

WHEREAS, WE ARE BEING ATTACKED by the hundreds of retail dealers, wholesalers, etc., in all lines of merchandise in all parts of Canada on the one great question of quality, and realizing, too, that we are not on the ground to refute and, with the goods, to lay side by side to compare, prove that our goods are of the highest standard of quality, there is but one thing left for us to do. It is imperative that we do this one thing. If we don't do it we fail to hold our customers, and to get new customers, we must do this one great thing.

WE MUST FURNISH A QUALITY OF MERCHANDISE THAT WILL EFFECTIVELY DISPROVE EVERY ARGUMENT OF EVERY KIND RAISED AGAINST US.

WITH US, FAIR GRADE IS NOT SUFFICIENT, ordinary quality won't do. What is commonly known to the trade as acceptable goods we cannot use, for in this question of quality we dare take no chance. To us one mark short of the highest standard is dangerous. As many marks above the recognized high standard as we can get is our safety. On the question of high quality we must not only stand erect, but must even lean backward.

THE VERY NATURE OF OUR BUSINESS, the life of our institution, the combatting the arguments raised against us, the X-ray searchlight of the commercial world that is focused on us compels us even though our disposition were different, as a matter of policy that on this great question of quality we should stand so that every one of the hundreds of thousands of articles that go out of our institution will be an actual example of our policy, an everlasting demonstration of the error or misrepresentation of any one who tries to attack us on the quality question.

HUNDREDS OF GREAT VALUES LIKE THESE IN OUR BIG CATALOGUE.

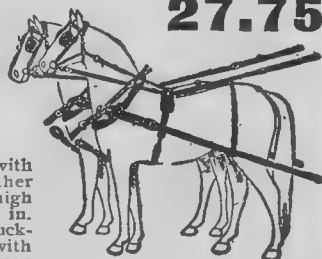
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ALBERTA SPECIAL

We offer this leader in farm harness as the equal of harness that will be sold everywhere this year at 30 per cent. more money. Bridles $\frac{3}{4}$ in. cheeks round winker stays and checks, square blinds open, stiff or jointed bits, lines 1 in. with snaps and spreaders; collars, leather or cloth faced, open top; hames, high top, steel bound with 1 in. x 18 in. hame tug and double grip trace buckle, traces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 3 ply x 6 ft. with cockeye martingales and pole straps $\frac{1}{2}$ in. with slides and snaps felt-lined strap back band with ho kels and terrets, cruppers buckled to back strap, X.C. trimmed. This is only one of our many leaders. Our catalogue shows a complete line. Write for it. It's free.

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Harness
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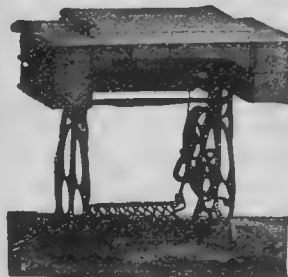
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Large Wingold Range
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If you could save \$15 to \$40 by buying a Wingold Range, and it would last longer and give you better satisfaction than any range you can buy elsewhere at double our price, you would no doubt favor us with your order. Send us our price and we will ship the range for your use for 30 days and if you don't find you have made a big saving return the range at our expense and we will refund your money.

This Wingold Steel Range has six 8-in. lids; 18-in. oven, made of 16 gauge cold rolled steel; 15 gallon reservoir; large warming closet high shelf; top cooking surface 30 x 34 inches; guaranteed to reach you in perfect order. Shipping weight 400 lbs. Thousands now in use and everyone giving satisfaction.



\$17.75 the Economy five drawer drop head Solid Oak Cabinet, the best machine in the world for the money. While the price is extremely low some might think it too cheap to be good, yet we guarantee it to do the work required of a machine equal to any you can buy elsewhere for \$85. It is made to last and give good satisfaction.

An absolute 10 year Guarantee with every machine. Three Months, Free Trial before you decide to keep it or not. Positively a Saving of \$15 to \$40.

Strictly High Grade Sewing Machines, None better Made. These machines are sold through the Retailer at double our prices under another name. Why pay more when you can get the best machines made at so great a saving? Thousands now in use and every one giving perfect satisfaction.

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OUR OFFER: Mail us your name and address saying you would like to have our New Sewing Machine Offer, and you will receive by return mail FREE the most LIBERAL OFFER ever heard of. Don't buy a Sewing Machine of any kind on any kind of terms until after you receive our offer. Write to-day for further particulars.

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This wonderful book is brim full of Bargains. The lowest prices ever dreamed of, most wonderful values in Hardware, Harness, Furniture, Cream Separators, Sewing Machines, and a thousand other things, at proportionately low prices. You need this wonderful book, it will save you a large sum of money, whether you buy of us or not as it prevents anyone from overcharging you on anything you buy. Write for it to-day.

Wingold Cream Separator \$44.95
Capacity 450 lbs Milk per Hour.



Order the WINGOLD CREAM SEPARATOR. If you do not find it more lasting, more easily turned than any other, we will not ask you to keep it; simply return it at our expense, and we will refund your money. You can wash it in 3 or 4 minutes, long before the bowl of other separators are run down. It does not break the butter fat globules. It requires no special tools for its care. It is the real labor saving Cream Separator. You can't afford to make a mistake when you can buy this splendid machine for so little money. Write to-day for our new Big Catalogue. It explains everything. Tells you just what you want to know about Cream Separators.

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Dresser & Stand
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No. 310. Dresser and Washstand—The dresser is 36 inches long by 18 in. deep, made of selected Northern hardwood, high gloss, golden or surface oak. Has two large drawers fitted with locks and brass handles. The mirror is 14 x 24, finest British bevelled plate and is supported by nicely shaped standards. The Washstand to match is 24 ins. long and 17 ins. deep. Has one drawer and one full sized cupboard. The construction and finish is all there is to be desired. On comparison you will discover this suite is larger and better made than others sell. Shipping weight about 150 lbs. Price, Golden Oak \$9.95 Surface Oak \$10.45



Our Combination Three-Piece Bed.

\$8.35

outfit to show what it is possible for us to produce in a strictly high grade bed, with a first class spring at an extremely low price. The spring fabric is made of best quality copper d steel wire with helical springs on both ends. This spring combines the greatest comfort and lasting qualities it is possible to obtain. Bed is finished in the best quality enamel carefully applied and thoroughly baked and hardened. Finished in white or Nile green. Weight 110 lbs. 3 ft. 6 in., 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in., bed and spring \$8.35



Golden Oak finish, 6 ft., weight 150 lbs. \$6.45
Golden Oak finish, 8 ft., weight 175 lbs. \$7.20
Surface Oak finish, 6 ft., weight 150 lbs. \$6.95
Surface Oak finish, 8 ft., weight 175 lbs. \$7.75

\$5.50



H58—An elegantly finished desirable rocker of showy design built for heavy duty and comfort. Has finely finished full top, genuine lap leather seat. The back is high and made of specially selected quartered cut oak, finished golden, finely figured, handsomely shaped and carved. Large, heavy carved curved arms supported by neatly turned posts and fancy spindles. Weight 30 lbs. \$5.50

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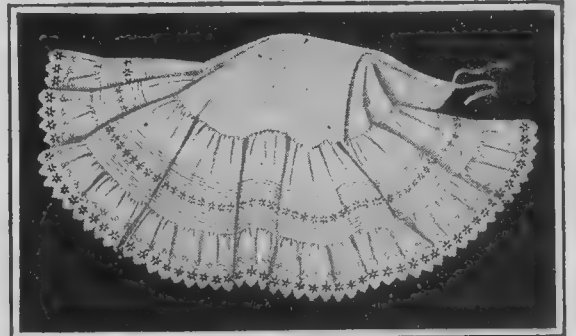


19-1508. Women's Night Gown, made of fine soft Cotton, like a Nainsook, long sleeves finished with embroidery frill, handsome round Mother Hubbard yoke of four rows extra fine Swiss embroidery, six clusters of three narrow tucks, neck and yoke finished with frill of fine embroidery pearl, buttons, well made and finished; lengths 56, 58 & 60 ins., special value. **Sale Price** **1.23**

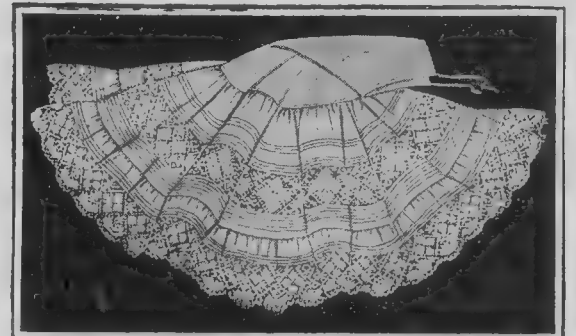


19-1504—Women's Night Gown, made of fine soft Cotton, very much like Nainsook, Mother Hubbard style, yoke of eight rows fine lace insertion, neck and front finished with lawn frill and lace edge, pearl buttons, elbow sleeves finished with lawn frill and lace edge; a well finished garment at a small price. Lengths 56, 58 and 60 inches; special value. **Sale Price** **.79**

19-6521. Woman's Home Allover Apron, made of checked Gingham, good strong quality, this apron is a positive dress saver, can be put on or taken off in a moment, square Mother Hubbard yoke finished with buttons, skirt with one inch hem, special value. **Sale Price** **.43**



19-2503. Women's Skirt, made of good Cotton, French band, extra deep flounce of fine lawn, trimmed with two clusters of five narrow tucks, one row fine embroidery insertion, deep flounce of skirting embroidery; lengths 38, 40, and 42 inches, special value. **Sale Price** **.99**



19-2506—Women's Skirt, made of extra fine Cotton French dand, six inch flounce of fine Lawn, trimmed with two clusters of three narrow tucks, one row extra fine heavy Cluny insertion 4 ins. wide, finished below with Lawn ruffle 5½ ins. finished with cluster of five tucks, and three narrow tucks with four ¾-inch tucks between, 4½ in. ruffle of extra fine Cluny lace, this makes a very handsome skirt, generous width well made in every particular; lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches, extra special. **Sale Price** **14.9**



Double Farm Harness

37T2—Description: **Bridle**, ¾ inch checks, square leather blinds or open if desired, flat stays and checks to go over hame, good fronts and rosettes, stiff or jointed bits. **Lines**, 1 inch full length with snaps. **Collars**, a good strong work collar, cloth or leather faced, open top. **Hames**, strong iron bound, concord bolts, with spreaders. **Traces**, 2 inch strap with 1½ inch layer to run from hames to heavy heel chain. **Martingales**, 1½ inch good heavy stock. **Pole Straps**, 1½ inch good heavy stock with snaps and iron slides. **Back Bands**, are strong 3 inch leather with 1½ inch layer, lined with heavy felt, no hooks or terret, but fitted with leather loop on top, good back straps to run from cruppers through back band to hame. **Sale Price**, **24.00**

THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED

WINNIPEG,

CANADA.

NOTE THE LOW PRICES ON THESE FINE DRESSES

40-9001. Women's One-Piece Dress of Mercerized Mull.

The waist is prettily trimmed with wide and narrow lace insertion edged with frill of lace, also $\frac{1}{2}$ inch tucks front and back; mandarin sleeve of lace insertion edged with frill of lace; attached collar and cuffs of $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves trimmed with lace insertion, edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back. The skirt is made with deep tucked flounce, trimmed with wide and narrow lace insertion. This makes a beautiful afternoon or evening dress. Choice of white, pink or sky. **Sale Price 3.95**

MERCERIZED MULL

White, Pink or Sky

SALE PRICE 3.95

Sizes for Shirt Waist Dresses shown on this page are:

Bust 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42, with choice of lengths 38 or 40 inches.

WHITE SWISS LAWN DRESS

SALE PRICE 4.25

40-9301. Women's One-Piece Dress made of white Swiss lawn. Waist has front of fine all-over embroidery with clusters of small tucks to bust line; broad effect given by shoulder pieces of embroidery trimmed with lace insertion and frill of lace; $\frac{3}{4}$ -length sleeves trimmed with embroidery and lace insertion; new shaped attached collar, and cuffs of lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back, and tucked. The skirt is made with small box pleats over the hips; has deep flounce of embroidery and rows of lace insertion; attached belt of embroidery and lace insertion. This dainty dress is suitable for dressy occasions **Sale Price 4.25**

40-9078. Women's Two-Piece Shirt Waist Dress made of fine white lawn. The waist has front of all-over embroidery trimmed with clusters of small tucks and row of lace insertion either side; attached collar and cuffs of $\frac{3}{4}$ -length sleeves, tucked, and trimmed with lace insertion edged with lace; buttoned in back and tucked. The skirt is tucked over the hips, has deep full flounce trimmed with three 1-inch tucks and row of lace insertion. Is a serviceable and easily laundered dress. **Sale Price 2.15**

40-9310. Women's extra fine white lawn Two-Piece Shirt Waist Dress. The front of waist is of fine all-over embroidery trimmed with clusters of fine tucking, also wide tuck down either side; new shaped attached collar trimmed with lace insertion edged with lace frill; shoulder pieces and cuffs of $\frac{3}{4}$ -length sleeves, tucked, and trimmed with lace insertion edged with lace frill; buttoned in back, tucked, and trimmed with lace insertion. The skirt is tucked over the hips, which gives extra fullness; deep full flounce trimmed with wide tucks and rows of lace insertion. **Sale Price 2.85**

40-9078

40-9310

WE DO NOT SEND SAMPLES OF MATERIAL, AND CAN SUPPLY STOCK SIZES ONLY

These lines are representative of the values contained in our January and February Sale catalogue. If you desire to profit by this wonderful money-saver, and have not yet received a copy of the catalogue send us your name and address without delay.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

A GENIUS FOR FRIENDSHIP

It is said of some men that they have a genius for friendship. Lincoln possessed this trait. He was able to get a tremendous grip upon men and to retain a strong place in their affections in spite of all the changing aspects of political life. Such an attainment, in some measure, is within the reach of us all. This much we can certainly do—namely—associate ourselves with those who will help us in climbing the ladder of life.

"It was Charles James Fox of England, bereft though he was of good home training, and of helpful companions in youth, who, speaking of the friendship of Edmund Burke, said, 'If I were to put together in one scale all political information at my command, all the knowledge which I have gained through science, and all that I have learned of the affairs of the world through the study of books, and into the other the inspiration and blessing I have derived from my companionship with Edmund Burke, the former could not possibly compare with the latter.'"

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

The poet has said that the thoughts of youth are "long, long thoughts." Certainly in our early days we look well into the future in our ambitions and aspirations. If there is one thing for which we hope, in the early days, it is for a prolonged career of health and usefulness. And the man who lays a firm foundation in physical strength has a right to look for satisfactory results in his old age. History affords us many bright illustrations:—

"Open your biographies and what do you find? Michelangelo working on St. Peter's at eighty-seven; Titian painting at ninety-nine, when cut off by the plague; Hobbes still writing well at ninety-two; Bentham at eighty-five and Goethe at eighty-four. West painted his best work at seventy-nine; Humboldt worked till he was nearly ninety, and Bancroft reached the same age; Dandolo was elected Doge of Venice at eighty-four. When ninety-four and blind, he stormed Constantinople and died Doge at ninety-seven."

HOW TO READ

Have you ever learned how to read? "Read? Why certainly," you answer. "I learned how to read when I was a child"—and yet few of the graduates of our public schools know how to read. They can read, write and spell but they have no genius for literary analysis and dissection. It is a great thing to know how to tear a paragraph to pieces and get out all the good there is in it. It's a fine thing to master the page of a strong book, before you turn it over. Let me quote a great authority:—

Lord Macaulay said, "When a boy I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I stopped, and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from beginning to end."

HOW TO RISE

Snap! Vim! Enthusiasm!—Joy in your work. Work for the sake of work and not for the sake of salary. Let us be rid of men who arrive precisely at eight o'clock and leave precisely at six in the evening and who have an eye on the clock from the first to the last. The following we copy from "The Christian Work and Evangelist":

A man of large intellectual gifts, compelled by circumstances to take an uncongenial though relatively important position in the management of a large commercial enterprise, at last, after a number of years of arduous service, during which he had several times seen younger men advanced over his head, finally went to his employer. "I have served you faithfully for fifteen years," he said, "yet my salary has never been increased one dollar, nor a more responsible position given me." "Nor ever will be," replied the employer. "Have I not served you faithfully?" asked the employee in consternation. "Have I not performed my duty in every particular?" "Precisely," was the reply, "and for that reason you are unprofitable to me. You have never taken the least interest in improving the business, in devising labor-saving methods, or methods by which the profit of the business or its scope may be increased. So far as your work is concerned the business is no better off than it was when you entered our office. You have earned your salary, precisely; nothing more."

KIPLING'S CONVERSATION

The common sense of the country is expressing itself on the temperance question. Even the great men of the world are stepping out on the platform for restraint and restriction. The last heard from is Rudyard Kipling. He recently saw two young men get two young women drunk and then beheld all four go reeling down the street, and then, recanting previous opinions he said:—

"I became a prohibitionist. Better is it that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately'; and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary."—Central Christian Advocate.

BE KIND—BUT BE FIRM

Be sweet, but have your opinion. Be kind, but have your conviction. Be polite, but have your own idea. Be considerate but have your own way of doing things. Be accommodating but let no man invade the circle of your own individuality. Ever remember that a man must come back to himself—your convictions and your character is all you have left when your health, wealth and friends are gone: Let us recall the counsel of Sir Hugo to Daniel Desonda "Be courteous, be obliging, Dan; but don't give yourself over to be melted down for the tallow trade."

GET UP AGAIN

The test of a man is defeat. How can he stand defeat? Does he whine and cry and grow bitter? Does he criticise himself, his neighbor, and his God? Or does he quietly grit his teeth, clinch his fists and get ready for another fight. Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, just lost a fortune. In the strange upheavals of commercial life, his entire fortune of \$3,000,000, has been swept away, but with characteristic optimism and without apparent bitterness he proposes to begin the rebuilding of his fortune:—

These are his words: "I am not out of commission," was his declaration to a newspaper reporter. "There are a thousand fights in me. I'll move to a new house. I'll ride to work in the street cars and sell my automobile, and I'll run for mayor at the next election."

DON'T FRET

The measure of all time and duration is spelled out in one sentence. "Yesterday—today—and forever," but we are not able to change the past, nor are we responsible for the future. We have only one problem to solve and it is expressed in one word "today." Live one day at a time and when the sun sets let the account be settled. Don't take your trouble to bed with you. Stack it outside of your bed-room door.

"Canon Beadon (who lived to be over one hundred) said to a friend that the secret of long life in his own case was that he had never thought of anything unpleasant after ten o'clock at night."

ROOSEVELT

Roosevelt says "I put myself in the way of things and they happened." That's it. Put yourself in the way of things. If they ask you to lead a meeting—lead it. If the editor asks you to write an article, get your pencil and pad and go to work. If you are honored with an appointment as Superintendent of the Sunday School, try your hand at it. If you are asked to express yourself on the question of the local veto—speak your mind. Put yourself in the way of things. Speak, write, act. If your neighbor thinks you can do it—you can.

WORK HARDER

"If your sword is short—take a step in advance," said an ancient philosopher. Which means that if you are lacking in natural ability make up for it by strong plodding and persistent application. In the year 1851 Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in his journal: "To every reproach I know but one answer, namely, to go again to my own work. But you

neglect your relations.' Yes, too true; then I will work the harder. 'But you have no genius.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have no virtues.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have detached yourself and acquired the aversion of all decent people; you must retain some position and relation.' Yes, I will work the harder."

TRY MAN TRY

Try, man try! A man never knows what he can do until he tries; make a venture! Plunge your plow into the unbroken soil. Try your luck on the circumstances of life. Do the thing you are afraid to do. A failure never injures an honest man. The world—all the world—loves a lover; and all the world loves a man who has got grit, sand and nerve. The author of "Health and Happiness" in a chapter on "Unused Powers" says:—

"When a student in the university I learned a good lesson, one which I never have forgotten, from my Professor of Logic, who was a fatherly man of wide experience. A task had been allotted to me, to which, feeling somewhat inadequate, I was making objection. Putting his hand on my shoulder, he said to me in a kind but emphatic manner, 'A young man never knows what he can do until he tries to do it.'"

THE CROWN OF CHARACTER

I was in a political meeting the other day. The excitement was intense. There were two sides to the subject and speakers on both sides. A townsman arose to speak. He was suffering from a severe cold. In fact could scarcely speak. But for an hour they listened to him as he slowly ground out sentence after sentence and when he closed, honored him with an ovation. What was it that held the audience spell bound—Eloquence? No.—character. Character! what a possession. Character! what a legacy!

It is related of one of the ancestors of David Livingstone, the famous missionary and explorer, who was descended from the Scotch Highlanders, that when he lay dying he called his family around him and said to his children: 'Now, my lads, I have looked back through our history as far as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line. I want you to understand that you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong. My lads, be honest.' An untarnished record—what a precious legacy to leave to one's posterity!"

BISMARCK THE LOVER

Character is an inherent quality. It is the color of the soul. It is something which lends force to the personality and intensity to the nature. Character is but another name for strength of mind. Strong minded men and strong minded women are the only pillars in the temple of humanity. And character shows itself early in life. Here is a story concerning Bismarck from the Chicago Advance:—

"Bismarck was a gay young Prussian officer when he met Johanna von Puttkamer. She dealt him a stunning blow. You understand, of course, that we are talking in metaphor. He wrote to Papa von Puttkamer a formal request for Johanna's little bunch of digits.

"Aghast at Bismarck's proposal, the old gentleman did not absolutely decline it. Instead, he wrote doubtfully, giving rather grudging permission for the young lover to pay a sort of 'visit of inspection' at the Puttkamer home. Bismarck eagerly hastened to Reinfeld. The whole Puttkamer family was lined up to greet him. The father and mother glared at him solemnly and Johanna herself stood between them, her eyes cast modestly downward. It was an awkward moment. The swift, whirlwind decision that scored Bismarck his later political triumphs came now to the front, and he carried the situation by storm.

"Gallop up the driveway, he leaped from his horse, ran forward and flung his arms around Johanna; taking no heed of her scandalized parents; catching her to his breast and covering her blushing face with kisses. After that there could be no talk of 'probation' or 'waiting.' The betrothal was an accepted fact. Bismarck in his old age used to tell the story with more delight than he took in describing his statesmanship victories."

GET SOMETHING DONE

Get something done. Make a beginning. Blow the whistle, start your train. Move things! Are you ever going to read that book—begin now. Do you propose to take a course in bookkeeping? Send in your application tonight. Do you expect to master a period in English history—up and at it. Make a beginning. Don't be forever dreaming. Turn your night dreams into day dreams and your day dreams into facts and events. REFLECT and act.

"My friends, get something done!" Phillips Brooks would say. "Get something done! Do not go on forever in idle skirmishing with the same foe. Realize, as you sit here, who your chief enemy is, what vice of mind or body, what false or foul habit. Cry out to God for strength. Set your face resolutely to a new life in which that vice shall have no part."

Don't Spend

A Penny



Be Sure First

by a Test at our risk. Don't spend a penny before you have tested it, before you are sure, before you have seen and felt. We know what we have to offer, we know the public. We trust to the power of what we offer. We trust to the public's sense of Honor and Gratitude. The sick man or woman suffering day by day for lack of the right kind of help, is glad and happy to pay when they get the help. We know this, we know how Vitae-Ore helps, we know we will get our pay when it does help, and so we take the risk. We want to take it—all of it. We are glad to do it.

It is not a gamble, not an experiment, but a test, and a test that has led in thousands of cases to positive knowledge that Vitae-Ore is a right medicine for sick and ailing, poor, thin-blooded, weak, debilitated, worn-out, Rheumatism-racked, Stomach-tortured, Kidney-tyrannized, Heart-frightened men and women. It is a test that leads to our pay and Vitae-Ore's popularity. That is why we take all the Risk and why we plainly and boldly say to you Don't Spend a Penny until you have tested it.

You Don't Risk

One Single, Solitary, Red Cent. You must use a postage stamp to write for it or we cannot know that you need it, but we will return a 2-cent stamp to you after 30 days if you ask for it. We want the test to be absolutely, entirely and completely free of any and all cost to you if Vitae-Ore does not help you. We do not want it to cost you one single penny unless the 30-day treatment benefits you, unless it proves Vitae-Ore the remedy for your ills, as it has proven the remedy for so many thousands of others. We don't want a nickle of your hard-earned money unless you are glad, willing, happy and proud to send it to us for what Vitae-Ore has accomplished for you. Then we want our pay and deserve it, but not otherwise! We take absolutely all of the risk. We leave it entirely for you to decide, to say that we have earned our pay or that we do not deserve it. Read our trial offer; read the proof we give upon this page; read what Vitae-Ore is; read what it has accomplished for others, and write today for the \$1.00 package on 30 days' trial.

Cured Four Years Ago.

Permanently Relieved of Rheumatism and Nervousness at the Age of Seventy-eight.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I was afflicted with Rheumatism for many years, the attacks being especially strong during last winter. I could not sleep nights on account of the pain which centered in my back and left leg. My Nervous System was also affected. The doctors who treated me said they could not help me, as I was seventy-eight years old, and my system was entirely worn out. I doctored with so many kinds of medicine that I had a small drug store at home, but nothing helped me. I had new hopes, as summer approached, that the warm weather would bring me relief, but this hope was not gratified, as I grew no better. Then I gave up all thought of a cure, thinking that the doctors were right and that nothing could help me.



One day I read the Vitae-Ore advertisement in my church paper and sent for a package. After five days it had done me so much good that I was well pleased. After using two packages I was entirely cured of the Rheumatism and my nervous system is now so wonderfully improved and strengthened that I can work with as much force and vigor as I could twenty or twenty-five years ago. Vitae-Ore has caused an entire change in my system, seeming to make a new man of me. I wanted to wait with my report until I was fully convinced that the benefit is entire and permanent, and I write at this time without the least inducement from the Theo. Noel Company, merely through appreciation toward God and the wonderful Vitae-Ore medicine. I hope that Vitae-Ore will continue to be a blessing to all ailing mankind.

REV. JOHN FUCHS, 1007 Ashland Ave.

Re-affirmed Four Years Later.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 27, 1908.—I was cured of Rheumatism by Vitae-Ore about four years ago, but I use it regularly for two reasons: First: it strengthens my Nerves wonderfully. I am 82 years old and preach every Sunday, do all the work of a pastor and serve the congregation. Second: it keeps my Kidneys in good order so that I have no trouble to urinate, which often is the trouble of old men. I never will do without Vitae-Ore. If everyone would only know how good it is, no one would be without it.

REV. JOHN FUCHS.

Read This Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on trial.

What Vitae-Ore Is.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, when mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

Three Days Use of Vitae-Ore Caused Change For The Better.

Had Nervous Prostration, With Stomach, Heart and Bladder Trouble and Could Hardly Walk.

CREWSON'S CORNERS, ONT.—I thought I would write you a letter of thanks for the good Vitae-Ore has done in my case. I was so run-down with Nervous Prostration, Bladder, Stomach and Heart Troubles that I was so weak I could hardly walk. I have been taking Vitae-Ore for over three months and I am thankful to say my general health is so much improved that I do not need to take any more. I feel better than I have for the last two years. You remarked in one of your letters that I would bless the day I read your advertisement, and I certainly do, and I am recommending your Vitae-Ore to all my friends and neighbors, and will continue to do so, as your remedy has done me more good than all the medicines my two doctors have given to me. I was getting worse instead of better. I thank you again for your kindness to me. My appetite is improved. I can take any food that I care for without that distressed feeling. I lost 13 pounds in three months, but I am pleased and thankful to say that I am gaining nicely now. I was only taking your medicine three days when I began to feel the change for the better.

MRS. JOHN H. CRIPPS.

USE THIS COUPON

If You Do Not Wish to Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO

Gentlemen—I have read your advertisement in The Western Home Monthly

and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay \$1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

NAME _____

TOWN _____

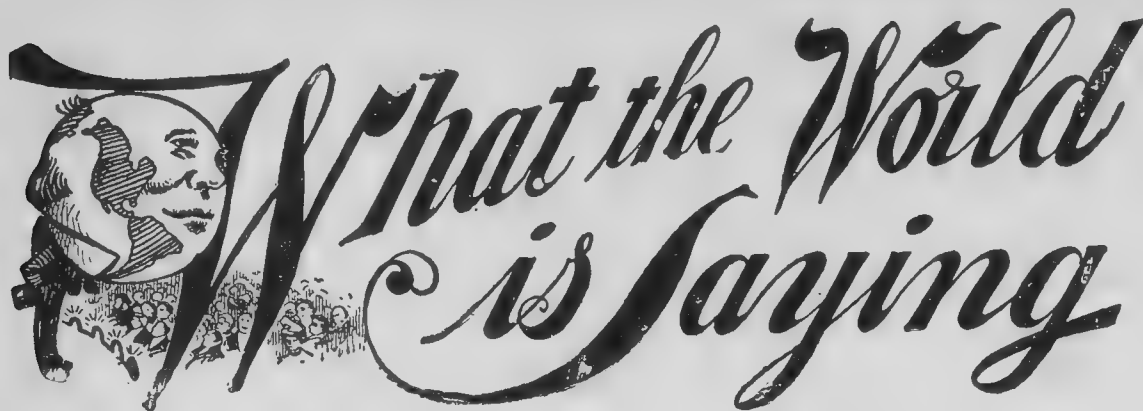
STATE _____

Street or Rural Route _____

A Trial of Vitae-Ore Will tell to you its own plain story, a story that has meant Comfort, Peace and Happiness to thousands.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM Rheumatism or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation, or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore right away, and see what this remedy will do for you. Sent Prepaid and All Duty Free. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS:

Theo. Noel Co., Limited W. H. Dept. **Chicago, Ill.**
Vitae-Ore Bldg.



What the World is Saying

The Farmer Feeds All.

The full dinner pail follows the full grain car.—*Railwaymen's Gazette.*

No Longer an Infant.

Wainwright is quite an old town now. The weekly paper has now reached its sixth issue.—*Brockville Recorder.*

A Word from Glasgow.

If it keeps growing at its present rate the Manitoba branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Association will soon be larger than the parent stem.—*Glasgow Herald.*

To be South Africa's Ottawa.

It would seem that Pretoria is to be the federal capital of a united British South Africa—an Ottawa under the Southern Cross. A splendid destiny for Paul Kruger's former seat of government.—*Kingston Whig.*

The New Fernie.

It is only four months since Fernie was a heap of ashes, yet so rapid has rebuilding been carried on that it may now fairly be called a city of homes. Recovery is rapid in the buoyant West.—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

One Way of Looking at it.

In New York, where woman suffrage is not taken seriously, men attend the meetings in dress suits. In London, where woman suffrage is practical politics, the only men who attend come attired in blue coats and brass buttons.—*New York Sun.*

Miss Cameron's Little Trip.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron went from Edmonton to the Arctic Ocean, and saw the Eskimo and the midnight sun and the big wheat fields of Peace River, and gained ten pounds in weight on the trip. That does not look much like hardship.—*Chicago Tribune.*

West, and Farther West.

"The West is ahead of you in some things," said a visitor yesterday, and for a moment it was extremely puzzling. But when it was learned that the man was from Oregon, then we remembered that to some parts of the world we are the East! Is it possible the "West" looks on us as the "East," as we look on the East?—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Lesson to Heiresses.

What satirist of society has drawn such a sketch of degenerate aristocracy as is drawn of themselves by the French princelings in the court proceedings for the possession of an American girl's fortune? Is the bauble for which American heiresses barter themselves to titled rakes worth the incumbrance.—*Boston Transcript.*

Good for the Denver Women.

Female suffrage is held to have re-elected Judge Lindsay, of Denver Children's Court, against the machinations of the party candidates. The Judge is the leader of reform in the treatment of juvenile offenders on this continent. The women of Denver stood by him and helped him to victory.—*Duluth Tribune.*

Historic Old Battleford.

Historic 'old Battleford, once the capital of the Northwest, is not dead by any means, and is making a strong bid for the location of the University of Saskatchewan. The Board of Trade has issued a neat and persuasive pamphlet describing the healthfulness, beauty, accessibility and general suitability of Battleford to be the home of a great educational institution. Battleford has always claimed that it possessed the finest site for a city in the Canadian West and it is determined not to be ignored.—*Victoria Colonist.*

New Wheat Route in Prospect.

The British Columbia dream of shipping wheat to England ought to be capable of realization. Even if the ships have to go round Cape Horn for a little while, the Panama canal will be open before very long and there need be no reason why the experiment should not be a decided success.—*Ottawa Evening Journal.*

Homestead Entries.

For the first nine months of 1908 there were 41,963 homesteads entries, as against 23,129 for the same period of 1907. Of course the new Land Act caused the rush, but look at the evidence it gives of the belief of farmers in the West. Look also at the big increase it means in the productive power of the West, and consequently the increased purchasing power.—*Monetary Times.*

Growing All The Time.

This is not usually considered the growing season in Canada, but that is where the rule is at fault. We have grown a string of towns seven hundred miles long on the Grand Trunk Pacific this year, and now, just at the beginning of winter, these towns are producing as fine a crop of weekly newspapers as one could wish to see.—*Canadian Printer and Publisher.*

From New Brunswick to Peace River.

One of the most enthusiastic believers in the future of the Peace River country is a medical man from New Brunswick who spent six months in the north this season. Think how this will unify this big country to have men come straight from the Maritime Provinces to pioneer in the Peace River Valley. After a while, too, Canadians will begin to know something about their own country.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

The Author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

John Bunyan's neighbors put him in jail. Now that he has been long dead posterity gives him a stained glass window in Westminster Abbey. This looks like insensibility to the merits of the living. But if Bunyan had never been in jail, would he have found time to write that immortal allegory which alone is his title to fame and the Abbey?—*Manchester Guardian.*

Looking Forward.

Down in Ontario you go to the station to see the Montreal train come in, but here in Edmonton we can see the Athabasca stage pull up at the Alberta Hotel with passengers from Peace River, Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean. Besides it will not be long before a train will be running over that stage route, and the conductor will be shouting "All aboard for Fort Vermilion, Coppermine River and Dawson City."—*Letter from Edmonton in Toronto News.*

A Matter of Geography.

Papers in the Prairie Provinces think it odd that an institution called the Western Bank should have had its headquarters in Ontario. But what would they say of a newspaper called *The Western Chronicle*, published at Kentville, Nova Scotia? After all "the West" is a comparative term, and British Columbians smile at the people of the prairies for calling their part of Canada "the West."—*Halifax Herald.*

The Birth of a Town.

On August 26, 1908, there was a wheat field. That day men drove into the field with loads of lumber, and the Canadian Pacific Railway held an auction sale, securing \$68,000 for parts of that field staked out as town lots. A good many people were skeptical, but the men on the lumber wagons began to build as soon as the auctioneer's hammer fell, and that was the start of Outlook. Now it is a bustling, thriving prairie town, and all skepticism has vanished. That is the way a Western town is begun.—*Financial Chronicle.*

Mail for the Far North.

Canada's northland becomes better known and more open to traffic every day. The winter mail packet has just left Edmonton for the north, carrying, not a few letters, but a thousand pounds of mail matter. The most northern post-offices are Fort McPherson, on the mainland at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and Herschell Island, in the Arctic Ocean, where there is a mission station, and where a number of whalers winter every season.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

This Country's Opportunity.

Some people wonder whether there is any room for Canada to increase her exports to Great Britain. In 1907 Great Britain imported from the United States \$24,661,000 worth of wheat meal and flour, from Canada \$3,652,000 worth. That is to say Canada sent one-seventh the quantity exported by the United States. As from this onward United States exports of wheat and flour will likely decrease, Canada should endeavor to get the trade which the United States now controls.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Canadians in Dakota.

It is stated as an unusual occurrence that a Canadian should be elected a member of the Legislature of North Dakota. This is an old story. This Legislature once contained four Canadian members at once, and they all came from Huron and Bruce counties.—*Toronto News.*

We can go *The Toronto News* one or two better. North Dakota had for its Lieutenant-Governor a Canadian at the time spoken of by *The News*. It had also eight Canadians in the Legislature, taken from the Canadian colonies in Grafton, Pembina, Milton, Hamilton, Grand Forks and Bismarck. In fact, the leaders in North Dakota's politics during the late eighties and early nineties were Canadians—like Alexander Mackenzie, for instance.—*Fargo Forum.*

Men's Fault After All.

While in some cities schools of instruction to show women how to get off streetcars are held, an ungallant individual in Milwaukee rises to say that they are unnecessary, that women know just as well as men how to emerge from a street car. They get off backwards just through contrariness. The idea! A woman gets off the car backwards because the cars run on the wrong side of the street, and open on the wrong side of the car. Women know the use of the right hand as well as anybody. For this reason when they travel they use the left hand for packages or for holding up skirts. This makes the right hand the natural protector of the body when descending from a street car. It is not the woman's fault that the dumb men who originated the car system made them all to run on the right hand side of the street and to open to the right. If the cars had been made properly in the first place, there would have been no accidents.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The Red River Pioneers.

The first settlers sent out by Lord Selkirk to the Red River, arrived in 1812 and continued to arrive till 1818. The first years were marked by disasters by floods, fire and grasshoppers and by bloodshed between the rival fur companies. Discouraged by these events part of the colony left Red River. Some settled in the United States and some came to Ontario. Probably the last surviving of these latter, Mr. John Mackay, has just died in Toronto, aged 95. He was a babe-in-arms when his parents left Scotland for Red River. The settlers who remained in the West regretted this turning back on the part of their brethren, as they considered it, but ties of interest and affection were not severed. Like Mr. Mackay, those who remained in Manitoba were a long-lived race, many reaching ninety years and a few rounding out the century. They were a picturesque, hardy and strongheaded community, with much of the moral fibre of the old Covenanters and to forget them would be a loss to the national life.—*Toronto Star.*

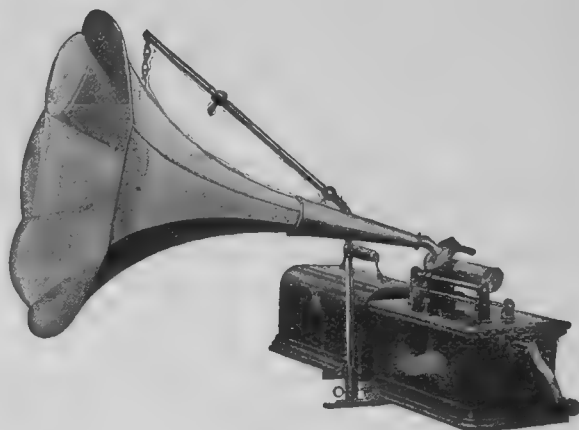
The Woes of the Wealthy.

I remember once spending some weeks in London with some friends of mine, who were members of a millionaire family. The father—an Irishman by descent—had begun life in the usual way; that is to say, landed in America penniless, got a job as an engine driver, saved a little money, then set up in a business, and in time became owner of almost everything in his own line of business in his city—could ride in his own tramways down to his own steamers, and then on to his own railway, and, finally, reached a town called after his name. But at 60 he was old and broken, and died long before he was 70. He could not eat anything in particular, and his family seemed to be afflicted with the same ill health—one of the ladies never touched any meat, another lived mainly on milk; in fact, a sadder set of people I never knew; and they had countless millions.—*London M. A. P. (Mainly About People).*



COLUMBIA

The King of All
Talking
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COLUMBIA



No one thing will give so much enjoyment, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as a

Columbia Graphophone

and if you will only place in your own home this "B.N." Outfit you'll believe it. Aluminum Tone Arm, Spring Motor, can be wound while playing. Dark Oak finished Cabinet. Ten inch turn table, suitable for disc records of all sizes. Automatic Needle Clamp. Japanned Steel Flora Horn.

**Complete Outfit, with 12
Selections—your own selection**

\$39.50

Terms: \$9.50 Cash and \$5.00 monthly—no interest.

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and also in every home where there are no children—only more so.

See and hear this "B.K." Model, compact, convenient. Improved Lyric Reproducer (genuine sapphire). Oak Cabinet with oak carrying cover. Tandem spring motor, can be wound while playing.

Complete Outfit, with 12 Records—your own selection

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Double
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Fit any machine and double its value.

Columbia Disc Records are now **two Records in one**, and a different selection recorded on each side of the disc.



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Fit any Clinder Machine and will last for ever.

The Columbia Indestructible Records won't break, they won't wear out, no matter how long they are played. They can be mailed as readily as a letter.

Dealers in every town, call on your local Columbia dealer or write us for the New Catalogues of Columbia Double Disc and Indestructible Cylinder Records.

We sell all styles of Columbia Phonographs on the EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES AND TERMS.

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295 Portage Avenue,

SOLE JOBBERS FOR MANITOBA.

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THE PHILOSOPHER

In an address delivered before the Canadian Club at Fort William early last month, Mr. F. W. Thompson, the head of the Ogilvie Milling Company, reminded his hearers that it is barely thirty years since the first shipment of wheat was made from Western to Eastern Canada. That first shipment was of 800 bushels. It was loaded on a Red River steamer here at Winnipeg and carried across the international boundary to Fisher's Landing, then the terminus of north-western railway development in the United States. It was carried from Fisher's Landing to Duluth by rail, and at Duluth it was loaded on one of the small boats which were at that time sufficient to meet the requirements of traffic on the Great Lakes. It is, indeed, a marvelous transformation from the conditions of three decades ago to the hundred million bushel wheat crops of this country at the present time. Yet the next three decades will witness developments incomparably greater.

THE FIRST WHEAT SHIPPED

The authorities in the United States have some difficulty in reaching definite conclusions as to the significance of their immigration and emigration statistics for the past two years. It is found that in the first ten months of 1907 the immigrants who entered the United States numbered 1,168,784, and the number that went out of the country was 349,395. The gain in population was thus 837,389. In the corresponding term of 1908 there were 930,455 arrivals and 582,106 departures, a loss of 251,651 in the population. From the beginning of 1908 until the end of August the departures exceeded the arrivals by an average of more than 30,000 a month. September marked the turn of the tide. The news in Europe of the improving industrial conditions in the United States started the flow again from the old world to the new. The New York Sun figures it out that there is now a huge army of people in Europe headed for the United States, which army consists of three groups, namely, those who planned to go to the States last year but did not, those who returned to Europe last year, intending to cross the Atlantic again as soon as times mended in the States, and, in addition to those two classes, the normal immigration in 1909. It is impossible to say how large those three classes are, but the Sun thinks it likely that they will be found to be in excess of 2,000,000. With the agricultural lands in the States practically all taken up, this huge influx of immigrants must seek the industrial centres, with serious disturbing effects upon the conditions in the labor market. No such danger appears to confront Canada; nor is there any reason why it should for many years to come. But it is by no means too soon for this country to exercise the most rigid control over immigration so as to admit only desirable newcomers capable of developing the country and populating the agricultural lands, and to put in operation every possible means of preventing the congestion of foreign-born immigrants in the centres of population.

THE HOARD OF INDIA

The hoardings of the Hindus in gold and silver amount to no less than \$1,500,000,000. There is hidden away in India this enormous sum, abstracted from the life-stream of the world's commerce. This is the estimate of Sir Ernest Cable, a former member of the Viceroy's Council and president of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce. Incredible as it seems, this universal hoarding by the 392,000,000 people of India is in accordance with their character, as exemplified by observed facts in the last four hundred years of history. The abstraction of this tremendous amount of gold and silver from enterprise and circulation is only one of the peculiarities of the incomprehensible heathen. East is East, as Kipling tells us, and West is West; and the Western mind cannot comprehend the Eastern mind; in cases where it does, it is as the result of a change in the Western mind by which it loses some of its Westernness. And such changes, as Kipling tells us further, are not good. The Hindu has been accustomed for ages to stow away his treasure in secret holes and corners, to bury it, and squat upon it. The habit is apparently incurable. The British conquest of India made Great Britain's commercial supremacy. The treasures of rajahs and begums supplied much of the capital that established British manufactures and financed the wars against Holland and against France and Spain. The treasure of India

was ultimately responsible for Napoleon's overthrow. It is a curiosity of history that the British conquerors sent home coinage of Spain and Portugal, doubloons and "pieces of eight" stamped with the effigy of that Philip who sent the Invincible Armada against England. That coinage of Spain was of a metal mined in Mexico or Peru, or ravished by Cortez and Pizarro from the Aztec and the Inca shrines. What imagination could follow its wanderings around the world until it disappeared in the hoard of India, there to lie until Clive and Warren Hastings set it spinning on its way again? Under British rule, secure from being plundered, the Hindus have gone on hoarding year after year. As one of Napoleon's generals said, as he was driven in a carriage through London's chief thoroughfares, years after Napoleon's death, "What plunder there would be here for a conquering army."

It is said that the statistics carefully compiled for business purposes by life insurance companies show that the span of human life is lengthening. Whether this be true or not, surely the advance in civilization, the progress in knowledge, and the spread of enlightenment, which means an ever-increasing diffusion of right understanding of the value of the self-regarding virtues, might well be expected to tend towards better health; and a general improvement in health ought to mean an average increase in the length of life. Professor Metchnikoff, the sub-director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who was awarded half of the Nobel Prize for 1908 for his medico-physiological research, has announced that he will devote the amount, which is 95,000 francs, or \$19,000, to work designed to further the means of prolonging life. He is hopeful that much more can be accomplished by the continuance of the efforts to discover how the body can be saved from being used up needlessly before its time. He actually thinks that the present span of human life will eventually be doubled. It is hard not to regard this as the wild dream of an enthusiast. But at the same time no one who realizes the multiplicity of preventable conditions that are injurious and deteriorating to human life can fail to be on the side of the fighters against those conditions. Even if centenarians are never to become numerous, the proportion of people who attain fulness of years, say three-score and ten, should increase.

THE SPAN OF LIFE

Ireland should no longer be a distressful country, if a peasant proprietary can make it a prosperous and happy country. Already, says Mr. Birrell, the present Secretary for Ireland, land purchase has worked marvels, and he now proposes to expend a fabulous sum in extending the system. But if that system has served so well in Ireland as to justify a prospective further expenditure of \$800,000,000, why should not the same sort of thing be done for England? Wealth is accumulating in England, but the people are leaving the land and crowding into the cities. Many of the most sturdy and desirable are coming to this country and going to other lands. In England there are miles of farms now deserted, and the land untillied, because it is in the hands of the few and because the railways discriminate in favor of foreign produce. It is said that the combined boat and rail charges from foreign points to London is often no greater, or even less, than the freight rate to London from points in Kent, Sussex, Essex and other counties. The result is that instead of eggs, butter, cheese, potatoes, tomatoes, apples, and garden produce and fruits in general being largely grown at home, they are being less and less so grown. England today has no greater need than that her sons, instead of flocking into her cities, should till her soil.

A NEED OF ENGLAND'S

Could anything be more disgusting than the struggle in the French courts, of which the newspapers have been reporting the progress, between Count Boni Castellane and Prince de Sagan for the money of the daughter of the lady from New York who was first the wife of the Count and later the wife of the Prince? It goes without saying that if Anna Gould should suddenly lose every dollar she owns, neither of the rouses who have owned her would give a snap of his fingers for her, or fight in the courts for the custody of her children. It is a barefaced shameless fight for a woman's purse. It is a contest to

A DEGRADING SPECTACLE

determine how much of the Gould money shall be clutched by the slim fingers of the Prince or held in the perfumed palm of the Count.

The election of a woman as the mayor of a town in England has been made the theme of a vast amount of newspaper comment on both sides of the Atlantic. In Australia and in New Zealand it is no new thing now to have women mayors; but it appears that this continent had women mayors before either England, Australia, or even New Zealand, which leads the world in the matter of making practical tests of new political ideas. In four States of the Republic which is our neighbor women have full suffrage, and in these states it has for some time been not at all a thing of rare occurrence for women to be elected as mayors in small towns, and to give good service in that position. A woman was mayor of Gaylor, in Kansas, for two terms, and declined a third term. She prided herself on the fact that more miles of sidewalk were laid under her administration than under that of any previous mayor. And her husband, it is further related, always expressed himself as pleased that she should hold the office; and even her worst enemy never said that she neglected her children or her household. "The office kept her busy about an hour each day."

WOMEN AS MAYORS

"The House of Lords," said the late Lord Idlesleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, before he became a Lord, "would be perfectly intolerable, if it were as powerful in reality as in appearance." Since Northcote's day, however, the House of Lords has more than once been felt intolerable by the party in power. By way of meeting the threats of reform made since the present Government has been in power in Great Britain, the Lords some time ago appointed a committee of their own number to consider the question of reform of their House; and that committee, of which Lord Rosebery is chairman, has made its report. It proposes that heredity shall no longer be the sole qualification for a seat in that House. For a certain number of seats that should be made elective, the plan proposes that twenty years of service in the House of Commons would be the qualification. Other members of the House would be elected by the peers themselves. The report of the committee has not been acted upon by the Lords; nor is it likely to be. Not until recently have the Lords interfered, with few exceptions, in the way of blocking legislation, strongly favored in the Commons. Recent radical legislation, however, has stirred them to action. Yet in the present session, while they have accepted the socialistic Old Age Pensions Bill, they have balked at the Liquor License Reform Bill, a measure which surely the nobility might have been expected to regard as deserving to be countenanced.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Story-telling is an art well deserving of encouragement. Its place in the life of children is unquestionable. It is interesting to note that in Chicago the movement for a story-telling hour once a week in halls secured for the purpose in the crowded districts of the city is reported as meeting with great success. "When five or six hundred children," says the Chicago Tribune, "are eager to hear a skillful narrator tell once again the folk tales which have had their fascination for successive generations there can be no question of the desirability of maintaining and developing this movement." School teachers of the right sort everywhere make use of children's love of stories as a means of instruction. Happiness and instruction can thus be made to go hand in hand. But it is in the home that story-telling can best be made to contribute in full measure to the happiness and benefit of child life.

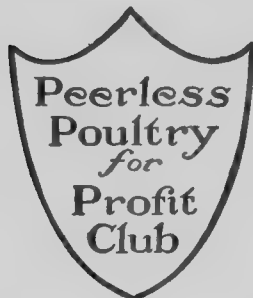
THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

There are words in our English language which vary in meaning in different parts of the English-speaking world. The thoughtful and earnest, eloquent Rev. Charles F. Aked, who came from London not long ago to become pastor of a leading Baptist church in New York, spoke of one of these words, in a recent address. In England, he said, the word "homely" is used to designate "the possession of those graces which convert a house into a home." He protested against the use of that word in the United States as meaning "plain," and "ugly," which is also the general use of the word in this country, the more's the pity. On this side of the Atlantic it is anything but complimentary to say of a woman that she is homely. And yet in its true and original meaning, it ought to be the highest of compliments, meaning that she has beauty of the most real, most charming and most imperishable kind, the kind that gray hair and wrinkles only make finer and dearer. Truly it is a deplorable thing, as Rev. Mr. Aked says, that a word of tender meaning, expressing the home ideal, a word which rightly should be the highest and truest praise that could be given to a woman, should have become a reproach, not to say an insult.

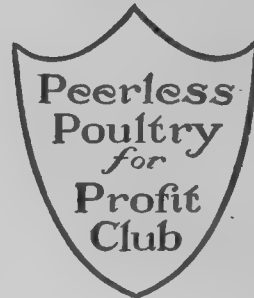
THE WORD "HOMELY"

reproach, not to say an insult.

Join the Peerless Poultry-for-profit Club



An association, the chief object of which is to help the Farmers of Canada make more money out of poultry



THERE is big money in poultry raising—Anyone who is raising poultry right will tell you that.

The Canadian Government census for 1901 proves that the Canadian hen produced eggs and table poultry, during that year, to the value of \$16,000,000.

Though there are no official figures for 1908, the following is a conservative estimate made by F. C. Elford, of Macdonald College:—

If the Canadian hen laid the same average in 1908 that she laid in 1901 there would be for this year about 103 million dozen eggs, which at 25 cents would mean a gross revenue of 25¾ million dollars.

But a good, honest hen should lay more than seven dozen eggs in twelve months. No class of farm stock will respond so readily to good treatment. Providing she gets this care and that one dozen more eggs per hen is the result, the increased revenue from the extra dozen eggs would amount to 3½ million dollars. Give the hen yet a little more selection and care so that the average yield would be 10 dozen, which is by no means large, and the increased revenue would be 11 million dollars, or a gross income from the poultry yards of Canada of 36¾ million dollars.

In spite of this the demand has not been filled by the supply.

There are more eggs and poultry wanted than the farms of Canada are producing.

The farmers of Canada are not raising enough poultry, nor are they making as much profit as they should out of the poultry they raise.

Now, the Peerless Poultry-for-profit Club has been formed to help the farmers of Canada raise more poultry, and raise it more profitably,—

Help them with expert advice on every point in the production of the poultry, from the hatching of the chicks to the selling of them.

This is practical advice given by men who are raising poultry and making money out of it—men who have made a study of the subject—men who have been up against all the difficulties of poultry raising and have overcome them.

Membership in this Club, and all the advice and help that goes with it, is absolutely free to every user of a Peerless Incubator and Brooder.

You see, we, who make the Peerless Incubators and Brooders, are closely allied with the largest and most successful poultry farm in the Dominion—the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited.

In fact, it was raising poultry on this farm—looking for every means to make it more successful, more profitable, that induced us to produce the Peerless Incubator and Brooder.



Money Makers of the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, Pembroke.

We tested every incubator on the market—gave each one a thorough and careful trial.

Not one of them came up to the standard which we were looking for. The best United States machines failed because they were not built to suit Canada's climate. The Canadian incubators were mere copies of obsolete United States machines—built to sell, not to hatch chicks.

So we built the Peerless Incubators and brooders out of the knowledge and experience which actual poultry-raising in Canada taught us.

We have published a booklet called "When Poultry Pays" which tells the whole story of how we came to build the Peerless Incubator—and why it must be the best machine for anyone in Canada to use.

Writing for a copy of this booklet is the first step towards joining the Peerless Poultry-for-profit Club—the first step on the road to sure profits from poultry.

This booklet tells how poultry is being profitably raised now in Canada. It tells how you can work in with the most successful poultry farm in the country and make big profits under their guidance.

Join the Peerless Poultry-for-profit Club now and start in making money.

This is not like a gold mine. In a mine you just guess or hope that the yellow metal is there—99 times out of a hundred it isn't.

But in the poultry business the gold is there—that's sure and certain. Others are getting it. You can get it—if you go about it right.

Going about it right means joining the Peerless Poultry-for-profit Club and taking advantage of the knowledge and experience of those who are making poultry pay—who are ready to help you in every way.

There is no farmer in Canada who is making so much money that he can neglect to get the certain profit that he can make out of raising poultry the Peerless way.

It takes but little time and little work to clean up a tidy sum each year raising poultry—your wife or daughter can do all that is necessary, and do it well, under our advice and help.

You see, if you buy an ordinary incubator you have to struggle along by yourself. The maker's interest ends when the machine is paid for. But that's not the Peerless way.

We want to see every Peerless Incubator make big money for its owner. You can't help but make money once you join the Peerless Poultry-for-profit Club. We won't let you fail.

Now, while you are thinking of it, is the time to take the first step. Write us a post card now for our booklet—"When Poultry Pays." We'll mail it to you at once.

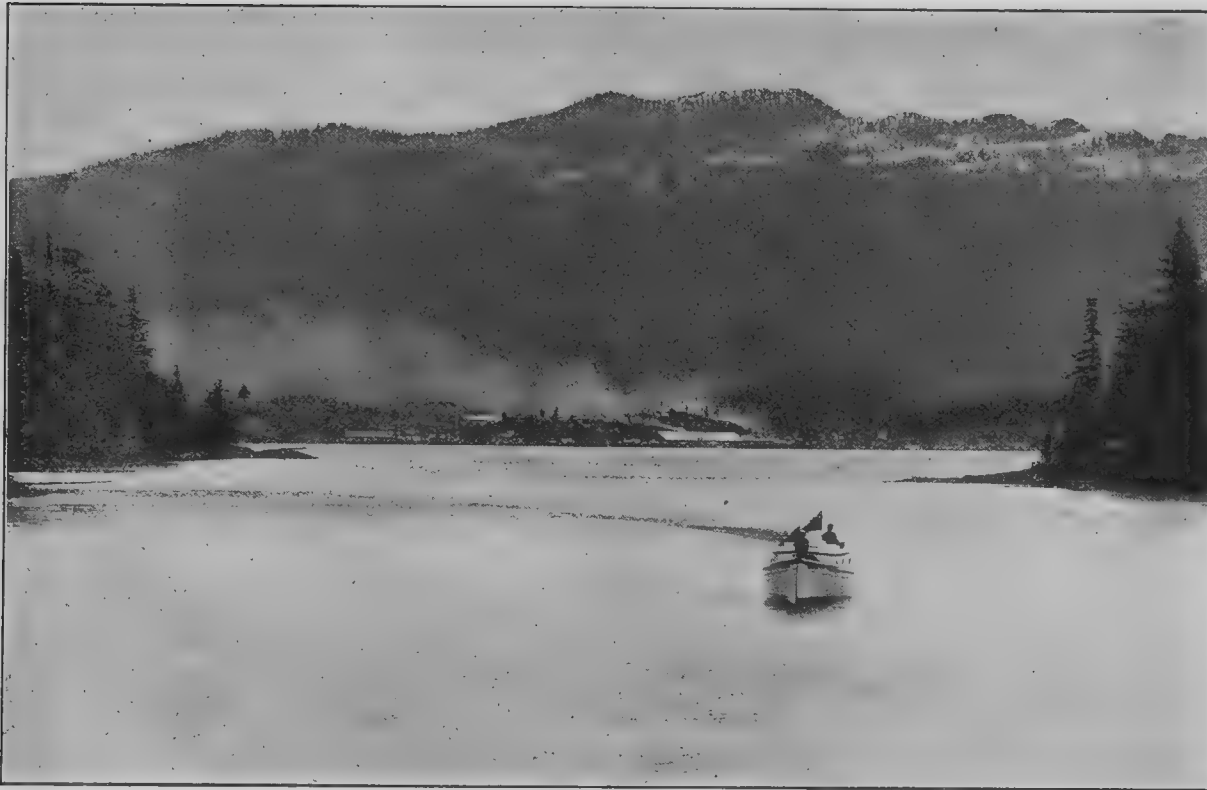
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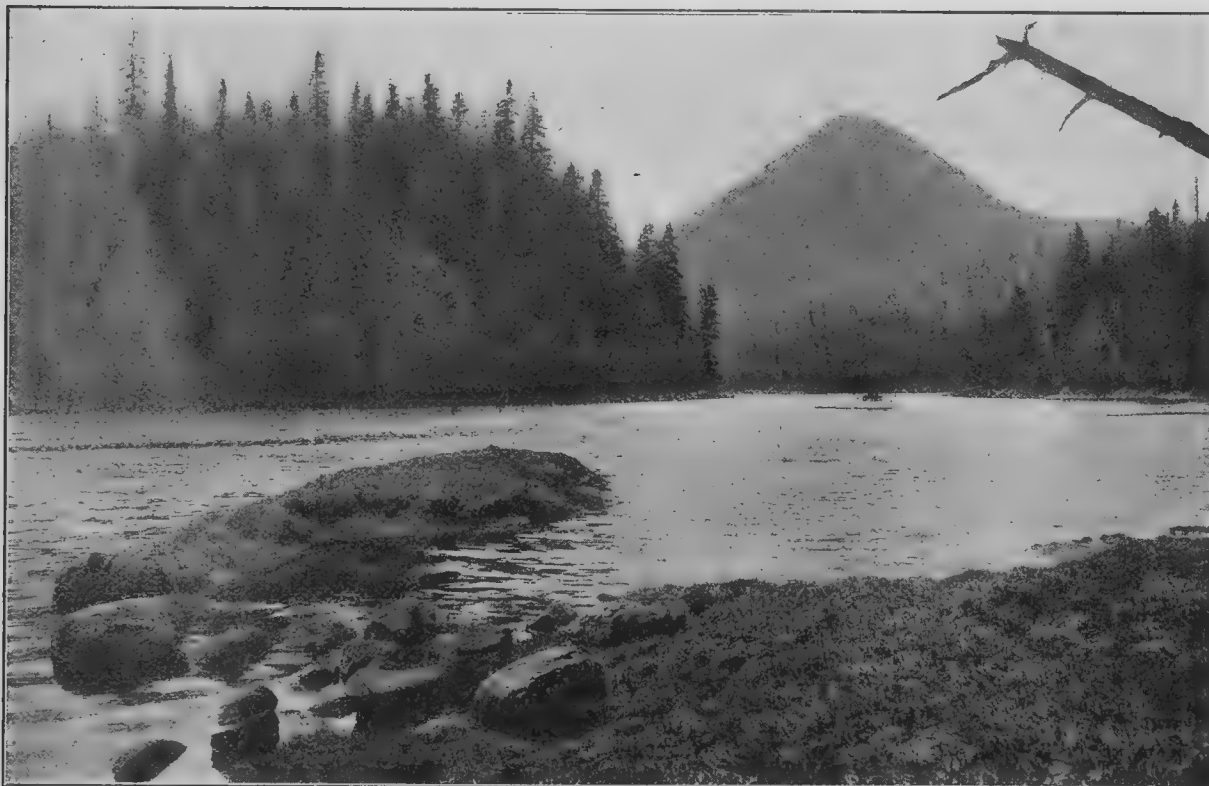
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Prince Rupert, B. C.—Wharf



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Main Street, Prince Rupert



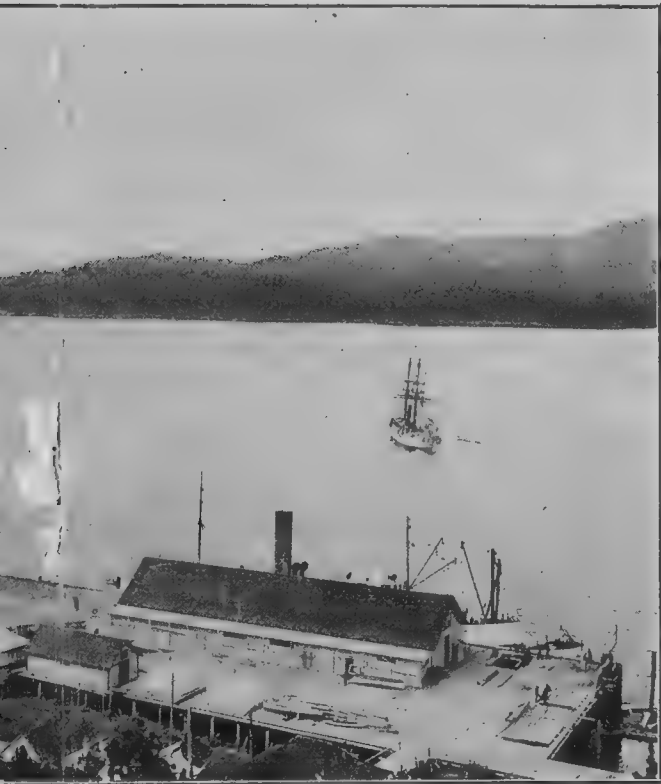
The Narrows, near Prince Rupert, B. C.



The Wharf, Prince Rupert

7 GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT.

Photos Supplied by Adv. Dept. G. T. R. Ry.



C.—Wharf and Harbor.



Looking North From Prince Rupert, B. C.



Prince Rupert, B. C.



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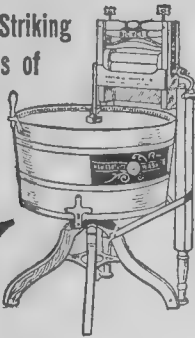


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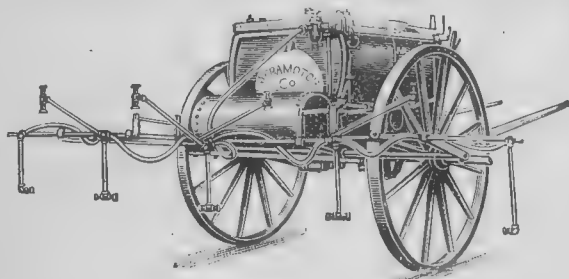
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The Woman's Quiet Hour.

By E. C. H.

1909. How short for some things,
how wearily long for others,
seems the road that lies behind us
between January first 1908 and Janu-
ary first 1909. To many it has been
a glad year, to very many a sad year;
to how many has it been a year of
growth? How many of us are strong-
er, wiser, truer, kinder than we were
when 1908 dawned? We all had
such good intentions when the year
opened and now they come back and
point accusing fingers at us, for, alas,
how few of those good intentions
have been fulfilled. Will the lesson
of the past year be a guide for 1909?
Will the fact that we have failed in
carrying out our good intentions re-
sult in our having no good intentions
for 1909, or will it, as it should, make
us ashamed of our slackness and
with renewed energy rise up and
make good in 1909? I hope this is
what we will all do, the editor wo-
man included, for she never writes a
word of reproof in this column that
is not aimed more directly at herself
than at any of the readers. And
once again to all "A Happy New
Year."

A Woman Farmer. Not a few of the
readers of this
column will have seen from the daily
papers the account of the success
made by Miss Binnie-Clark in farm-
ing her own land near Fort Qu'Ap-
pelle, Saskatchewan. It was my good
fortune to have a long talk to Miss
Binnie-Clark on her way home to
England, where she will superintend
the issuing of her book on life in the
Canadian West, with special refer-
ence to the opportunities for women
to farm their own land. In passing
let me say Miss Binnie-Clark is one
of the finest types of the English
gentlewoman. She is tall and slight,
looks athletic but there is not the
faintest trace of masculinity about
her, nor has she allowed herself to
become at all coarsened by her out-
door work, and yet this year she has
herself broken twenty acres with a
sulky plough and last spring harrowed
the great part of her seed herself.
She has fed her own beasts, cleaned
her own stables and cut her own
wood.

To go back to the beginning, Miss
Binnie-Clark (I wish, by the way,
our English friends were not so fond
of hyphens) came to this country
about four years ago with no inten-
tion of farming but really to inquire
into the opportunities offered by the
Homestead Act for settlers from the
British Isles. She had a commission
for this work from Old Country
papers and brought a sister with her
to keep her company, and together
they went in for life in the open and
tenting for some months on the farm
of a brother not very far from her
present farm. Miss Binnie-Clark
was at once attracted by the country
and it seemed to her that in a region
where the soil was at once ready for
the plough there should be opportu-
nities for women to farm as well as
men. Being practical, however, she
determined to first prove her theory
before offering it to others. It must
be remembered by Canadians that
there are in Great Britain today a
large number of women who have
good health, good training, are fond
of outdoor life and have a small capi-
tal, say, from £200 to £1000, which
they could have to start in a new
country, but which would go a very
little way in starting them, in farm-
ing for example, in the Old Land. It
was this class of women that Miss
Binnie-Clark had in mind when she
decided to make her experiment. Her
opportunity came; a farm near her
brother, with a crop already well ad-
vanced, was put up for sale owing to
the illness of the owner and she be-
came the possessor of 320 acres of
land, a portion of which was in crop
and upon which there was a house
and farm buildings of sorts for the
sum of £1000 cash. The crop was

the crop of 1905 which was both a
good and a profitable one on her
farm, and she felt much encouraged.
She had merely superintended harv-
esting of this crop, but the following
spring she not only superintended
but assisted at the putting in of the
seed, but the crop of 1906 on her
farm, as well as on many another,
was not good and when she had paid
wages for the year and threshing
bills and all the other things, she
saw her invested capital visibly
shrinking. She could have got more
capital to put into the venture, but
that was not her aim; the farm had
a crop and buildings when she
bought it and she felt that it ought
to pay its way from the start. She
therefore dismissed her hired help
and that winter, the awful winter of
1906-7, she lived entirely alone on
her farm and, as I said, fed her
beasts, drawing water for them from
a well, and cut her own wood. Her
nearest neighbor was over half a
mile from her. She was never sick
a day all winter, she did not get
frost-bitten, her beasts did well and
she managed to write the first instal-
ment of her book. She particularly
laid emphasis on the fact that though
she had cut her own wood, even to
the felling of the trees, she did not
recommend it as work for women,
as unless they were very strong it
was apt to exhaust them too much
to be profitable. In the matter of
ploughing, harrowing, discing and
drilling she gave it as her opinion
that with the light, well constructed
Canadian and American machinery a
morning on a sulky plough or a drill
did not represent as hard work, by
any means, as a morning over a
washtub or an ironing board. To
Englishwomen accustomed to walk-
ing, harrowing presented no terrors
whatever. Like so many in Saskat-
chewan, her crop of 1907 was badly
damaged by frost, but even under
these circumstances she made her
farm fulfil her theory, and that is,
that the farm should give the owner
a good living and be sustained by the
cattle, hogs, dairy products and eggs,
the coarse grains being fed to the
stock, and that the wheat crop, after
paying for threshing and binder
twine, should be the cash asset of
the farm. This past year she has
had an excellent crop of splendid
quality and had the satisfaction of
shipping her own wheat in carlots.
She is strong on the advantage of do-
ing this.

Partnerships. Miss Binnie-Clark
does not for a mo-
ment believe in a woman working all
day on her farm and then having the
housework to do night or morning;
she merely made her experiment for
the purpose of finding out what ex-
treme a woman might be able to
stand if she was forced to do so and
what she might do if, having invest-
ed all her capital in the venture, she
was bound to make ends meet. Her
idea is that working partnerships
might be formed by women, who
knew each other well, and one wo-
man look after the house and the
dairy while the other took the direct
farm end. If a woman had a little
more means and preferred to have
her venture to herself it is quite easy,
she tells me, to secure a good work-
ing housekeeper and bring her out
from the Old Country to look after
this work. She believes firmly in the
dairy end of every farm and has kept
careful record of her cows; she only
has a few, but one cow for which
she paid \$35 returned her that
amount in actual cash for butter and
a fine calf as well. She is turning
her attention also to breeding horses
and having secured a good native
mare with considerable Standard-
bred blood, is using a Thoroughbred
stallion and already has two very
promising colts.

No Training. Miss Binnie-Clark's contention is that if she has been able to make her venture pay, and she is prepared to show to all comers that it has paid, when her only practical experience in the line of farming was a knowledge of horses, acquired in her early girlhood on her father's stud farm in Dorset, that many of the women in the Old Country who have actually trained to scientific agriculture would make an even greater success and with less expenditure of time and labor. They would be leading a wholesome, healthy life and adding very materially to the sum total of the country's wealth and lessening the pressure in the Old Country.

Homesteads for Women. Miss Binnie-Clark is strongly in favor of the homestead privileges being extended to single women who are in a position to work their own land, and on her way to Great Britain was having an interview on this important subject with the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior. She is fully alive to the fact that there are some difficulties in the way, but none that could not be overcome, and the possibility of getting free land would enable the woman with small capital, say £200 to £500, to have all that available for getting started on her land, whereas if she had to buy the land she would hardly be in a position to start at all. She has promised to keep me posted in this matter and I hope to have something further to tell the readers of my column at a later date in the winter.

Tea and Tea. I have often felt tempted to say something on the subject of tea making, but so far I have never seemed to find the opportunity. Let me call my readers' attention to the fact that tea is acknowledged to be the national beverage of Canada and to the further fact that nine times out of ten the tea you get, not only in public places but in private houses, is hardly fit to drink. Many people buy cheap tea under the impression that they are economizing by doing so, whereas cheap tea is about the most expensive luxury you can indulge in, for the poorer grades of tea are hardly ever pure or untreated by chemicals and very much of the indigestion of the present day is due, not to the drinking of tea as a beverage, but the drinking of large quantities of trashy tea that has been allowed to stand on the leaves until it is rank poison.

People can never tire of the old jest about

"The cup that cheers
But does not inebriate."

but few take the trouble to learn just why tea cheers. It is really the first cup that cheers and often the second leaves a headache behind. Why?

Tea contains a vegetable alkaloid called theine, which acts as a brain and nerve stimulant, and which helps one to recover from the poisons generated in the system by hard labor. The most valuable part of this stimulant is that it differs from all other stimulants in leaving no reaction. At the same time, however, the tannin and the volatile oil which gives the aroma to tea are mild poisons. The point is to infuse the tea long enough to extract the theine without extracting the other elements. It will take just three minutes to do this after pouring on the boiling water. All the theine is extracted in that time and scarcely any portion of the tannin or other matter, as they are called longer in dissolving. What little tannin has been extracted is made harmless by milk, as it combines with it to form tannate of albumen.

The very best results in tea making are to be obtained, first, by purchasing good tea; and let me say to my readers that whatever bargain catalogues may say to the contrary, it is not possible to buy good pure tea for less than 40c. per pound retail and it is much safer to pay 50c. to a reliable dealer. Having secured

the tea, use for making it a brown earthenware teapot with a percolator. It is hard to get these in country stores, but if you can work up an order of half a dozen pots any dealer will send for them, and once they have been used I am sure no sensible woman will use any other kind. Have your pot dry and perfectly clean. Put the tea kettle on to boil and at the same time put the tea into the percolator as it stands in the dry teapot and put on the lid. Take off the lid of your teakettle and stand the teapot on top. As the water comes to a boil the dry tea is heating slowly in the teapot. As soon as the water boils pour it very slowly on the tea until you have filled your pot, let it stand barely one minute and then lift out the percolator, holding it a moment over the pot so that it is well drained, then put the cosy on your pot and set it right on the table. It will keep plenty hot enough and the very last cup will have the same fresh bouquet as the first, and if the good man drinks five cups in succession they will do him no harm for hardly a speck of tannin can be found in tea made this way.

For afternoon tea, if you are where you can get a lemon, the tired housewife will find it a splendid refresher to put a very thin slice of lemon in the cup with the sugar and then pour on the hot tea. This is Russian tea, and is one of the most refreshing drinks known to man. Let me warn you that if the tea is allowed to stand on the leaves the lemon in it will make a decoction that would tan the stomach of an elephant. Tea making is an art, but it is an art well worth learning and practicing, for good hot tea served opportunely has not only refreshed the tired housewife, but served between loads of wheat to town has prevented many a man from wanting something stronger, which too often does inebriate.

Hard but Just. The State Board of Health in a number of States to the south of us have taken a very decided stand on the subject of the employment of tubercular teachers and also the debarring of consumptive children from attendance at public schools and it is high time our own boards of health and school boards were giving more attention to this matter.

Schoolrooms are one of the best breeding grounds known for the tubercular germs and they are more especially so in this country where the need of double windows renders the question of proper ventilation doubly difficult.

That the order will work hardship for some teachers and some children cannot be doubted, nor can it be avoided, but nothing could be fairer justice than to allow, out of sympathy for the teacher who is hard up against, the risk of a whole room full of children being inoculated with the germs of this dread disease.

The action of the Winnipeg school boards in deciding to have regular medical examination of pupils and teachers is a very decided step in the right direction, and the Provincial Government ought to at once move in the matter of having medical inspection extended to rural schools.

Consumption is contagious, most dangerously so. The day when this was not known, and when it was believed to be hereditary and incurable, are fortunately past. Today the case of the consumptive is by no means hopeless. The dread disease is being cured, and in a large proportion of cases. But nothing has done more to check its ravages than the discovery of its contagiousness. Forewarned is forearmed, and by the isolation of patients as nearly as may be, and by the exercise of due care, the spread of the disease can be checked in a large measure. With the present knowledge of its characteristics, it will not be a very long time before it is practically wiped out.

Repeat it:—"Shilo's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

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Per case (24)\$2.30

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This Axe will stand in frosty weather and hold a keen edge.

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Single Bit \$8.50 per doz.
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Write us and try sample dozen.

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Do not throw away your money in buying a new Razor because your old one will not work, but buy a cake of our "Perfection Razor Paste," which will keep your Razor in perfect cutting condition and with care will last a lifetime. If your Hardware Dealer does not handle it, send us 25c. and we will forward same post paid.

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Guaranteed for 20 years
FREE for selling 4 dozen
Cobalt Gold Inkless Pens
at 5c. each. These pens
write a beautiful color by
simply dipping in water.
No ink required. Write today.
We trust you with the
pens sell them and return
the money and win this
little beauty Gold Finished
Watch and also a
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SEND 10 CENTS
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Mellick center and we will
send FREE one Wallachian,
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center. BIG BARGAIN to
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work magazine teaching all
the new embroideries and
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in shirt waists, hats, corsetcovers, scarfs etc.
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For over 65 years the women of the United States have used Simpson-Eddystone Black-&White calico prints. A long time for one kind of cotton dress-goods to remain the favorite! The reason: beautiful patterns, absolutely fast colors, and cloth of enduring quality.

Ask your dealer for Simpson-Eddystone Prints. If he hasn't them write us his name. We'll help him supply you. Don't accept substitutes and imitations.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
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Three generations of
Simpsons have made



What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Dress with Good Taste

I like pretty clothes on young and old. There are certain additions to the toilette that are especially charming on women past the middle age, but the great trouble with us all is that we wait until the last minute before admitting that we are elderly. I hate to see a woman assume the elderly too early, and many women do it, especially in the country; but there is a gradual and graceful way of taking on age that keeps a woman beautiful as long as she lives. The other night I was in a large and well-dressed audience when two elderly women of my acquaintance came in. As they walked down the aisle I watched them. Years ago, they must have been young women, but I cannot note the change in them. Their personality seemed unchanged, their individuality as strong as ever; they were fine-looking when I first knew them and they are fine-looking still. I think the reason for this is that they never at any time tried to conceal the marks of coming age. As gradually as these marks appeared on their hands, some faces they adapted their dress and manners to suit them. There were then no sudden disclosures. I wish women would take this lesson to heart, and not try such desperate courage to keep young. It is a mis-directed zeal. Our modistes and dressmakers are greatly to blame for the foolish dressing of middle-aged women. They encourage them to select gay colors and juvenile styles rather than the quiet colors and less-pronounced modes so suitable for those who have left the bloom and iridescence of youth behind them. Notice, I do not say those who have left youth behind them. We never leave youth behind us unless we wish to, but the heart stays younger for not fretting over departing charms and not striving to keep up false standards.

One thing, however, I do heartily recommend to middle-aged women, and that is to watch their gait and carriage and avoid waddling, or allowing that part of the anatomy politely called the stomach to precede them some six or eight inches as they walk along. This is a mere matter of will-power. If you determine to walk lightly erect you can do so in spite of increasing adiposities. It is so easy to give up to "little" lazy habits after the children are reared and you and Father have fallen into the humdrum of going down the shady side of life hand in hand. But I think Father still likes to see you a "fine figure of a woman," and though it never pays to lace in or strap down the inevitable embonpoint, it is splendid to see a middle-aged woman move about with freedom and grace.

To Clean Feathers

White feathers can be cleaned either by soap and water or the dry method. For the first

you must make a suds of warm water and white soap, adding a little borax and then lay in the feathers, allowing them to soak for an hour or more. Do not let the water get cold. Squeeze the feather upward from the setm until the soil is removed. It will not look white while wet. Rinse in warm water, and hang in the sun and air to dry. For the dry method, you must fill a wide-mouthed bottle with gasoline or naphtha, and add a teacupful of soap suds. Immerse the feathers, leaving them there over night. Next morning shake the bottle vigorously and then take out the feathers, rinsing them in clean gasoline. Hang to dry out of doors. Keep away from fire and artificial heat during this process of cleansing.

To Clean White Furs

Heat cornmeal in a pan until it is as hot as the hands can bear. Put the furs in the meal and rub them as one would if using soap and water, keeping the meal hot. After a few minutes of hard rubbing shake out thoroughly. Another way, and one particularly recommended for children's white "bearskin" coats, is to rub them with stale bread. As soon as the bread becomes soiled and crumbles take a clean piece. Continue doing this until the whole surface has been gone over thoroughly; then take a perfectly clean comb and comb the fur the right way.

Under-Vests

Sleeveless knit under-vests, costing from fifty cents to one dollar, are the best to buy as they can be relied upon to wear one or two summers without any mending (if one is careful not to tear them with safety-pins), and possibly longer if mended after each wash. To prevent stitches from dropping in running lines starting at the bottom, baste a one-inch strip of paper to the entire bottom edge of the under-vest, stretching the latter well before basting; then run a row of machine stitching, on an imaginary line, about half an inch from the lower edge; finally tear off the paper. This will hold all the lines of ribbing from running in the future. Runs already started will have to be darned or restored by using a crochet-hook.

The life of all kinds of knitted underwear can be prolonged by careful patching. Though a patch may be set on and catstitched in place it is better to set it in, being careful that the ribbing runs in the same direction in both patch and garment. If a hole appears where is a decided angle between two seams remove and renew a triangular piece, ripping the seam and cutting the third side across just beyond the thin places.

To Have

your trade will be our reward after a trial of ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR

and

the longer you use it the more easy your trade will be

To Hold

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Leitch Brothers Flour Mills,
Oak Lake, Manitoba.



12 Tumors Removed Without an Operation



Silver Lake, Ont., Sept. 20, 1904.

Dear Mrs. Currah.—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and I think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women the world knows. Its use in my case caused 12 tumors or growths of some sort to be expelled. Some were as large as a hen's egg, and others small.

er, down to the size of a walnut. You may use my case in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and pen cannot describe all the good it has done for me.—Mrs. Louise E. Bolteridge.

This letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an applied treatment, and comes in direct contact with the suffering organs. It produces results from the start in all cases of women's diseases, including painful periods, falling, leucorrhoea, etc., etc.

I will send a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it, if she will send me her address. Address, with stamp.

Mrs. F. Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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Reliable Parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address

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THE LITTLE DOCTOR. in pill form, cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney troubles, purifies the blood, is the best tonic for the system ever produced, clears the complexion. No house should be without them. Price per box 30c, 4 for \$1.00 p. st paid. Your money back if not perfectly satisfied with results. Write to-day.

Osborne Remedy Co., Toronto.

Music and the Drama.

For the future "God Save the King" is by the express desire of His Majesty to be played in quicker time than has hitherto been the custom. An order of the Army Council has been issued, instructing military bandmasters that the time of the National Anthem is to be 84 crochets to the minute instead of 60. It is understood that the King and the royal family objected to the slower time as too dirge-like, and the brisker rendering of the music has been tried before the King, and approved by him. The correct time is to be inserted on all music sheets in possession of 400 military bands, and doubtless other bands will copy the example.

Of the four plays presented by the Stock Company at the Winnipeg Theatre last month, two of them stood out in bold relief as essentially one-part plays and gave Miss Brown

and Mr. Baume ample opportunity for displaying their histrionic ability. In the great Zola masterpiece, Zaza, the company presented their most ambitious effort of the season and with the possible exception of "The Liars", the most enjoyable. The other play deserving particular attention was Strongheart, which was magnificently acted and staged and drew immense crowds during Xmas week. Other attractions at this popular playhouse during the month were "Out of the Fold" and "A Stranger in a Strange Land".

The Walker Theatre had a very busy month during December and judging by the consistently good houses, its patrons seemed well pleased with the fare offered them by the management. Drama, comedy, comic opera, musical comedy succeeded one another in rapid succession, and on two occasions sacred concerts were given in aid of charity. The

Bovril Proves Its Great Value

—for it saves fuel by lessening the amount and time of cooking

—for it enables you to prepare tasty economical meals with little trouble.

—for it builds up the strength and stamina of each member of the family.

—for a 1 lb. bottle will make 50 cups of nourishing bouillon at a cost of 3½ cts. each.

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HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. W. Barrett, of 602 Moreau St., Montreal, who writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For years I was a great sufferer from female weakness, and despite every remedy given me by doctors for this trouble, I grew worse.

"One day a friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and am thankful to say that it made me strong and well."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Delaware Farm—146 acres, new buildings; fruit, berries. Near Station \$3300.00, \$800.00 down balance mortgage. Send for free catalogue. McDaniel & McDaniel, Dover, Delaware.

Xmas attraction was "The Serenade" presented by the Winnipeg Chimes Opera Co., whose clever acting mightily pleased the large holiday crowds. On the 28th, "The Hypocrites" made its initial appearance before a Winnipeg audience and as was only to be expected, this delightful satire of Henry Arthur Jones proved the "hit" of the month.

Yet another playhouse has been erected in Winnipeg. On Xmas-Eve, the doors of the Grand Opera House were thrown open for the first time and "The Rose of the Rancho" presented by a very capable stock company — whose forthcoming productions will be awaited with interest. We wish the latest addition to our theatres all possible success.

A highly successful entertainment was given at St. Anne des Chenes on December 6th. The programme, consisting of music and drama, was as follows: Recitation, Delle A. Desantels; piano solo, Miss G. Lacerte; English drama, "Who was it?" cast: Miss W. King, M. Murray, Miss B. Trothier, Miss E. Poirier and Miss B. King; violin solo, Paulin Bleau; trio, Misses L. Lavack, E. O'Connor and L. Davey; declamation, Miss D. Cyr; scene comique, by Miss A. Poirier, M. L. Lesage, G. McPeak; quartette, first piano, Misses M. Murray, A. Guilbeault, L. Guay, B. Donovan; second piano, Misses B. Magnan, I. McGuire, A. O'Neill, E. Cailler; third piano, M. Ferguson, B. Lagimodiere, L. Cote, A. McDermott; declamation, Miss E. Poirier; drill, by the boys; dialogue, (Marie), D. Cyr, G. Lacerte, R. Burroughs, D. Jolicouer, A. Savoie, S. Lavack; duet, Misses C. Perschini, Ray Phillips; duet, first piano, Misses W. and B. King; second, Miss E. A. Poirier; third, Misses R. Phillips and M. Granger; address, Miss I. Lavack. Paulin Bleau, of St. Boniface, with Miss B. Knight at the piano, kept the audience enraptured by his skillful performance on the violin. The piano musical selection were one and all worthy of praise as well as the splendid opening chorus, "Excelsior". The actresses in the dramatic part of the entertainment also appeared at their best, Miss W. King as Mrs. Hope, in the English play, and Miss E. Poirier as Mademoiselle Fussy, being exceptionally natural. Miss B. Trotter as Evelyn, also played exceedingly well, as Miss Primrose, and Miss B. King as Evelyn also played exceedingly well.

A splendid attendance of greatly interested people greeted the Harold Nelson Company at Gainsboro on Saturday, Dec 19th, when they presented "The Holy City" with much satisfaction. The performance of all the actors was clever and the portrayal of the characters left nothing to be desired. It was evident, however, that the spirit of the drama was much too sombre for many of the auditors, who doubtless would have felt more at ease witnessing a wild west show.

An enjoyable concert was held at Belmont on Dec. 8th. The lady soloists, Mrs. Cross, Miss Johnson and Miss Melville each handled their part admirably. Mr. Hislop and Mr. Gross also sang their parts well. The chorus of 22 voices made a good combination and this work was well rendered. Miss Johnson presided at the organ in a very efficient manner. A most enjoyable evening was closed with the National Anthem.

The concert held at Whitewood, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 17, was a grand success, and the hall was crowded to the door by a very enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Wm. Reid, chairman of the board of trustees, occupied the chair for the evening and after the rendering of a splendid programme, refreshments were served by the ladies. Three rousing cheers for the teacher was a telling tribute to the esteem in which she is held by parents and children combined. The evening was closed by singing "God Save the King."

Chairman, Mr. Reid; Chorus, Jolly Old St. Nicholas; Recitation, Willie Reid; Violin Selection, Robertson Bros.; Solo, Mr. Gardiner; Recitation, Earl Gillis; Dialogue, Maggie Reid, Alma Robertson, Clara McPhail, Gertie McLean; Violin Selection, Howard Bros.; Solo, Mr. Fiddler; Recitation, Lexie Johnson; Violin, Howard Bros.; Recitation, Mrs. Gillis; Chorus, Christmas Chimes; Recitation, Lena Street; Solo, Mr. Dunning; Recitation, Ethel Jones; Violin Selection, Robertson Bros.; Reading, Maggie Reid; Violin Selection, Howard Bros.; Recitation, Earl Gillis; Solo, Mr. Ball; Recitation, Florence McPhail; Dialogue, Father Goose Convention, School.

The Swiss Bell Ringers paid Arcola a visit and gave one of their popular entertainments on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th, to a full house. The Eckardts family can certainly draw music from the most commonplace articles such, for instance, as ordinary glass tumblers. The music of the bells is what particularly attracted the admiration of the audience.

There was a large attendance at the entertainment given at Graysville, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16, when a programme of unusual merit was rendered. Mr. Davis presided. The programme rendered was as follows: Chairman's address, Rev. E. A. Davis; reading, Mr. John Sexsmith; recitation, Miss Struthers; vocal solo, Miss Murray; address, Rev. Mr. Pow; vocal solo, Mr. Byrnes, followed by a play entitled "Our Summer Boarders" by local talent; vocal solo, Mr. Eade; violin solo, Mr. Blucke; vocal solo, Miss Murray; "Box and Cox" a play by local talent.

An enjoyable entertainment was held at the City Hall, Brandon on Dec. 25th.

The programme was as follows: — Organ, "Fanfare" (Lehmann); vocal, "The Good Shepherd" (O. Barri)—Mr. Ross; vocal, "The Lord is My Light" (Frances Allitsen)—Mrs. Green; Vocal, "Honor and Arms" (Handel)—Mr. Ross; organ, "Andantino" (Lemare); duet, "The Shadows of the Evening Hour" (C. S. Briggs)—Mrs. Green and Mr. Ross; organ, "Toccato" (Dubois); vocal, (a) "Sweet After Showers", (b) "Strong Son of God" (L. Lehmann)—Mr. Ross; vocal, (a) "He was despised", (b) "He Shall Feed His Flock" (Handel), (c) "O, Rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn)—Mrs. Green; vocal, "Why My Soul Art Thou Cast Down" (M. Spicker)—Mr. Ross; organ, "Nazareth" (Gounod).

The Caledonian Society held a very enjoyable concert and dance in the Separate School Hall, Edmonton, on Thursday evening, Dec. 17th, the president, Wm. Rae, presiding. An excellent programme was provided consisting of solos by Miss Potter, Mrs. Morton and Messrs. Jamieson and Ross; a reading by Robert Anderson; and the Highland Fling and Irish Jig by the Misses McMillan, two little lassies just out from Scotland. Mrs. Westgate contributed some violin selections which were highly appreciated. The pipe band under the charge of Pipe Major Craig, played several selections, Miss McDougall played the accompaniment for the soloists.

An enjoyable concert was held at Shoal Lake on Dec. 10th, when the following programme was presented:

Pianoforte duet—Miss Denison and Miss Pearson; Quartette—Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Burgess, Miss Denison and Miss Pearson; Solo—Mrs. Wolmershausen; Solo—Miss Pearson; Solo—Mrs. Burgess; Cello solo—Mr. A. Smith; Quartette—Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Burgess, Miss Denison and Miss Pearson; Sketch, Mr. R. Ford; Piano solo—Miss J. C. Wood; Solo—Miss Pearson; Quartette—Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Burgess, Miss Denison and Miss Pearson; Solo—Mrs. Wolmershausen; Solo—Mrs. Burgess; Quartette—Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Burgess, Miss Denison and Miss Pearson; Sketch—Mr. R. Ford; God Save the King.

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It is not affected by the heat, and with very little labor the stove stays bright and shiny when polished with "Black Knight."

Shines quickly too—and always ready for use. Keeps Stoves, Grates, Ironwork, etc. fresh and clean with practically no trouble.

If you are unable to obtain "Black Knight" in your town, send name of nearest dealer and 10c for full sized can.

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BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

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The loveliest picture post cards ever seen in Canada. English and Canadian views. Only 20 cents a dozen. In the store they sell them at 30 cents.

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That is What BRINGS Best Results

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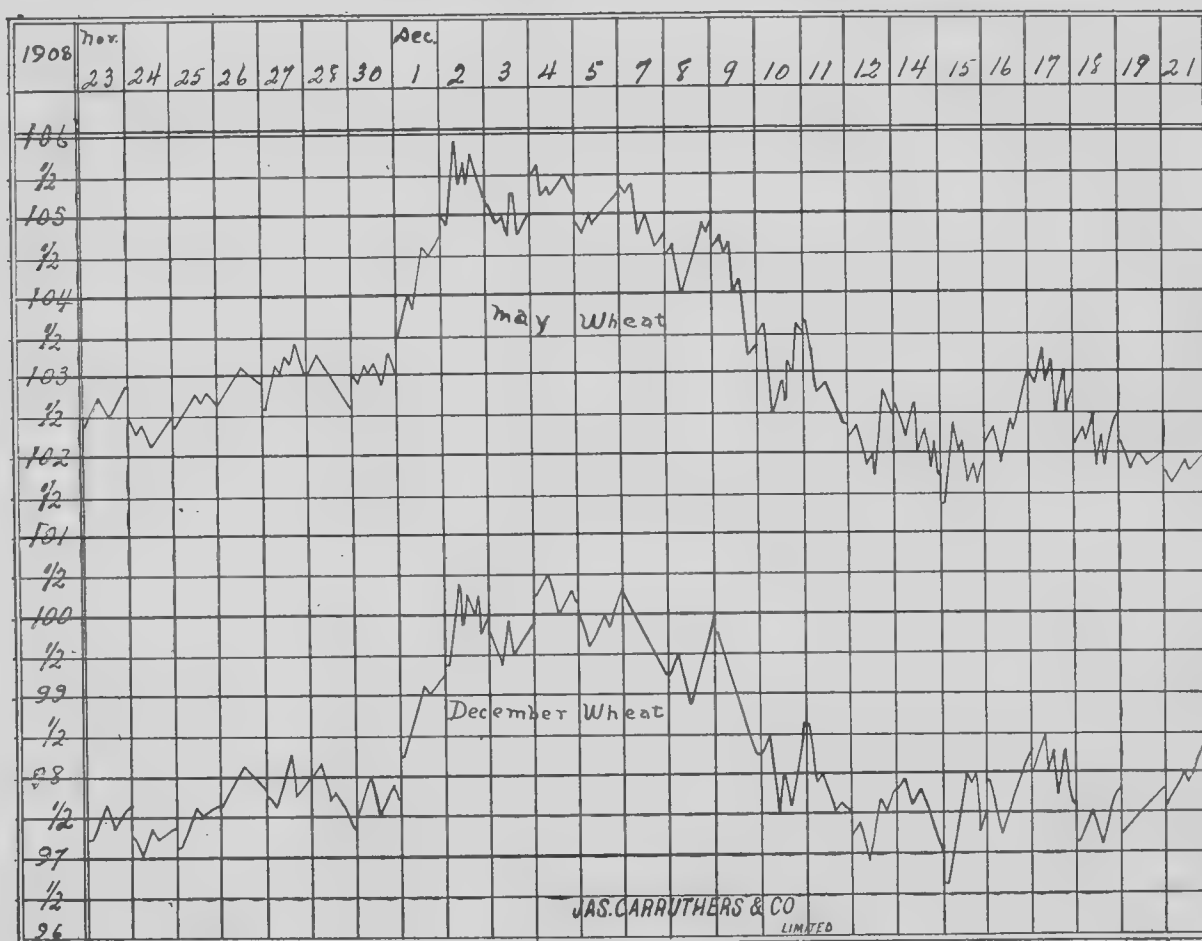
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THE
Ogilvie Flour Mills Co.,
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Advise same
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and you will be satisfied.

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Prompt Returns, Liberal Advances.

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Grain Commission Merchants
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Write for our Daily Market Report.

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 Advise **Peter Jansen Co.**
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 Send shipping bill to us and we will for-
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And you will send along a car of
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 handle your business. Don't take
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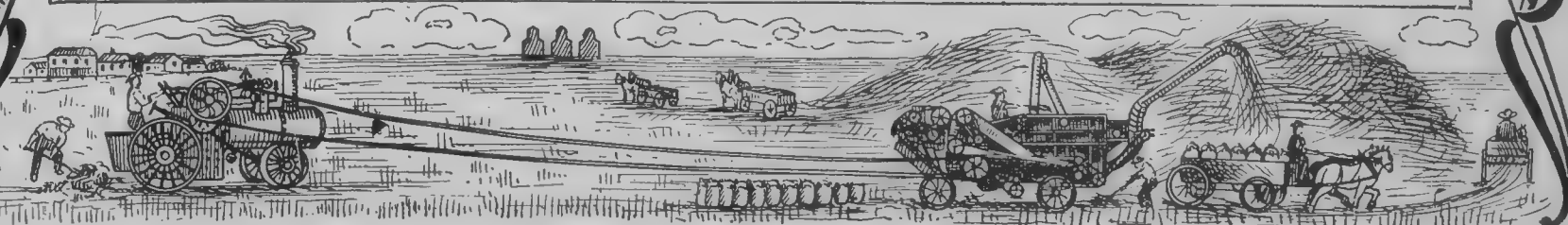
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STRONG EVIDENCE FOR THE SICK

As a Family Remedy Nothing Can Equal

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

And no Household Should be Without It

Here is a letter recently received from Mrs. J. Laroque, Riverside, Sask. It's pretty good proof of what is being done by my remedy:

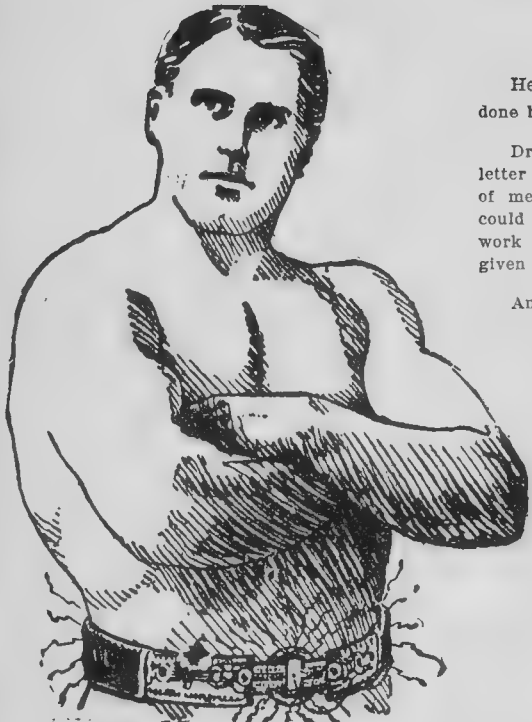
Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir.—It is indeed with great pleasure, both from my husband and myself, that I write this letter to you. It is going on three years since I have had your Electric Belt, and must say it has made a new woman of me. It has indeed proved itself a true friend to me, and I would not part with it for twice its weight in gold. I could not do a day's work without having to lie down for half a day, before I wore the Belt, but now I can do all my work and attend to four children without ever feeling tired. I thank Dr. McLaughlin for the great benefit he has given me through his Electric Belt, and wish him the best success for the future.

Another gratified patient, Mr. W. L. Flemmington, Lumsden, Sask., says:

Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir.—It is some five years since I wrote you that your Belt had given me perfect satisfaction, and I am still as strong and hearty as any man could expect to be. It is certainly a Godsend that such an appliance should be invented for the cure of the ailment of poor, wrecked humanity. I can now eat anything that is eatable and digest it well; no trouble worries me, and my nerves are very strong. I have been singing the praises of your Electric Belt for eight years, and will continue to do so. I cannot say too much, for it made my body a pleasure to own.

It will do the same for you. If I fail to convince some people it is because they will not use their own judgment. I do not ask you to take my word—ask those who have used my Belt. Every man or woman who comes into my office gets a practical illustration of my method of treatment; when they see how the cure is made it appeals to their common sense. There is no mystery about it. I give a free test to all who call.

After you have read the letters published in this space, write to me, explaining your case. I will at once tell you whether I can cure you or not. To prove the confidence I have in the curative power of my Belt I am willing to take your case, and



After I Have Cured You, Pay Me

All I ask is that you give me security for the price of my Belt, and I will send it to you with all necessary attachments suitable for your case. I want a few test cases for my New Belt. I will ask no pay for a case of Rheumatism, Pains in the Back, Weak Kidneys, Sciatica, Lumbago, Varicocele, Prostate Trouble, Torpid Liver, Indigestion or Dyspepsia that my Belt will not relieve in one month's use according to my directions.

There is no evidence like that of the cured, and I make a friend of every man who wears my Belt. I only wish I knew of some plan whereby I could reach every man or woman who is sick and suffering. You go on from day to day in torture, paying doctors' bills (without benefit), bringing unhappiness to yourself and those with whom you are associated. As I say, if I could only reach you I could furnish you with evidence and proof sufficient to convince any human mind that Electricity as I will apply it will cure almost any disease mankind is subject to. I have volumes of it, which I will send to you if you will only tell me where you are. Get the evidence of what my Belt is doing and judge for yourself. I don't want you to take my unsupported word. Let me send you the names of some of my patients, and communicate with them. Space will not permit me to publish even a small portion of it through the papers.

Most of the Belts that I am selling now are to men who have been sent here by their friends whom I have cured. I think it is the best evidence that my business is a success from the standpoint of cures, as well as on the dollar side.

Never mind waiting until you see the last dose out of that bottle from the drug store. Begin now. Call and talk your case over with me or send for my book. It costs you nothing. For over 26 years I have taught the great truth that "ELECTRICITY IS LIFE," and have proved the soundness of my doctrine by making cures when others have failed time and again. Others have aspired to do the work I am doing with my ELECTRIC BELT. They offer you electricity in some other form, or an "electric belt" that possesses no curative power whatever. They are like "boys on bladders," floundering in a sea of uncertainty—while today the DR. McLAUGHLIN ELECTRIC BELT stands the world over as the most correct, the most perfect method of applying Galvanic Electricity to the body that has ever been devised.

FREE TO YOU.

Get my 80-page book describing my Electric Belt, with illustrations of fully-developed men and women, showing how it is applied.

If you can't call, I'll send you this book, prepaid, free, if you will enclose this coupon.

Office hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday till 8.30 p.m.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,

112 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA

Please send me your book, free.

NAME

ADDRESS

Make Big Money Training Horses!

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail. **\$1200 to \$3000 a Year At Home or Traveling**

Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere. He is now teaching his marvelously successful methods to others. His system of Horse Training and Colt Breaking opens up a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles. Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay \$15 to \$25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits—to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses. If you love travel, here is a chance to see the world, giving exhibitions and making large profits. You will be surprised to learn how little it costs to get into the Horse-Training profession. Write and Prof. Beery will send you full particulars and handsome book about horses—FREE. Address Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 26, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

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Repeat it :—"Shilo's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Miscellaneous

A Handsome Booklet.

The Twenty Thousand Club of Portage la Prairie, Man., issued recently a handsome booklet containing many useful facts and figures about that town. Portage la Prairie is magnificently situated as a railroad and shipping centre and manufacturers and jobbers from many parts have been making earnest inquiries recently.

Of Interest to Old Countrymen.

John Greenlees, 4 Wellington St., Glasgow, Scotland, manufacturer of "G Brand" wooden soled boots (or clogs), is making a bid for Western Canadian trade. There are fully three or four hundred thousand Britishers in the West and a profitable trade should be easily established. When writing this firm for prices and other information, please mention the Western Home Monthly.

A Remarkable Newspaper.

People who want to know what interests the world may get the news in many papers but often it comes through such prejudiced correspondents that it takes the very ablest editors to know

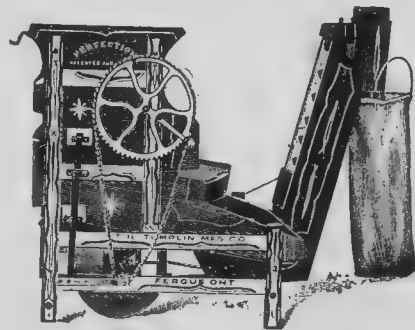
its true purport. The editorial pages of the "Witness" are far-famed for this able, practical, clear and fearless discussion of the interests of the day. Probably no newspaper in Canada is so widely quoted or speaks with such authority as does the "Montreal Witness." There is no other paper in Canada that statesmen love more to quote in support of their own arguments, and to quote one of our contemporaries "a regular reader of the 'Witness' will be well informed."

Laws for the Protection of Children.

A neat little booklet has been compiled by F. J. Billard, Winnipeg, superintendent of Neglected Children for the Province of Manitoba. The booklet referred to was compiled from the Dominion and Manitoba statutes and was gotten up for the purpose of placing before all interested in the protection and elevating of child life the law relating to same as it appears in the statutes. The booklet is intensely interesting and it has the approval of the Attorney-General of Manitoba.

Practical Farm Buildings.

Is the name of a handsomely illustrated book published by F. W. Bird & Son, of East Walpole, Mass., U. S. A. and also of Hamilton, Ont. This booklet is of great value to farmers and others who are interested in the erection of outbuildings of all kinds. Write for a copy and when writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.



Perfection Seed and Grain Separator

Patented 1901.

The only mill built which is Guaranteed to Separate Wheat from Oats, and does what we claim.

Strongly built, and will clean for market as fast as any other.

For Seed Grain no mill can touch it, as it makes a Perfect Separation, saves the small seeds in a drawer, carries the split and shrunken grain to oneside, and bags the large plump grain for seed.

It pays for itself in one season.

Price—Mill with 18 screens \$30.00. Bagger \$7.00 extra. Freight Paid. Cash with Order. We ship promptly. Send for circular & giving full description to

THE TEMPLIN MFG. CO.

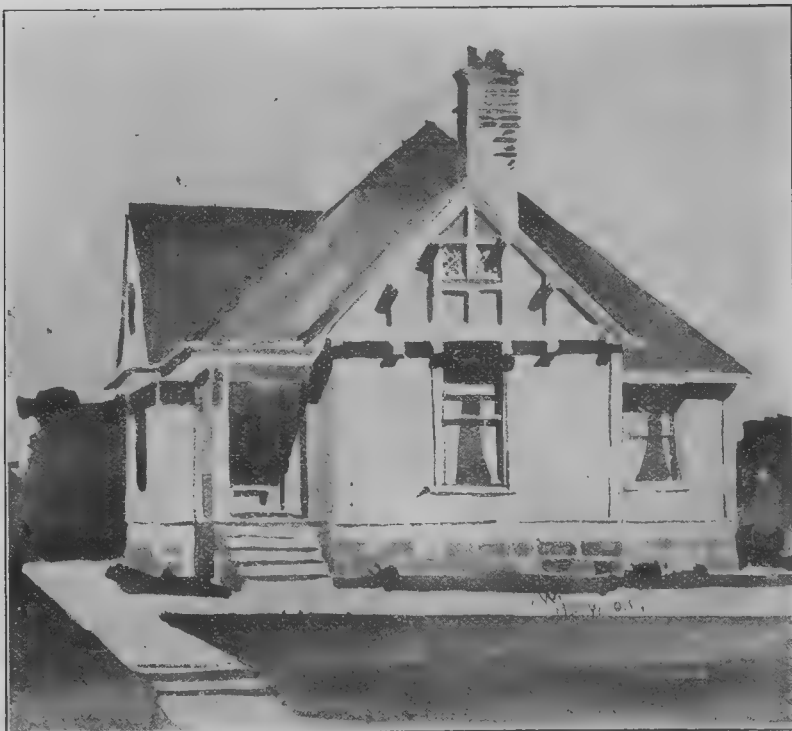
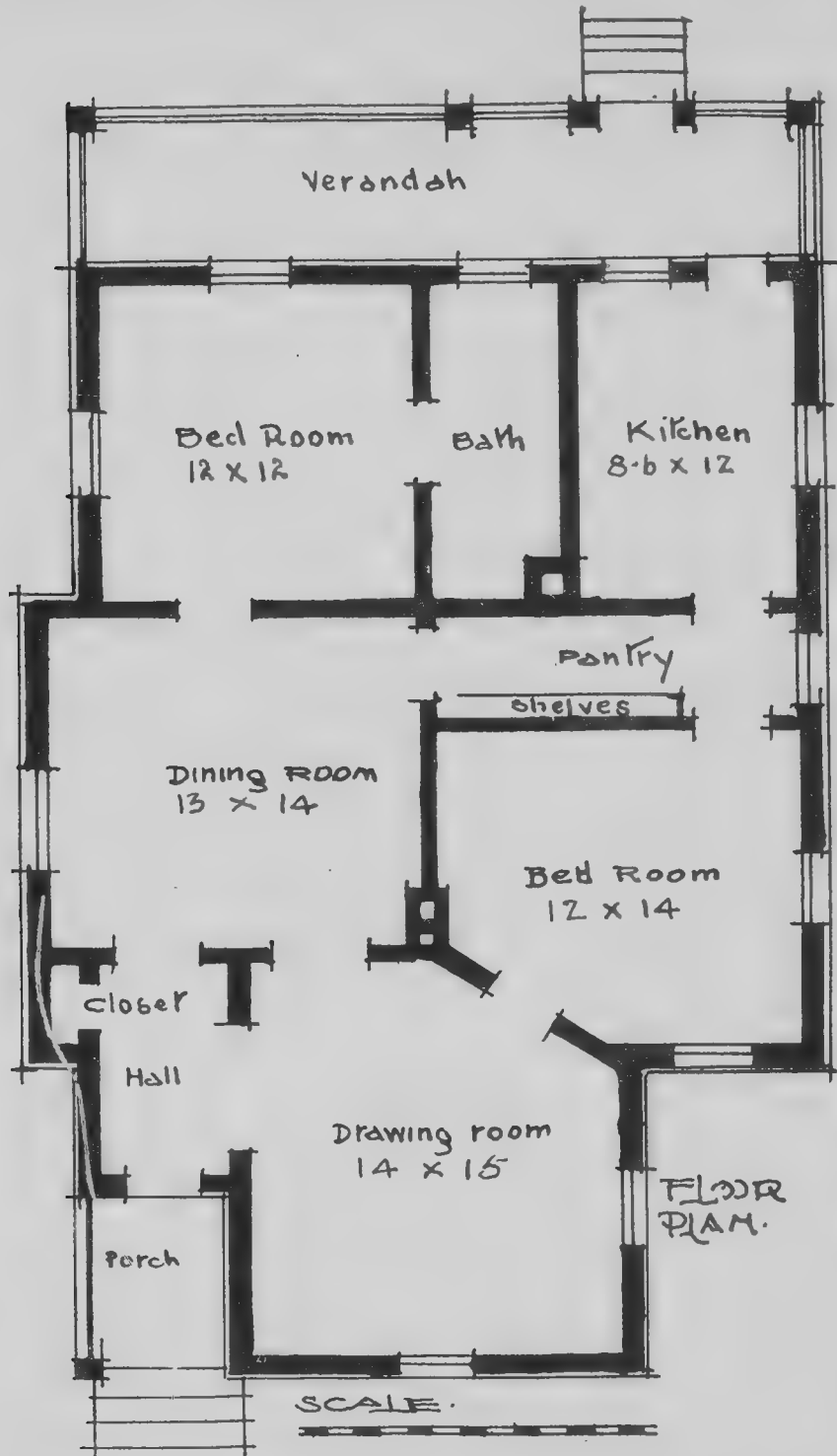
C.P.R.

Fergus, Ontario.

O.T.R.

Original Plans. By V. W. HORWOOD Winnipeg.

This cottage is one that will appeal to many as it is one that can be built very reasonably. It has no excavation and is heated by stoves. The foundation being surface. All the rooms are on the ground floor, and the lay out seems very convenient. There is a veranda at the rear. All the rooms are of good size. The exterior is simple and yet picturesque. The outside is siding and stone on surface.

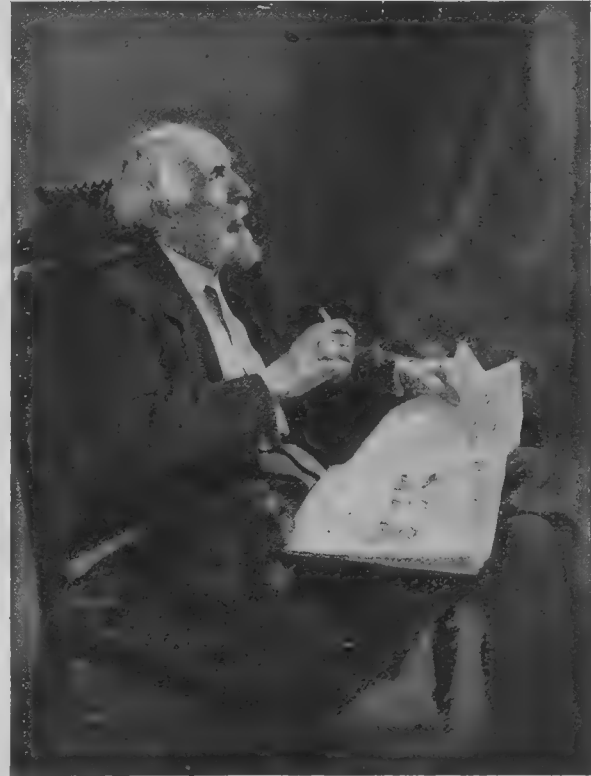


Radway's Ready Relief

For over 60 years this wonderful Remedy has been a sure and positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Chest or Kidneys, Sore Muscles, Sprains and Strains. If will drive away every trace of soreness and stiffness whether caused by unusual exercise, the strain of toil or by annoying and painful attacks of inflammatory diseases.

It is unrivalled as a preventive and cure for all Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, "Grip," and Pains and Aches of all kinds. In every family this invaluable specific remedy for inflammatory diseases should be constantly kept on hand. The expense is a mere trifle, and saves more than twenty times the amount in doctors' bills.

As a Boy I remember Radway's Ready Relief



TESTIMONIALS

Dr. Radway, New York: Dear Sir, I write to let you know that I am curing a man that has been sick with chronic rheumatism and other diseases. I am giving him your Ready Relief. He had dropsy from the knees down to the feet, and he is nearly well. I see it steadily benefiting him, and I just wish to let you know; your medicine is the best cure, better than any other medicine in the world.

Yours truly,
DOMINGO CHACON, M.D.,
New Braunfels, Tex.

A. O. Christassen, of 304 St. Ann's Ave., New York City, writes: "It may perhaps interest you to learn that I always keep some of your Relief in the house. Recently I had contracted a severe pain in my back between the shoulder blades, but a few applications of your 'R. R. R.' promptly took the pain away. I have found 'R. R. R.' much more effective than — Oil, which, besides, stains the clothing."

I have used a variety of preparations for rheumatism, but have found nothing so satisfactory as Radway's Ready Relief. We have used it in the family since I was a child.

Yours truly,
IRENE ACKERMAN,
20 West 15th Street,
New York.

Arthur D. Morrison, 58 Centre St., Feabody, Mass., writes: "I take pleasure in endorsing Radway's Ready Relief which for twenty-five years has been a valuable remedy for every kind of pain and colic in our family."

Sold By All Druggists

Send for Free Copy of "HOPE FOR THE SICK," a list of the principal ailments of mankind with directions for their treatment, to

RADWAY & CO., Montreal, Canada

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Andrew Carnegie: Millionaires who laugh are rare.

Rudyard Kipling: The least suspicion of unfairness spoils a cause.

Mark Twain: Laughter is the honey on the dry bread of care and toil.

Mary Markwell: We really see ourselves as we wish to be seen by others.

Agnes Deans Cameron: A lot of the blessings of civilization are exceedingly mixed.

Mrs. Cornwallis West: We are all apt to brag about our ancestors if we have any worth bragging of.

Dr. Stanley Hall: One of the advantages of education is that one learns the value of reticence.

Jack London: The hour before breakfast is the finest test of a woman's sweet temper.

Rev. Dr. Gordon: Not merely the first of January, but every day, is the best day for making good resolutions—and keeping them.

Thomas Hardy: It is a good thing we get old slowly. It would be terrible to do it all at once.

Rev. Dr. DuVal: There is no sweeter word in our language, none so consecrated by time, as mother.

President Roosevelt: I respect the woman who does her duty more than I respect the man who does his.

Rev. R. J. Campbell: Long prayers are unscriptural. There is no prayer in the Bible of twenty minutes' duration.

William Trant: A child should never see the inside of a jail, or even of a police court.

Lord Roseberry: My own education has been the most expensive and most imperfect of any man in the whole kingdom.

Rev. Dr. Bland: Knowledge is proud, because she has learned so much; Wisdom is humble, because she knows no more.

Dr. D. A. Stewart: It is a recognized fact in the hospitals here in New York that Canadian girls make the best nurses.

Professor Metchnikoff: Our brain is continually changing and wearing. The brains we are using now are not the brains we used ten years ago.

Premier Asquith: It is criminal for any man to say that the nation is declining; for the very expression of that opinion tends to make it true.

Agnes C. Laut: From babyhood the English boy believes himself superior to his little sister; and this idea does not diminish with the years.

John D. Rockefeller: Life is divided into two parts. During the first we are looking forward to to-morrow; during the second we are looking back to yesterday.

Sir Conan Doyle: If the inhabitants of London were reduced to the size of microbes, five times their number could be got on the space of a postage stamp.

Christabel Parkhurst: Women take a back seat in every position in life, not because they are less competent, but because they have less power to help themselves.

Personal To Rheumatics



I want a letter from every man and woman in Canada afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free A One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM**. I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot coax Rheumatism out through the foot or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **toase** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **imagine** it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out.** It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It.** This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.** My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, aching muscles, the hot, throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened, useless joints, and **cures them quickly.**

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much **in One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real Rheumatic Remedy** will do. **Read our offer below and write to us immediately.**

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay postage to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized \$1.00 Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid and Duty Free.** There will be **nothing to pay on receipt or later.** Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who **send 25c for charges.** Address **KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. M. A. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO**

You won't dread Wash Days after your husband buys a

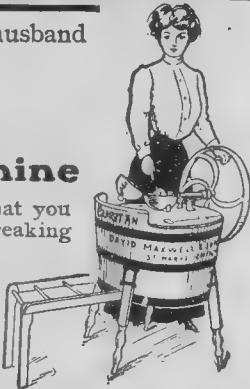
"Puritan" Reacting Washing Machine

It runs so easily—does the washing so quickly—that you will marvel how you ever put up with the back-breaking rub of the tub.

One of the children can easily do the washing with the "Puritan"—the only washing machine in Canada with improved roller gear.

Write us for booklet; if your dealer can't show you the "Puritan."

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, St. Mary's, Ont.



TO EARN THAT BIG SALARY, LEARN RAILROADING.

GET OUT YOUR LEAD PENCIL AND DO A LITTLE FIGURING.

Whatever your present monthly salary may be, multiply it by 12, and find your yearly income. Will it amount to \$1,699.80, the salary shown above? Do you earn one-half that amount? If not, why not?

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN

Earn from \$75 to \$150 per month.

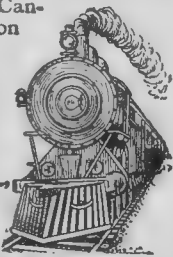
With the rapid progress of railway building in Canada it takes only from two to three years to be advanced to engineer or conductor, whose salaries are from \$90 to \$185 per month.

You can earn that money. We can start you for it.

We teach and qualify you by mail in from 8 to 14 weeks without loss of time from your present work. Positions are secured; in fact, there are many openings right now if you were qualified to fill them. Our Course is the most complete treatise on the subject of Railroading in existence. We defy any school to show a course anywhere nearly as thorough. Don't tamper with your education by buying cheap bargain courses. Ours is the only School of its kind in Canada with text-books written for use on Canadian Railways.

Our free booklet tells all about our system of teaching. When writing, state age, weight and height. Address:

THE DOMINION RAILWAY SCHOOL,
Dept. B
Winnipeg, Canada.



This shows the H.P. Spramotor arranged for spraying potatoes, three nozzles to a row and four rows, two spraying from the sides and one from the top, adjustable as to height and width up to 40 ft. rows. Nozzles absolutely will not clog. 12 gallon air tank, automatic and hand controlled; 100 lbs. pressure guaranteed with 12 nozzles open. An acre can be sprayed in 20 minutes. Has agitator clean-out pressure relief into tank, and nozzle protector all under control of the driver from seat. For 1 or 2 horses. Fitted for orchard, vineyards and grain crops. Can be operated by hand. This advt. will not appear again in this paper. If interested write now.

SPRAMOTOR CO., LTD.
148 King St., London,
ONT.



IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

HANDSOME CATALOGUE.

Dingwall's Issue Their Seventh Annual Edition—Sent Free on Request.

D. R. Dingwall, Ltd., are sending out this season a very handsome Jewelry catalogue. This is the seventh annual edition and it appears to improve with age. It consists of eighty-four pages with a very attractive white cover with the firm name embossed in gold. This catalogue will be sent free on request.

The firm of D. R. Dingwall, Ltd., has been in business over a quarter of a century in the west and enjoys a reputation second to no other high class jewelry firm in Canada.

Several of the pages are lithographed in the actual colors of the gold and setting, eleven printings being necessary in the production. All gold jewelry illustrated was made in the work shop of the firm in Winnipeg. This of itself is a striking guarantee of its quality. The firm is at present doing an immense mail order business, the result of the quality of goods sold, fair dealing with their customers, coupled with the understanding that every buyer has the privilege of returning the articles if not entirely satisfactory. This firm has a complete jewelry making plant where a full staff of jewelers, ring-makers, stone-cutters and engravers are employed. A representative of the house visits the diamond and precious stone market of Europe each year, selecting the finest gems, visiting also Paris and other jewelry centres for the best designs. If you want a copy of this catalogue send a card to Messrs. Dingwall, Ltd., Winnipeg, mentioning the Western Home Monthly.

High Class Printing in Colors.

There came to our desk last month a parcel from Raphael Tuck & Sons Co. Ltd., which contained calendars, Christmas cards, etc. The high class color printing employed by this firm, the apt illustrations of meritorious design and the interesting character of the text so to make this firm's fine art goods the envy of all other publishers and the delight of the purchaser.

Raphael Tuck & Sons Ltd. are publishers by appointment to their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Their name is synonymous with the best in the publishing business and their immense range of fine art story books, calendars, booklets and Christmas cards are eagerly sought after the world over by connoisseurs of fine art printing.

This well known firm of English publishers have a Canadian office at 9-17 St. Antoine St., Montreal. The Canadian branch carry a complete line of goods and a post card addressed to the manager will bring full and complete information regarding any line that Raphael Tuck & Sons Co. Ltd. make.

A Useful Agency.

A novel though useful agency has been established at Winnipeg known as the Union Trading Agency. This firm is composed of live business men and they purpose to represent in Winnipeg the out-of-town farmer or business man who may have business to transact in Winnipeg but who does not care to travel hundreds of miles to get there. This firm will do any kind of business for you, viz; they will sell or buy you a farm, a piano, farm machinery, groceries, dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, jewelry, etc.; in fact, they will buy you anything from a needle to an anchor.

The members of the firm are shrewd, sharp business men who know business thoroughly; they know the various business firms and are prepared to give out-of-town clients the benefit of their business knowledge, experience and connection. There is no doubt but they can save out of town people a great deal of money, time and trouble if their services are availed of. They will sell for farmers hay, oats, wheat, live stock, dairy produce, poultry; in fact, anything and everything the farmer has to sell. Write them at once for full information regarding their buying or selling plan. Address the Union Trading Agency, 2 Bank of Toronto Bldg., Winnipeg.

The Harvest of Moloch, By Mrs. J. K. Lawson.

In The Harvest of Moloch, the Scottish-Canadian writer, Mrs. J. K. Lawson, has produced a novel of more than usual interest. The story is a tragic one, enlivened, however, by many gleams of humor. In it the sterling qualities of the Scottish nature, the national virtues and the national vices, are portrayed with the pen of a keen observer and a powerful thinker.

The fascinating love story of Geoffrey Webster and Violet Micklethol, the beautiful Scottish girl, who cheerfully renounces a fortune for the sake of principle, runs through the book and adds greatly to its charm.

The story is a strong one, original in plot and of intense dramatic interest. Touching as it does upon a subject full of interest to men and women at the present time, it cannot fail to arouse discussion. The characters are portrayed with a humor and a pathos which cause them to live before the readers eyes. In striking contrast to the simplicity and charm of the homely

Scottish scenes are the pictures of the free, wild life of our Canadian Northwest. Yet under both skies we see the same struggles for mastery between good and evil, between love and hate, between blind passion and unerring justice. Four full-page illustrations. Cover illustration in three colors by John Innes. Extra cloth, uncut edges, \$1.25. Address the publishers, John M. Poole & Co., 21 Richmond St., West Toronto, Canada.

Nancy McVeigh.

"Nancy McVeigh" of the Monk Road, b- Henry Manier, is the name of a new book published by William Briggs, publisher, Toronto. It is a story full of human interest, portraying Nancy McVeigh, the keeper of a country hotel in Ontario, as a good angel whose whole life was devoted to caring for the homeless waifs of her district, handing out well merited rebukes to farmers in her locality who had an unquenchable thirst to satisfy at the expense of the comfort of their families. The story and characters are all local and there is a wholesome lesson in it. It is printed in good clear type and bound in cloth. A post card addressed to the publisher will bring further particulars.

Light Agricultural Motor Competition at Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition July 7th to 14th, 1909.

Rules and Conditions.

The following rules and conditions will be strictly adhered to.

1. The classes shall be for Internal Combustion.

- (A) 20 brake H. P. and under.
- (B) 21 to 30 brake H. P.
- (C) Over 30 H. P.
- (D) 75 brake H. P. and under.

Steam Engines

First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal—in each section. A championship prize shall be awarded to the motor gaining the highest number of points together with its suitability for general farm purposes.

2. All entries must be made on or before June 1, 1909. Entry fee for competition, \$5 per motor.

3. Accompanying the entry form must be sent a specification giving a full description of each motor entered for competition. This specification must include the bore and stroke of cylinder, size of driving pulley, and speed. Size of wheels, brake and rated horsepower, fuel and water capacities (in cubic inches), the class of fuel used. Selling price F.O.B. Winnipeg.

4. Any firm or individual may enter more than one motor.

5. No restriction will be placed on the nature of the fuel used or class of engine. It is to be understood that the fuel shall be such as can be readily procured in Canada, and that the Winnipeg prices of the various fuels shall be taken into consideration.

6. The class of fuel should be stipulated, such as coal or wood for steam engines, and gasoline or coal oil for the internal combustion engines, when sending in entry form.

7. All fuel shall be supplied by the Association during the competition at cost, and water free.

8. Each competitor himself shall make all arrangements for the necessary staff for running his motor.

9. All motors entered for competition must be on the exhibition grounds not later than Tuesday, July 6th, 1909.

10. All competitors must have their motors ready for weighing and taking particulars of the fuel, tank capacities, brake horse power, etc., on Wednesday, July 7th, 1909.

11. Each motor will be allotted an official number which shall be displayed during the competition.

12. The ploughing competition will take place Tuesday and Wednesday, July 13 and 14, 1909.

13. The tests will comprise: Ploughing, hauling, belt driving and brake test, but the Association reserve to themselves full powers to rate the engines and carry out any additional tests they may deem necessary.

14. The ploughs and other implements must be supplied by the contestant.

15. The ploughing competition will take place in close proximity to the exhibition grounds.

16. The decision of the judges shall be final.

17. Each contestant must supply for his motor a recording dynamometer.

18. All enquiries or complaints during the competition must be made to the engineer in charge or to the judges.

19. No motor shall leave the exhibition grounds before Friday, July 16, 1909.

Open to the World.

In considering the merits of the competing motors, special importance will be paid to the following points:

- 1. Weight of motor.
- 2. Brake Horse Power developed.
- 3. Fuel and water consumption.
- 4. Distance that can be travelled without replenishing.
- 5. Turning capabilities.
- 6. Protection of working parts from mud and dust.
- 7. Accessibility of all parts.
- 8. Travelling speeds.
- 9. Ease of manipulation.
- 10. Clearance of working parts from ground.

11. Steadiness of running for belt power.
12. Selling price F.O.B. Winnipeg.
13. Design and construction of engine.
For further particulars apply to A. W. Bell, General Manager Industrial Exhibition, Winnipeg, Canada. Prof. A. R. Greig, Manitoba Agricultural College, Engineer in Charge.

Liquor Habit Removed.

Dr. A. McTaggart, Toronto, has forwarded us a copy of his booklet, containing a large number of testimonials from persons in all walks in life, all testifying to the remarkable curative qualities of his treatment. The following testimonial is a sample of what his booklet contains:

Denfield, Ont., April 20, 1902. Dr. A. McTaggart, Toronto. Dear Sir,—I am very happy indeed to bear testimony to the efficacy of your remedy for the drink habit. I secured, by money which I had to advance myself, the treatment and followed the patient closely while taking it, and for nine months now since he finished it, and he is a new man. He claims, and with evident truthfulness, that he has no desire for the cursed stuff, and it seems a pleasure for him to pay me the price of the treatment after he was restored and able to earn it. I can recommend your treatment heartily to those in a like condition, enslaved for years. Yours sincerely, A. R. Park, Pastor Baptist Church, Denfield, Ont.

Cured Bad Case of Blood-Poisoning.

Received your welcome letter. We shall try Gombault's Caustic Balsam on the boy's leg, and I am sure that it will do it good. I had a very bad hand some time ago, with four running sores in it; had it for three months. A doctor cared for it. The more I doctored with it the worse it got. It was swollen clear up to my shoulder, while the sores were down on the thumb. It was very painful. I knew what Caustic Balsam had done for my horses so I used it on my hand and arm, and never needed the doctor after that. It was all right after one month's treatment with Gombault's Caustic Balsam. Only the marks are left where the holes were. Ed. Rosenberg, St. Ansgar, Ia., Dec. 2, 1907. The foregoing testimonial was clipped from a booklet issued by the Lawrence Williams Co., Cleveland, Ohio, manufacturers of Gombault's Caustic Balsam. This shows that Gombault's Balsam is good for man as well as for beast.

Vitae Ore Wonderful Remedy.

The proprietors of Vitae-Ore, the splendid medicine offered on trial to readers of this paper, have made no attempt to place Vitae-Ore in the hands of physicians for use in their practice, preferring rather to sell it direct to the people as their own remedy, and at a much less cost than when prescribed or dispensed by the doctors, but many physicians, skilled in the science of medicine, have used, endorsed and recommended this treatment. These true men of the profession have come to Vitae-Ore, attracted by cures it made under their own eyes, among their own patients, in cases their own prescriptions had been unable to reach. Every little while some new recruit joins its ranks, attracted by some cure near at home of what seemed to him an incurable malady. Many, suffering personally from chronic diseases which have defied their own and the efforts of their brothers in the profession, have turned to it as a last resort, believing, and yet not believing, and have found in it the cure they sought, but hardly hoped for. Many reputable physicians throughout the country esteem Vitae-Ore as a rara avis in advertised treatments, and use it in their families and prescribe it in their practice.

Every reader of the Western Home Monthly in need of medical treatment should turn to the full page Vitae-Ore advertisement on page 29 and read it carefully. The offer is fair and honest and deserves the consideration of every sick person, as well as the co-operation of those who are not sick, who should show it to ailing friends and neighbors and thus help spread the good news about this medicine.

Farmers Write.

Farmers should write for illustrated circular giving full description of the Perfection Seed and Grain Separator. The "Perfection" is said to be the acme of all that goes to make the most useful type of mill. Before deciding as to what mill you should buy, it would be wise to write The Templin Manufacturing Co., Fergus, Ont., for full and complete information regarding the price and merits of the "Perfection." When writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.

"The Christmas Dipper" is the name of an illustrated Christmas number issued by Kuhn Bros., Ottawa, Canada, publishers of the Dipper. Printed on heavy coated paper, profusely illustrated throughout with fine half-tone engravings, containing short stories and articles cleverly written by writers of International repute, the Christmas Dipper is a most entertaining and interesting number. The price of the Christmas Dipper is 25 cents and it is exceedingly good value for that money. The publishers are entitled to great praise for their very excellent Christmas number.

A Boon for Hunters.

Where is the hunter or fisherman who has not many, many times captured some extra fine, beautiful trophy which he and his friends have admired, and then allowed the splendid specimen,

which represented his own skill and prowess, to spoil and decay. And where is the man who under these circumstances has not sincerely wished he knew some way to save and preserve the trophy just as it was in life?

It is now possible and easy for any one to know how to preserve animals, birds and fishes so that they look exactly like the living creatures. This art, Taxidermy, possesses the greatest of fascination for all who undertake it. Formerly only a few professional taxidermists knew the secret of doing this work, and they guarded their knowledge well. Now, however, this is all changed. The very best and easiest systems of taxidermy may be secured by anyone interested in the art, and it is said that a few weeks' practice enables the hunter to mount his trophies just as well as a professional can do it, and at practically no cost. Big profits are made by many persons by selling their mounted specimens and mounting for others. Beautiful decorations for the home can be prepared, and the art offers a splendid recreation for spare time. Every sportsman should certainly be his own taxidermist, as it is so easily learned. The art is now taught by mail with great success by the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, of Omaha, Neb. Thousands of sportsmen are members of the school and recommend it in the highest terms. Our readers interested in the subject can secure full particulars and a beautiful prospectus by writing the above school at the address given. When writing, please mention the Western Home Monthly.

Correction.

In our December issue we published an item referring to the excellent work being done by the Women's Domestic Guild, of Montreal, in bringing out domestic servants from the Old Country for the West.

Unfortunately, we mis-spelled the word "Guild." Our subscribers wishing to write them for domestics will please note that the correct name is "The Women's Domestic Guild, 71 Drummond St., Montreal."

New Columbia Disc Records.

Probably in no other line of art or trade has there been more development and improvement than in the Graphophone or Talking Machine record line. It seems only a short time ago since it was first discovered that sounds could be recorded and reproduced on wax cylinders, yet what great changes have taken place since then. Instead of having to be tenderly handled with wool in case the impression might be marred, the records have for some time been made with a very hard surface by a process of "electric fold moulding." This great advance, however, did not overcome the drawback of their great fragility and the loss from breakage was quite an item.

The Winnipeg Piano Company advise us that the Columbia Graphophone Company, after lengthy and costly experiments, have now placed on the market what is probably the greatest improvement of all, namely an indestructible cylinder record of great purity and beauty of tone. This record can be kicked and dropped about and will not break, and is simply a marvel in every way; it has no shortcomings to be charged up against its obvious advantages, and will without a doubt dominate the cylinder record market.

The one great complaint of graphophone and phonograph lovers, now being done away with, it remained for the Columbia Phonograph Co. to set about an improvement in their disc records for the ever-increasing army of disc graphophone enthusiasts. They have now brought out an improvement of immense value in the shape of a double-sided record at about the same price as the old single selections. For a year they have been busy during the so-called dull period compiling a complete catalogue of double sided disc records, until now they are not making a solitary single sided disc record.

It is easy to see that a great waste of material has been allowed in the past when one selection only has been stamped on the disc and the other side left bare.

The Columbia Graphophone Co. certainly deserve to be congratulated for such enterprise and for having so far outstepped all its rivals. These facts also point a moral, one should not give up when a little temporary depression comes along, that is the time to shine—so the Columbia Graphophone Company seem to have proved.

Peter Dawson's Diary.

Bolvin Wilson & Co., Wholesale Liquor Dealers, 520 St. Paul St., Montreal, wish to inform the public that they have ready for distribution a limited number of Peter Dawson's Diaries for 1909. These magnificent diaries will be mailed to any address in Canada on receipt of a 5c stamp to cover the cost of mailing, and mentioning that you saw their announcement in the Western Home Monthly.

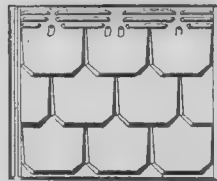
Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

PUT ON IN 1885 Perfect Protection in 1909

Metal Shingles may be "guaranteed" to last for 25 years—and not last five.

When a house has been making Metal Goods only a few years, of what good is their "guarantee" that their shingles will "last a life-time."

They don't know themselves how long their shingles will wear because they have not had time to put the shingles to the test.



"EASTLAKE" METALLIC SHINGLES

MADE IN CANADA FOR 24 YEARS

Don't forget that—Made in Canada for 24 Years. In use, right in your own province, for 24 years. Proven lightning-proof, fire-proof, leak-proof, wind-proof, rain-and-snow-proof, wear-and-rust-proof by 24 years' resistance against storms and climate.

The guarantee that goes with "Eastlake" Shingles is backed by 24 years' test. You don't take risks, you know.

There's the "Eastlake" Cleat—the improvement that makes the "Eastlake" Shingles perfect. An entirely original idea, patented, and found only in "Eastlake" Shingles. Let us tell you all about it. Write for catalogue.

The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited

TORONTO Manufacturers WINNIPEG

Agents wanted in some districts. Write for particulars naming this paper.

54

DO YOU HEAR WELL?

We agree to make you hear ordinary conversation, providing you can still hear thunder

We wish you to see a new electrically sensitized hearing device called the **Electrophone**, that instantly causes even the deafest people to hear clearly.

The very best result we can promise you as a reward for using the **Electrophone** is the complete, lasting restoration of your hearing.

Next to that in importance is the certainty that the moment you apply this marvellous little instrument you will be able to hear clearly and distinctly, either in public or in private.

This scientific electrical sound-conducting instrument fits snugly over the ear, as shown in cut. Its purpose is to magnify sound waves and throw them directly on the ear drum in a manner according to nature. The result is your deaf ear is exercised just as well ears are, and after a while most people find their hearing has become as good as ever. Meanwhile, however, with the **Electrophone** attached you can hear even the faintest sound without strain, effort or embarrassment, and your pleasure is vastly increased by the assurance that no harm is being done, as is the case with artificial ear drums, trumpets etc., that poison and ruin the ears of all who use them. Come and test the **Electrophone** free. We agree to make you hear. You will receive courteous attention and not be urged to purchase. We would advise, however, that when you have tried an **Electrophone** exactly suited to your degree of deafness, you pay a deposit on it and try it at home. Those who cannot call should write for our free illustrated booklet and list of satisfied users of the **Electrophone**.

SENT ON TRIAL ANYWHERE IN CANADA

Remember, the **Electrophone** will open up a new world to you. Perhaps you are only looking for temporary relief, but you will find that it will do much more. The **Electrophone** gradually restores the natural hearing.

We satisfy 99 per cent. of our patrons, because we sell all instruments subject to one full month's trial. Free trial to all who call. Free booklet to all who write.

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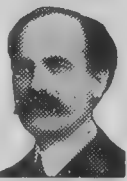
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Wanted to purchase all kinds of Raw Furs. Highest prices and prompt returns. Write for price list.



Taxidermy—
Prices for Mounting only.

Deer Heads	\$ 8.00
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A full stock of Birds and Animal eyes always on hand.

We want to buy 100 Prairie wolf skulls with perfect teeth, large Moose and Elk Head and Elk Teeth.

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Post free to any address.

INDIAN CURIO CO., Dept. C., 563 Main St., Winnipeg

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Fashionable Afternoon Gowns.

The afternoon gowns of the season are being made in a variety of materials. Illustrated are two typical ones, the one to the left combining a skirt of broadcloth with waist of net in matching color, while the one to the right is made of striped novelty material which combines silk with wool.

The broadcloth skirt is circular but is made with a seam at the front where it is laid in inverted plaits to the depth of the trimming. It can be made as illustrated or cut off in walking length as liked. The accompanying blouse is a new and attractive one with the long, close fitting fancy sleeves that make such a feature of the season. In this instance it is trimmed with satin bands matching those upon the skirt and motifs of applique are arranged in the spaces formed by the trimming. The model can be utilized for all materials that are thin enough to be tucked successfully, however, and will be found just as desirable for lingerie materials as for net, soft silk and the like.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 1/2 yards of material 24, 3 yards 32 or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 6 1/2 yards 24, 5 1/2 yards 27 or 4 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6188 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure; the skirt 6098 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The second gown shows one of the new four-gored skirts, which is especially adapted to striped material, combined with a blouse that includes the new one-piece sleeves. These sleeves are tucked to the depth of the cuffs and can be made in full or three-quarter length. There is a little vest portion, too, that is effective, but the blouse is closed invisibly at the back.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 1/2 yards of material 24, 2 1/2 yards 32, 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 1/2 yard, any width, for the fancy collar and the chemisette; for the skirt 9 yards 24, 5 1/2 yards 32 or 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6174 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 5989 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Pretty, Simple Frocks.

That simple frocks are always the prettiest for the younger children is a generally recognized fact but one that cannot be too insistently borne in mind. Here are two that are attractive in the extreme yet which involve very little labor in the making. In this case the dress worn by the older girl is made unlined and of cashmere with trimming of satin bands, the body being used as a separate guimpe and faced with embroidery to form the yoke. The dress could be made all in one, however, and of one material throughout, with only the yoke in contrast, in which case cashmere, challis and all similar wool materials are appropriate, while made as illustrated it is adapted to washable materials as well as to the pretty wool ones.

For a girl of ten years of age will be required 5 1/2 yards of material 24, 3 1/2 yards 32 or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards 36 inches wide for the guimpe, 1/2 yard of yoking material 18 inches wide. The pattern 6144 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The little girl's dress is made after one of the simplest of all models, consisting of a straight gathered skirt portion which is attached to a square yoke. As illustrated, the skirt is made of



Two patterns: Blouse, 6188; skirt, 6098. Two patterns: Blouse, 6174; skirt, 5989.

flouncing, the yoke of all-over embroidery and a very dressy frock results. The model can be utilized for plain material, however, and for light weight wools as well as for lawns, batistes and the like.

with applique and with fringe on the skirt and with all-over lace on the bodice and is charmingly graceful and attractive. The tunic is arranged over a foundation skirt that is gored at the upper portion and finished with a circu-



Two patterns: Larger, 6144; smaller 6190

For a child of two will be required 1 1/2 yards of flouncing 19 inches wide with 3/4 yard 18 inches wide for the yoke, 1/2 yard of plain material 27 inches for the sleeves; or 2 1/2 yards 24, 2 yards 32, 1 1/2 yards 32 inches wide if plain material is used. The pattern 6190 is cut in sizes for children of 1, 2 and 4 years.

The Fashionable Satin.

Satin is unquestionably a favorite material for evening wear this season and this gown is made of one of the new soft finished sorts in the beautiful yellow known as apricot. It is trimmed



Two patterns: Waist 6181; skirt 5997.



The Favorite Gray.

THE BEST CLUBBING OFFER OF THE YEAR

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,

Winnipeg

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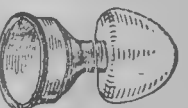
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Can Now Hear Whispers

I was deaf for 25 years. I can now hear a whisper with my artificial EAR DRUMS in my ears. You cannot see them in my ears. I CANNOT FEEL THEM, for they are perfectly comfortable. Write and I will tell you a true story—How I Got Deaf—How I Made Myself Hear—and How I can make You Hear. ADDRESS

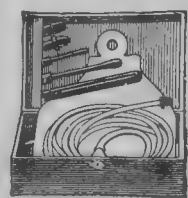


New Medicated Ear Drum Pat. July 15, 1908

GEO. P. WAY

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Write us and mention your wants.

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'The "Witness" is THE MOST IMPARTIAL AND INDEPENDENT PAPER IN CANADA.'—Charlotte P.E.I. 'Patriot.'

'THE MONTREAL "WITNESS" DOES NOTHING SMALL.'—Picton 'Gazette.'

'The Montreal "Witness" is by far THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PAPER in Canada.'—The 'Herald,' Comber, Ont.

'The "Witness" is no doubt THE BEST NEWSPAPER IN CANADA.'—'Northern Advance.'

'The "Witness" has manifested, in an eminent degree, the qualities of COURAGE AND SINCERITY.'—R. L. Borden, Leader of the Conservative Party.

'The "Witness" EXERTS A MOST BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE in the homes and hearts of our people.'—The Late Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada.

'The "Witness" DESERVES THE GOOD WORDS THAT HAVE BEEN SAID OF IT.'—'Christian Guardian.'

Many of our best readers will be interested in the following announcements which speak further of the "Witness" and its allies, the "Northern Messenger" and "Canadian Pictorial."

'The Montreal "Witness" is NEVER INFLUENCED BY MERE PARTY FEELINGS.'—Chatham 'Commercial.'

'The Montreal "Witness" numbers among its clientele THE MOST INDEPENDENT AND THOUGHTFUL READERS in Canada.'—Edmonton 'Bulletin.'

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'The Montreal "Witness" was NEVER BETTER OR MORE USEFUL than it is today.'—Dominion Presbyterian.'

'The "Witness" is ONE OF THE BEST PAPERS PUBLISHED.'—Bowmanville 'Statesman.'

'The "Witness" NEVER FAILS TO COMMAND RESPECT for its fairness and impartiality.'—Sarnia 'Observer.'

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The Canadian Pictorial is by all odds the best illustrated magazine in Canada, and the best on the market for the money. Crowded with exquisite photogravures. Song and Story lend an added charm. To see it is to want it. A pleasure to every member of the household. A source alike of education and entertainment.

The January issue will be a splendid Midwinter Number. Winter sports and outdoor work in snowy weather, etc.

A \$1500.00 prize story and a rollicking old English ballad (words and music complete), form two of the many attractions.

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Canada's national illustrated magazine. Beautiful enamelled paper and best of printing. News pictures, special departments, special features. Song and story add to the interest of this popular monthly. One or two "Old Favorite" Songs (words and music complete), in each issue. Annual subscription includes all special numbers. Must be seen to be appreciated.

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A national newspaper, published in the interests of Canadian people. 24 to 28 pages, including many departments of interest to all parts of the family. Edited by experts. A leader for over 60 years. An absolutely independent, fearless and forceful newspaper, whose articles are quoted by leading papers and statesmen the world over.

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A weekly illustrated paper with an enormous circulation. 12 to 16 pages. Interesting to the whole family. Splendid for Sunday reading. Stories, anecdotes, verses, pictures. Large print section for little folks. A favorite for over 40 years. For size and quality combined, **unequalled for the money.**

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STRATHCONA

ALBERTA

lar flounce at the lower and the bodice is closed at the back where the sash is joined to it.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 4 yards of material 21, 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide with 1 1/4 yards of all-over lace; for the skirt 10 1/2 yards 21, 6 1/2 yards 32 or 4 1/2 yards 44 inches, with 4 1/2 yards each of applique and fringe.

The waist pattern 6181 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 5997 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches bust measure.

The Favorite Gray.

For 16 year size there are 3 patterns, viz.: over-blouse 5931, skirt 6179, guimpe 6166. For the medium size there are two patterns, viz.: blouse 6189, skirt 6169.

Gray is unquestionably the favorite color of the season, but it is shown in so many shades and variations that the fact does not mean monotony. The young girl's dress illustrated is made of one of the lighter dove shades, while the gown worn by the older woman is in the fashionable taupe color. The girl's frock is trimmed with soutache and worn over a guimpe of ivory net and is extremely charming, youthful and attractive in an altogether simple manner. The over-blouse is tucked becomingly and includes narrow open sleeves, while the skirt is made with front gore and circular side and back portions. The guimpe is a very new one that includes long close sleeves and which, in this instance, is trimmed with frills of lace.

For the sixteen-year size will be required, for the over-blouse 1 1/2 yards of material 21, 1/2 yard 32 or 44 inches wide with 5/8 yard of silk for the belt; for the skirt 5 1/2 yards 24, 5 1/2 yards 32 or 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide will be needed and the guimpe will require 1 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide with 1 1/2 yards of net 44 inches wide for the sleeves and facings. The over-blouse pattern 5931, the skirt pattern 6179 and the guimpe pattern 6166 are all cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

The gown to the right is trimmed with bands of satin and made with yoke and under sleeves of lace and is altogether graceful and attractive. This skirt also is made with circular sides and front gore and can be in either round or walking length. The blouse is one of the prettiest, with moderately full sleeves that can be made as illustrated or in three-quarter length as liked, and the latter style is still liked and still worn by many women.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3 yards of material 21, 1 1/4 yards 32 or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of all-over lace 18; for the skirt 7 yards 24 or 32, 4 1/4 yards 44. The blouse pattern 6189 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 6169 is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

Send \$6.50



Receive by mail post-paid this beautiful fall style Shirt Waist suit. The cloth is all wool French Panama. The shades are navy, black, cream, dark green, dark and light brown. The style is the newest fall style, eleven gore, skirt trimmed with a wide bias fold and 10 buttons down centre gore. New French Gibson waist with wide pleat over shoulder, belt with each suit. It is a strikingly handsome and stylish suit, finely made and richly finished and you will be proud to wear one of them. Give bust and waist size and length of skirt in front. We guarantee this suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. **Send \$6.50 To-day.** We return your money if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase. Add 35 cents for postage.

Same suit in fine French Lustre, black, cream, navy, dark green, dark and light brown, \$4.75. Order suit to W6.

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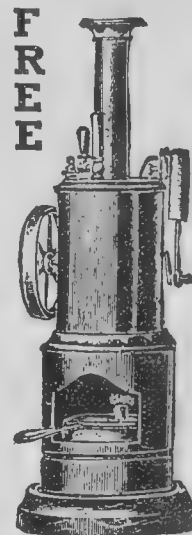
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Our
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Boys, here is a stationary Engine with sheet iron box, polished brass boiler and cylinder, has safety valve and whistle, double wick spirit burner and round base, that runs just like any big engine. It hisses, puffs and whistles, while the fly wheel revolves at a great speed, all complete, for selling only \$3.00 worth of Lovely Picture Post Cards. They just go like hot cakes. Send your name and address

and we will mail you the Post Cards to sell at only 6 for 10 cents. Write to-day. A postcard will do.

THE RELIABLE PREMIUM CO.

Dept. E1 Waterloo, Ont.

(References Molsons Bank)

WHY GO TO COLLEGE TO LEARN BOOK-KEEPING when I will make a first-class BOOK-KEEPER OF YOU AT YOUR OWN HOME in Six Weeks for \$3 or Refund Money? Fair enough? Distance and experience immaterial. I find positions, too, everywhere. Free. Placed pupil Oct. 23 at \$50 weekly. Perhaps I can place YOU, too! I have 9,426 testimonials. Save this and write. J. H. GOODWIN, Expert Accountant, Room 607, 15 Broadway, New York.

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Eight different Valentine post cards, all beautifully designed in colors and gold, sent post paid for 10c. stamps or coin. Sixteen different 20c. Forty-five different 50c. Write for price list.

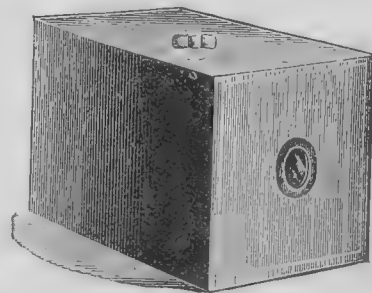
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THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your subscription expires.

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CAMERA GIVEN FREE

Boys and girls:—Here is your chance to get this Brownie Camera, 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 Picture, 6 Exposures, FREE, for selling only \$3.60 worth of our lovely Picture Post Cards. The fastest sellers out; six cards for 10c. Send us your name and address plainly written to-day. A postal will do. **THE RELIABLE PREMIUM CO., Dept. E3, Waterloo, Ont.**

Don't Throw it Away
Or Hot Water Bag Leak?
USE **MENDETS**
PATENT PATCH
They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Collingwood, Ont.

NO MORE WRINKLES

SCRANTON WOMAN MAKES REMARKABLE DISCOVERY THAT PROVES TO BE A GREAT AID TO BEAUTY

Broad Minded and Liberal, She Offers to Give Particulars to All Who Write. Absolutely Free.



Della Ellison, of Scranton, Pa., seems to be the woman whose name shall go down in history as the discoverer of the true secret of beauty. For centuries past women have realized that wrinkles not only made them look much older than they were, but were also the destroyer of their beauty, and with ceaseless efforts they have sought to stay the hand of time, which robbed them of this most valuable charm.

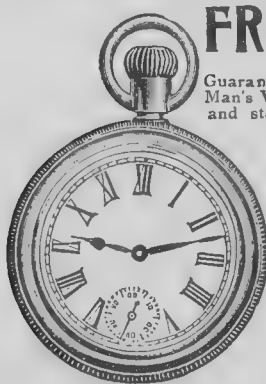
Knowing that the homely woman with deep lines and furrows must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better looking sister, many resorted to annoying and even dangerous experiments trying to regain their former youthful appearance. This new discovery, however, will do away with all these rash measures, as the treatment is harmless and simple. It is said that, aside from banishing wrinkles from one to three nights, it is a great aid to beauty, making the skin soft and velvety and beautifying the complexion. Many who have followed Miss Ellison's advice look from five to twenty years younger, and, judging by the number of replies she is receiving daily, people are not slow at taking advantage of her generous offer.

It comes as a surprise that the discovery should be made by a modest little woman in Scranton, when our large cities are full of beauty doctors and specialists who have sought in vain for a treatment that would turn back the clock of time and place the imprint of youth on the fast-fleeting footsteps of age, but far more surprising is the fact that she is to remain where she is.

In speaking of the discovery she said: "Yes, I know there would be many advantages in my going to some of the larger cities, but I have made arrangements to give particulars of my treatment free to all who write me, so that the women in every city and town may have the benefits of my discovery."

This statement shows that she is both broad-minded and generous, and all who wish to banish their wrinkles and improve their complexion should write her at once. Her address is: DELLA ELLISON, 338 Burr Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Just state that you wish particulars of her discovery and she will send them in sealed envelope, free of charge.



FREE FOR SELLING PICTURE POST CARDS

Guaranteed Silver Nickel Man's Watch, stem wind and stem set. For selling only \$3 worth of the grandest post cards ever seen—views of places all over the world; six cards for only 10c. They go very fast. Send us your name and address plainly written to-day. A post card will do. The Reliable Premium Co., Dept. 32 Waterloo, Ont.

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Round the Evening Lamp.

- No. 1.—Geographical Syncopations.
1. Syncopate a city in Maine, and leave a city in Kansas.
 2. A town in New Hampshire, and leave a town in Pennsylvania.
 3. One of the United States, and leave a county in Texas.
 4. A town in Rhode Island, and leave a town in Maine.
 5. A town in Massachusetts, and leave a town in Minnesota.
 6. A town in Georgia, and leave a county in Nebraska.

No. 2.—PROBLEM.

If a brick balances with three-quarters of a brick and three-quarters of a pound, how much does the brick weigh?

No. 3.—Hidden People We Daily Meet.

1. O, how I do want some new books!
2. Cousin Caleb rides a bicycle.
3. My love I call a darling.
4. Virgil assists me in writing.
5. An enigma I delight in solving.
6. Delia reads after going to bed.
7. My dog, "Watch" eats woodchucks.
8. I saw Arvilla in town yesterday.
9. An electric machine they call a dynamo.
10. Some have a queer idea concerning heaven.
11. It is only a short distance from Exeter to Nashua.
12. The noon repast or dinner is now ready.



Why is part of this picture gone?

No. 5.—LADDER.

- Uprights:
1. A well known writer for boys.
 2. A noted author of fiction.
- Round from bottom:
1. To hurl.
 2. Open to view.
 3. A governor.
 4. To counsel.
 5. To connect.
 6. A town in Bedford county, Virginia.
 7. Empty.
 8. Earnest.
 9. Uncommon.

No. 8.—OLD STYLE CONUNDRUM.

Why did the Highlanders do most execution at Waterloo?

No. 9.—Connected Word Squares.



Upper Left: 1. A fish. 2. To sharpen. 3. A girl's name. 4. A darling. Upper Right: 1. Most good. 2. To repeat. 3. A part of the leg. 4. Accent. Centre: 1. A pause. 2. A vessel for water. 3. Dry. 4. An allowance for waste. Lower Left: 1. Final. 2. High. 3. To overcome. 4. A simpleton. Lower Right: 1. To fatigue. 2. The rainbow. 3. A city in Russia. 4. A man's name.

No. 10.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

The problem is to find for each sentence a different word, as foundation word, and with it to fill one of the single blanks; the letters of this word must then be transposed, in such a way as to fill the remaining blank, or pair of blanks, each blank or pair of blanks being filled with a different re-arrangement of the letters. Each completed sentence must make sense.

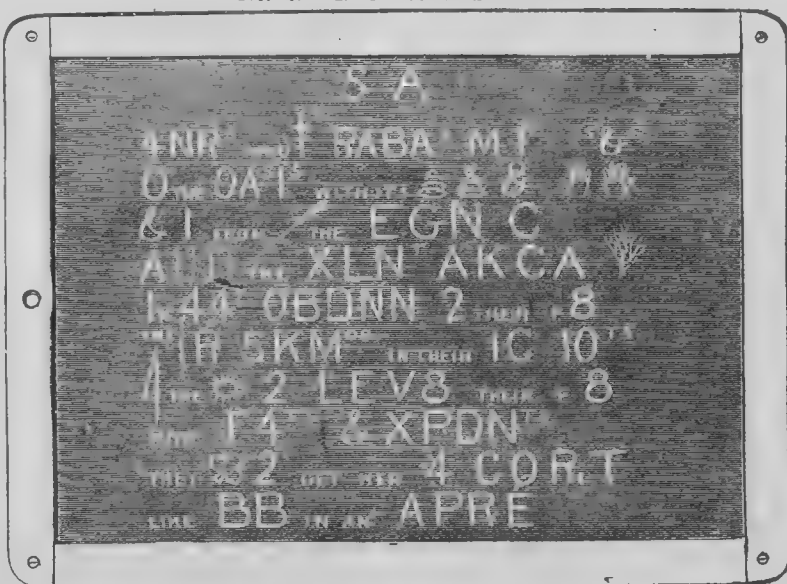
1. The — road is not always the —
2. The lad remained —, and, working always for the interest of his employer, he not only — through the whole term of his apprenticeship, but at last became a partner in the firm.
3. His enemy, thinking him really dead, cried out, "He — in the grasp of his last foe!" Then he placed the hero on his — to have him carried off. But, in an unguarded moment, — from it, plunged into a thicket, — horse out and rode unharmed away.
4. I hope such wilted slips will not be allowed to — the use of —.

Answers to Puzzles in December Number.

- No. 1. Christmas Anagram.—Myrrh, I come, Star, Stall. Merry Christmas to all.
- No. 2. Ten Ages.—1. Carnage. 2. Manage. 3. Homage. 4. Adage. 5. Damage. 6. Assuage. 7. Ccurage. 8. Savage. 9. Bandage. 10. Usage.
- No. 3. Hidden Proverbs.—One may live and learn.
- No. 4. Names of Authors.—1. Shelley. 2. Carlyle (Cal-isle). 3. Goldsmith. 4. Ruskin. 5. Thackeray (T-hack-e-ray). 6. Charles Reade. 7. Sterne (stern of the ship). 8. Coleridge. 9. Haggard.
- No. 5. Riddle.—Match-safe.
- No. 6. Word Square.—

NESTOR
EUNICE
SNIPES
TIPPLE
OCELOT
RESETS

No. 6.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



A Schoolboy, for home work, was told to bring an essay on the geography the class had gone through in the past month. Being weak in spelling, the boy chose an advanced phonetic style of his own with the above result.

No. 7.—DIFFERENT AGES.

1. An age of light or playful discourse.
2. An age to foretell.
3. An age of union.
4. An age of optical illusion.
5. An age to encounter.
6. An age of cultivation.
7. An age to exasperate.
8. An age of transit.
9. An age of communication.
10. An age of childishness.
11. An age of inaction.
12. A neighborhood age.

- No. 7. Transpositions.—Wren, 1. top-Newport. 2. Mat, coop—Potomac. 3. Lime, bug—Belgium.
- No. 8.—Christmas Dinner.—1. Turkey. 2. Ham. 3. Parsley. 4. Potato. 5. Sweet Potato. 6. Sauce. 7. Bread. 8. Game. 9. Pears. 10. Salad-in. 11. Pie (Pumpkin, mince). 12. Cheese. 13. Tarts. 14. Apples. 15. Kernels of nuts. 16. Grape in the form of raisins.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the February number of the Western Home Monthly.

FAMOUS

Astrologer Offers Free Reading.

Men and Women from All Parts of the World Seek his Advice about Love Affairs, Business, Health, Journeys, Marriage, Legacies, Changes, Speculation, Etc.



From the great city of New York, where scientists and investigators are eagerly watching the progress of inventions and spending millions of dollars in the perfection of methods by which the masses may be benefited, comes the startling announcement that Albert H. Postel, the great Astrologer, has perfected a system by which he can foretell the principal events of a life, forewarn people of danger, point out the road to success and explain the cause of failure in so many lives.

Mr. Postel says that he can explain why your enemies are, tell you those persons in whom you can place confidence and from whom you may expect favors, name your lucky days, tell you what pitfalls to avoid, what opportunities to grasp, advise you about your business and how to improve your condition physically, financially and socially. His method is unlike that of any other astrologer, and from the expressions of gratitude contained in the many thankful letters from his patrons, it is evident that much good is being accomplished by his work. The following are samples of the letters received by Mr. Postel, and go far toward showing that his Life Horoscopes are not only accurate, but are prepared with a view to guiding and benefiting those who apply to him for counsel.

Effa M. Tryon writes: "You are certainly the most wonderful astrologer living. Every one of your predictions came true."

Mr. Broad, real estate agent of Brandon, Can., in a recent letter to Mr. Postel, says: "My horoscope is the best instrument of guidance that I have ever had put in my hands. I would not take a hundred dollars for the information you have given me."

Another letter, from Miss Bergliot Horne, reads as follows: "I followed your advice and succeeded in securing a position at a much higher salary than I anticipated. I consider the horoscope worth hundreds of dollars to me."

Charts and dials of strange design surround Mr. Postel in his daily work of answering the correspondents and sending readings to people in all parts of the world. From a glance at his features 'tis clear to be seen that he is a man who has a kindly feeling toward humanity, and his manner and conversation tend to prove that he is sincere in his desire to be of real benefit to his clients.

Readers of this paper can obtain a reading free of charge by addressing a letter to Albert H. Postel, Dept. 1391, No. 126 West 34th St., New York, N. Y. Simply say you wish a reading of your life, and be sure to state your birth date, sex and whether married or single. If you wish you can inclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage and clerical work, and the reading, also a copy of Mr. Postel's interesting book, "Your Destiny Foretold," will be promptly sent. Tell your friends to send for a reading also.

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich



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Sending Money
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The BEST and CHEAPEST system for
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For full information and rates call on local
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OLD COUNTRY DOMESTICS FOR THE WEST.

The Woman's Domestic Guild, with headquarters at 71 Drummond St., Montreal, has been doing a splendid work in bringing out trained domestic servants from England, Ireland and Scotland, and placing them, where they are so badly needed, in Canadian homes. Since the first of the year they have placed considerably over a thousand.

The girls come out about every two weeks in parties which include housemaids, cooks, nurses, generals, and country girls for farm work. By writing the Guild from any part of Canada, advancing \$40 for passage money, and in addition sufficient to pay travelling expenses from Montreal, one can secure, promptly, a good servant of any class. The money advanced applies on her wages, and the greatest care is used in selecting a suitable maid for each position.

Work for Busy Fingers.

Filet Lace.

This very fashionable lace is quite easily made, and if the machine-made net be substituted for the hand-made variety, it can be done quickly. Many ladies will, doubtless, prefer to have the real lace all through, and it must be said that the hand-made net will stand any amount of pulling at the knotted parts, which the machine-made net will not. The latter is, however, durable, and will bear washing very well. There is this difference also, the hand-made net requires no other edge than the double row of thread formed in making it. The other must be over-

binations and variations, also button-hole stitch.

Figure 1 shows "Point de Reprise" stitch, which is simply darning in and out through any number of meshes, until each is filled in as closely as possible.

Figure 3—"The Cloth stitch" is the Point d'esprit worked both ways—that is, along the mesh or meshes, and then across, putting the needle under every alternate thread, as shown in the illustration.

Leaves and flowers are mostly made in this stitch, and it can be worked as open or as close as fancy dictates. They may then be outlined in Point de

Weakness and Debility

are generally caused by the poor or vicious atmosphere of the city, or by overwork, bad food, abuses, etc. Those dreadful diseases attack both sexes at different stages of life. But fortunately, nature has provided an infallible remedy to cure those diseases which are caused by poverty of blood

VIN ST. MICHEL

(St. Michael's Wine)

contains all the elements necessary for rebuilding an impaired constitution, strengthening the tissues, giving to the bones the necessary substance, and purifying and enriching the blood which is the source of life. St. Michael's Wine is perfect in the make up; it agrees with the most delicate stomach. St. Michael's Wine means health, strength and life.



Boivin Wilson & Co.,

Montreal,

Sole Agents for America.

Eastern Drug Co., Boston, U. S. A.,

Agents for the United States.

5

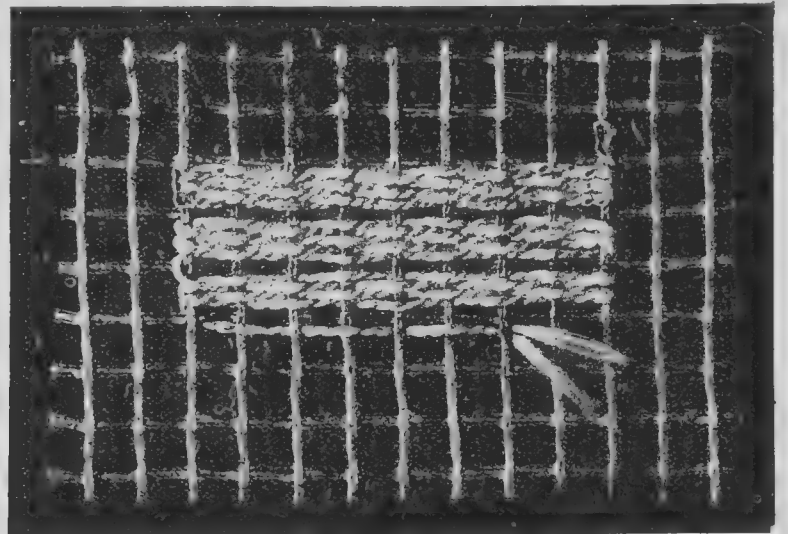


FIGURE 1

cast along the cut edge, and then finished with buttonhole or other lace stitches.

Ladies who can do ordinary netting, and wish to make a narrow strip suitable for embroidering, must begin with two stitches on the stirrup, turn and work one stitch into the first loop, and two into the second, and continue working the rows, putting two stitches into the last stitch of every row until a sufficient number be made, then increase one, and diminish one, alternately, at

Reprise, generally with a coarser or contrasting thread.

Figure 2 shows how to arrange the edge. In the machine-made net the edge must be first overcast, using a stout thread, and if a heavy border be liked this must be done two or three times, one over the other, and then over this edge is worked a row of button-hole stitch, with or without picots.

In a fancy edge, mitred or vandyked, the shape must be traced by running the thread through the meshes all

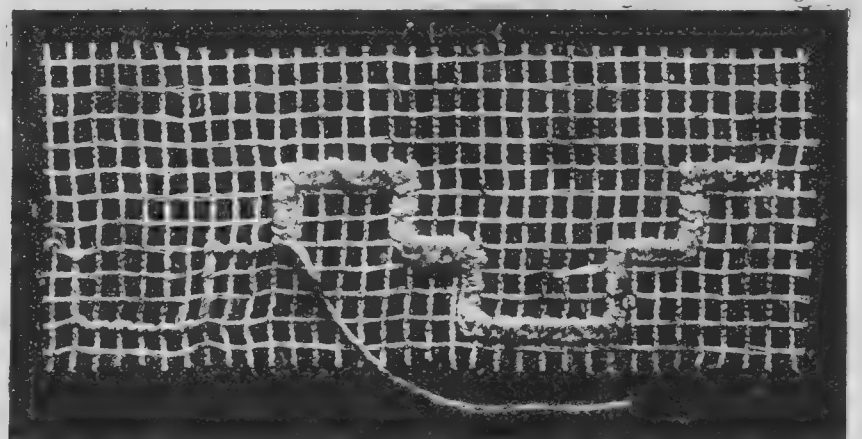


FIGURE 2

the end of every row. Tie a colored thread at one side, to mark whether increase or decrease, as it is important that the increase be at one side only, and the decrease at the other, otherwise the meshes will not be straight.

The principal stitches used are familiar to those who are acquainted with darning on net, such as the stitch known as "Point de Reprise," Cloth stitch, Point d'esprit, and their com-

around, and then this "shaping thread" is overcast, taking in the mesh outside it all round. The buttonholing must be worked before the machine-made net is cut away, otherwise the meshes would get pulled out of shape, but as there is no fear of this in the hand-made variety it will be found quicker and easier to cut away the superfluous net after removing the work from the frame, and completing the buttonholing off the frame.

Any thread liked can be used for this net, either cotton, linen or silk. Very fine cords, and braids in silk, as well as a beautiful variety of floss known as "vegetable silk" are also employed for working on the net.

The large illustration at the beginning of this article shows a design suitable for insertion, worked principally in Point de Reprise, with a little cloth stitch. By repeating the rows a pretty all-over lace may be made, suitable for waists, etc.

Next month we will illustrate a very pretty stock collar of Filet lace which will be easy for anyone to make. Such collars are now very fashionable.

Three Effective Cushions.

First the long square-cornered pin cushion is made of two pieces of coarse cream-colored scrim, hemmed upon the edge with hemstitching an eighth of an inch wide above a hem, an inch

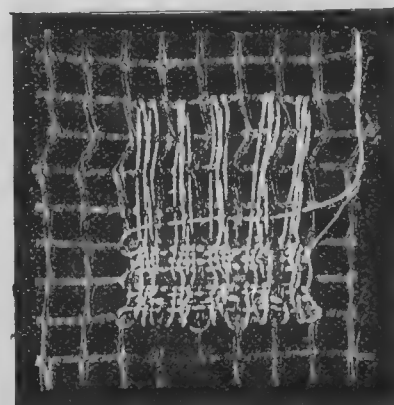


FIGURE 3

wide. The top is worked in a cross stitch design and rose-colored silk, and rose-colored baby ribbon is laced through the hemstitching on the edges of the cushion and tied to the corners in full bows. Then the two strips of scrim are laid over and under a long narrow pin cushion covered with rose-colored material of any sort, and then they are laced together with ribbons which can be taken out when the covers need washing. The second cushion is round. A circle of white satin is covered with a large-meshed net made of lace stitches in green silk. In the centre is worked a big flower in shades of green, with yellow centre and stamens. A green silk flounce, pinked around the edges and covered with a ruffle of cream-colored lace, is sewed to the cushion top, and then lace beading is sewed over the seam at the top of the flounce run through with green satin ribbon tied in bows at each of the four corners.

The third cushion is square. Over a square top of yellow satin is stretched one of white lawn, covered with a very open lattice worked in yellow silk in long stitches, with the inter-sections of the lattice worked over with polka dots of gold silk.

A pleated flounce may be made of Swiss or tartan trimmed before pleated with several rows of baby satin ribbon. This flounce is sewed above one of yellow taffeta pinked on the edges, and with lace beading over the seam connecting cushion top and flounces. Through this beading ribbon is run and tied in each corner in bows.

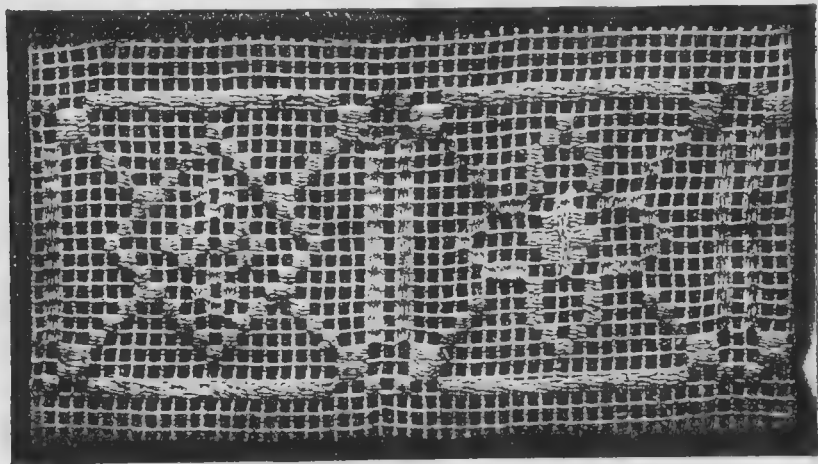
Silkateen Baby Shirt.

Two balls silkateen. Two coarsest steel or finest bone or rubber needles. Cast on 112 stitches.

One round plain, then purl 4 rounds. 5th Round—Narrow 2, 1 plain; widen 4, knit 1 plain, narrow 4, 1 plain; repeat to end of needle and narrow last 2.

6th Round—Plain. Repeat fifth and sixth rounds 8 times. Purl 4 rounds.

Repeat fifth and sixth rounds 8 times.



DESIGN FOR INSERTION

This makes 3 rows of the pattern, which finishes the bottom of shirt.

Work 2 plain, purl 2, alternately for 48 rows.

49th Round—Narrow, over; all across.

50th Round—Plain and bind off. This is one-half; knit another half.

Sleeve: Cast on 56 stitches. Knit 1 row of pattern like bottom of shirt, then 2 purl, 2 plain for 8 rounds.

9th Round—Narrow, over, 10 plain; bind off.

Gusset for Sleeve: Cast on 24 stitches. Knit 2 rounds plain, 2 rounds purl for 24 rounds, then bind off.

Sew your gusset and sleeve together, then sew sleeve to the body of the shirt, leaving one-third of sleeve above top of the body, then sew shirt together. Finish neck with row of holes finished off with shell in crochet. Ribbon.

Crocheted Golf Vest.

Materials. — Two skeins of Scotch wool, one roll of braid for binding, one-fourth of a yard of silk for facing the fronts, ten small brass buttons, two balls of crochet silk for working, and one-fourth of a yard of broad crinkle-edge elastic, one long crochet-hook about the size of a No. 13 bone knitting needle, one spool of twist.

Chain 35 stitches, turn, and putting the needle into the 2nd st., put wool over and draw it through the st. Keeping the st. on the needle, continue to the end of the ch. until there are 34 stitches on the needle. Now put the wool over and draw back through 1st. Put wool over and draw back through st. just formed and the one next on the needle. Continue to the end of the row. This makes the regular afghan stitch with which most persons are familiar. It will be seen that to make one complete rib requires crocheting twice across, so, to simplify the directions, we will speak of narrowing and widening by ribs rather than rows. Having started with 34 stitches on

the needle and crocheting twice across to form one rib, now widen every second rib at each end for four times. This gives 8 ribs. Make 22 ribs without widening. Now widen 1st at both ends of rib every 3rd rib for 4 times. Crochet 27 ribs straight. This brings the work to the shoulder.

Take one-third of the stitches for one shoulder, bind off one-third for the neck, and crochet on the next third for the other shoulder. Crochet 8 ribs straight, then widen on the front edge every 3rd rib 1st for 5 times. Now widen both front and back edges 1st, every other rib 7 times, on 14 ribs. Make a ch. of 12 sts. on the back edge and take up 10 stitches as at the beginning of the work. This gives the under arm extension. Widen every rib on the front edge for 18 ribs, crocheting straight on the back. Make 1 rib without widening. Then on the edge of the right side of the vest, after crocheting the first 2 stitches, make a ch. of 2 sts. between the 2nd and 3rd sts., to make a little opening for the buttonholes.

Narrow on the front edge 1st every 3rd rib and make ch. for the buttonhole after every 6th rib. Do this for 22 ribs. Now bind off 21 sts. from the under-arm seam, and beginning to crochet from the 22nd st. narrow 1 on the front of every 3rd rib, crochet back to within 1st of the back edge of the rib. Do this for 6 ribs, remembering to make the buttonhole where it should come in reference to the others. Bind off. This completes the front. Take up stitches on the opposite shoulder and crochet the other front to correspond. Sew up the vest at the under-arm seams. Work stars all over the knitting set. Two cross stitches of black and two of yellow make a pretty combination. Under the buttonhole place a narrow stay of muslin. Bind front and armholes. Finish with two rows of buttons.

Roman Scarf Shawl.

Shetland floss, 3 skeins cream white, 2 skeins corn color, 4 skeins blue, 3

skeins pink. Work loosely, using No. 9 bone or rubber knitting needles.

Wind the color you are using very loosely and softly in two balls, then work with an end from each.

With white cast on 100 stitches, and knit 2 plain rows which makes one purl. (All plain knitting); 1 pure white, 1 of blue, 1 of pink, 1 of blue, 1 of corn color, 1 of pink, 1 of cream white, 13 purls of blue, 1 of white, 1 of pink, 1 of blue, 1 of corn color, 1 of white, 13 of blue, 1 of white, 1 of pink, 1 of blue, 1 of corn color, 1 of pink, one of white, 17 of pink, 1 of white, one of blue, 1 pink, 1 blue, 1 corn color, 1 pink, 1 white, 1 blue, 13 of white, 1 blue, 1 corn color, 1 pink, 17 of corn color (always turn across for a purl).

The corn color is in the centre of the shawl. Reverse the directions for second half and bind off. Knot in a fringe of the various colors.

When sewing, if you want a fresh piece of cotton, thread your needle before cutting from the spool and begin working at the end just severed. You will then use the thread the right way, and it will not be continually getting into knots.

Rice Cake.—"J. T." writes: I send my recipe for rice cake, which I make every week. It is a very nice cake. Ingredients: Six ounces fresh butter, six ounces fine sugar, one-half pound flour, one-half pound ground rice, one-half ounce baking powder, four eggs, one egg of milk. Beat butter to a cream. Beat eggs well, and stir into butter, next the milk. Mix the flour, sugar, rice and baking powder together, and stir into the eggs and milk. Don't open the oven door for half an hour. Bake one hour.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.



RED CROSS GIN

is superior to imported Gins, because, before being sold, it is aged for years in bonded warehouses under Government supervision.

"It is the only Gin which is guaranteed by the Government."

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.



I am a woman.
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I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 26, WINDSOR, Ont.

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and Almanac for 1909 contains 220 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Price only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 781, FREEPORT, ILL.

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TORONTO.

Among the Flowers.

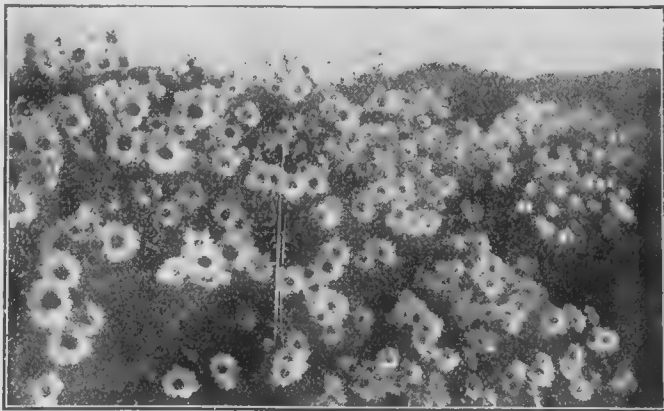
By D. W. Buchanan, Director Luchanan Nursery Co., St. Charles, Man.

The short summer season in Manitoba is regarded by many persons as a detriment to the outdoor cultivation of flowers. Possibly to some extent it is. Species and varieties which require a long season to develop their bloom are, of course, not desirable for this climate. It is discouraging to have the plants cut down by the early autumn frosts just as they are commencing to display their glories. This, however, is not a good reason for neglecting the flower garden, and whether in city or country, or suburban home, a nice flower garden adds an appearance of refinement and taste to the situation and gives pleas-

ure not only to the residents and their visitors, but also to the citizen who passes along the street or road in proximity thereto. Everyone who has a piece of ground should cultivate some flowers. In Winnipeg recently a society has been formed to encourage home gardening. The improvement and beautifying of the home surroundings is a worthy object, and the success of this society is greatly to be desired. A vast improvement could be made in some parts of the city by a little attention to the home garden. And what is true of

what to plant will overcome the discouragements often felt on this account. By selecting hardy, early-blooming plants, and also plants that will continue to thrive and bloom unchecked by the early fall frosts, we can prolong the season of bloom from April until well on to the first of November, giving us six months of bloom. This is a sufficiently long season to render it well worth while striving to have a good flower garden.

Flower gardening may be divided for convenience into three classes. First, we have the annual flowers, some varieties of which are grown from seed



Pyrethrum Ulignosum

Then we have the "bedding" style of gardening, which is followed in parks and city gardens, and which consists largely in the planting out of tender species, in masses or ribbons, or in various designs. The season is, of course, well advanced before the bed-

ding plants are put out, and as many of them will succumb to the first frost, if not taken in, the season for bloom or foliage effect is greatly reduced.

Thirdly, we have the hardy perennial flower garden. These beautiful and hardy plants are rapidly coming into public favor again. For a considerable time they have been neglected, owing to the preference given to bedding plants.

The perennial garden, or old-fashioned flower garden, as it is sometimes called, affords the longest season of bloom, therefore these rugged plants



Boltonia Asteroides.

Winnipeg is true of every other western town and city.

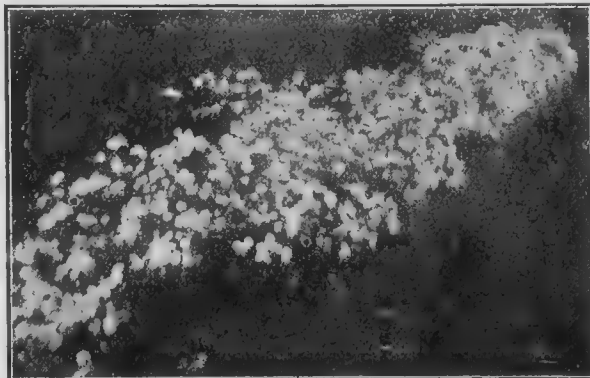
Nor should the farmer be overlooked in our efforts to encourage a taste for gardening. The farmer is, of course, a busy man in the summer season in this country, but a little time given to the flower garden will add greatly to the appearance of the farm home and give pleasure to the farmer and his household.

As regards our short season and the destruction of plants by autumn frosts before they have come into bloom, it may be said that a little knowledge of

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Achillea Ptarmica.

appear the best adapted to a country having a short summer season. By a judicious selection of varieties, abundance of bloom can be had from early spring until late autumn. Their ease of cultivation and hardiness adapts them particularly to the farmer's garden. In point of beauty, they are scarcely equalled by either the annuals or the bedding plants. Compare the superb peonies, for instance, with the common looking geraniums and some of the other plants which are largely used in bedding. The hardy perennials include those plants which die down and remain dormant during the winter, springing into life again with the passing away of winter, consequently it is not necessary to replant every season, as it is with the annuals and the bedding plants. A great many species and varieties of perennial flowers are quite hardy in Manitoba, and when these flowers become better known, they will be found wherever culture and taste dictates the use of flowers. The blooming season of some of these plants is quite remarkable, extending even into months.

Last summer (season 1902) I kept a record of the date of coming into bloom of a number of the hardy perennial flowers growing in the grounds of the Buchanan Nursery Co. at St. Charles, Man. In making a selection of flowering plants, it is very necessary to know the season of bloom of each kind, so as to provide for a succession of bloom throughout the season. This record may serve as a guide to those who contemplate planting and I will therefore give it.

Name of Variety.	First observed in bloom.
Scilla sibirica	April 30
Pansies	April 24
Tulips	May 3
Iceland Poppies	May 15
Bleeding Heart	May 23
Alyssum saxatile	May 23
Myosotis (Forget-me-not)	May 23
Lily of the Valley	May 22
Sweet Rocket	June 3
Aquilegia (Columbine) various kinds	June 4 to 10
Iris, Siberian White	June 6
Phlox subulata (Moss Pink)	June 1
Dielytra exima (Dwarf Bleeding Heart)	May 29
Ranunculus acris (Bachelor Button)	June 1
Iris, German, various varieties	June 8 to 20
Pyrethrum (Painted Daisies)	June 10
Armeria maritima	June 10
Lemon Lilly	June 14
Geranium sanguineum	June 15
Oriental Poppy	June 19
Delphinium formosum (Larkspur)	June 19
Sweet William	June 20
Fraxinella (Gas Plant)	June 20
Pinks, various varieties	June 15 to 22
Peonies, various varieties	June 17 to July 10
Lychnis (Scarlet likeness)	June 24
Tradescantia	June 25
Achillea ptarmica	June 26
Spiraea Philadelphica	June 25
Iris, Siberian, blue	June 27
Gaillardia	June 23
Scabiosa	June 27
Coreopsis	July 4
Larkspur dwarf (Delphinium)	July 3
Spiraea ulmaria	July 8
Shasta Daisy	July 17
Golden Glow	July 20
Clematis recta	July 14
Clematis rusticifolia	July 16
Phlox decussata, various varieties	July 20 to Aug. 10
Tiger Lilies	Aug. 6
Boltonia asteroides	Sept. 1
Pyrethrum uliginosum (Autumn daisy)	Sept. 1
Helianthus (Sunflower)	Sept. 1
Funkia (Plantain Lily)	Sept. 1

This is by no means a complete list, but it includes many good ones. The illustrations given herewith are exact copies of photographs taken in the grounds of the Buchanan Nursery Co., at St. Charles, Man., last summer. No. 1 shows the Autumn Daisy (Pyrethrum uliginosum) as it appeared late in October, after being in bloom about six weeks. No. 2 shows the Boltonia asteroides, a small, aster-like flower which, like the daisy, seems to thrive in the frosty fall season. No. 3 is the Achillea ptarmica or Bridal Wreath, a pretty little recumbent plant which presents a great mass of white bloom for two months, June to late August.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

The Alberta Conference of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be held in Edmonton from Feb. 18 to 21 inclusive, 1903. This will be the second annual conference to be held in Alberta; the first was held in Calgary last February and was very successful. The local Chapters having assumed the responsibility for the success of this forthcoming conference, are now issuing preliminary notices to all Chapters in the Province; and will be glad to hear from anyone interested. All communications, whether containing suggestions or inquiries will be gratefully received by the secretary, R. S. Young, Imperial Bank, Edmonton.

It is hoped that all interested in Brotherhood work will take an active part in insuring the success of the conference, and that all Chapters in the Diocese will be well represented.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

"THE ACME" PARING AND SLICING KNIFE

The greatest kitchen work-saver known.

Made from high grade cutlery steel.

3 cutting edges; polished steel finish, Rubberoid (waterproof) Handles



Note v-shaped blade for "eyeing" a potato or coring an apple. One person using an "Acme" can do more work and better work, than 3 persons using ordinary knife. Send now. Price by mail 20 cents.

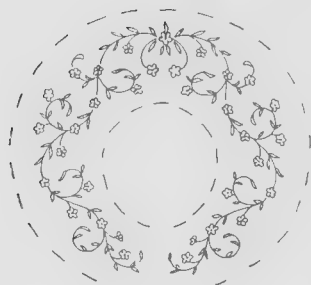
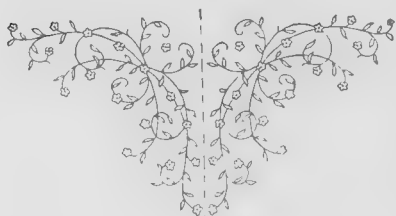
W. F. CANAVAN, 13 ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL

Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidery by simply following the directions given below.

This trimming for a baby's jacket should be worked with the solid stitch. The circular spray is for the collar and the two right angular pieces for the lower corners.

Baby's Coat Design.



Pattern No. 60.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

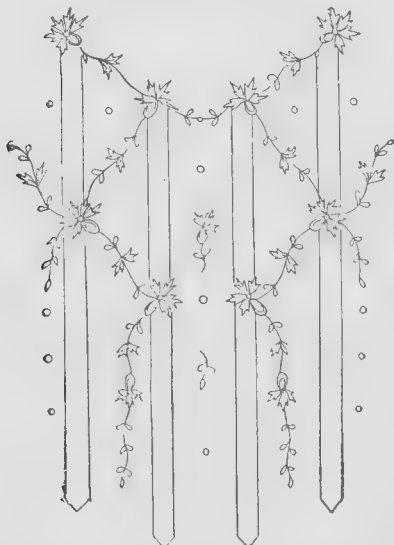
Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon, as you will notice if you occasionally raise the paper by one corner.

Address Western Home Monthly, Embroidery Department, Winnipeg.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidery by simply following the directions given below.

This design makes a very attractive waist and at the same time is little work. The petals may be worked solid or with outlined stitch. The space between the lines is for lace insertion. The collar and cuffs should be made of rows of the same insertion.

Shirtwaist Design.



Pattern No. 57.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

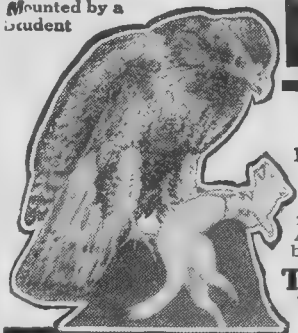
When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon, as you will notice if you occasionally raise the paper by one corner.

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FREE for a limited time only, our beautiful Illustrated Book on Taxidermy. Sample Copy of the TAXIDERMY MAGAZINE, Sample Diploma and full information how we teach this fascinating art by mail. **POST YOURSELF** on this wonderful opportunity. Your name and address on a postal will do but send for the free books at once. Don't delay—send right now, today.

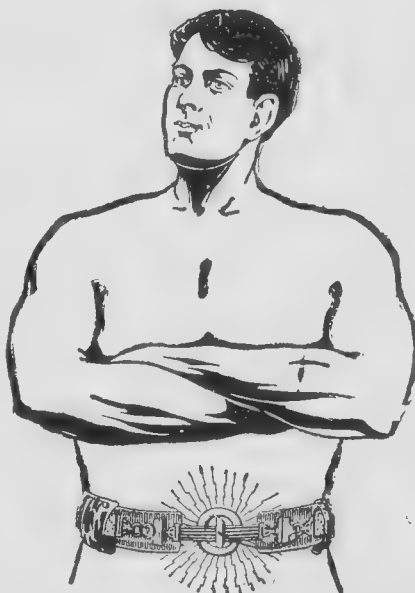
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Free Until Cured

The Dr. Sanden Electric Belt gives New Strength and Vigor to Men and I Ask no Pay Until Cured



The highest mental and moral development, the greatest possible success in life, either financially or otherwise, can best be attained when the organs of the body are in a normal state of health—when the ambitions and efforts are backed by rugged, manly vigor.

The man who is weak, who lacks nerve force and energy, is certainly handicapped to a greater or less degree in every undertaking where a clear brain and an abundant reserve fund of nervous energy and vitality are essential—and these qualities are required at the present day more than ever before.

I have devoted my entire life to the minute study of the causes and effects of nervous debility, and those weaknesses of men which sap the vital energy. In nearly every case the trouble can be traced to some tax on the nervous system in former years, such as overwork, hard study, dissipation, indiscretions, etc., for all these things lower the vital forces and rob the constitution, and what is still more unfortunate, they generally do so at that period of life when youth is merging into manhood, when Nature should be most assisted in her work of perfect development.

DON'T USE DRUGS

It is in correcting the consequences of these unfortunate mistakes that the properly applied current of Galvanic Electricity gives the best obtainable results, because science tells us that electricity and nerve force are one and the same thing. I apply it through the famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with Suspensory Attachment. It is worn about the body at night only, and gives new life and energy to every weakened organ, curing while you sleep.

My plan of selling my appliances should meet with the approval of every fair-minded man. It is not necessary to pay in advance, or even to pay a deposit. You can make arrangements to get a Belt suited to the requirements of your case, on trial, not to be paid for until you are cured, and I only charge the regular list price—in some cases only \$5.00. If you are not satisfied with the results, you can send the Belt back to me, and that ends the transaction. Isn't that a fair offer?

If you are weak and nervous; if you lack confidence and ambition: if you are easily discouraged and depressed, if you are not the man you ought to be, you need Electricity. Your nerves are craving for it just as the growing fields crave sunshine and warmth. In the great and sublime effort nature is making to restore your strength, she needs some aid. Will you assist her? You can if you will.

MY BOOK IS GIVEN FREE TO ALL WHO CALL OR WRITE.

This book, profusely illustrated, contains valuable advice for men, and outlines the proper course to pursue for the greatest possible development of the physical and mental powers. Write or call for it to-day. It is sent free, sealed, by mail.

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What Medical Skill Could Not Do
Was Accomplished with

Burdock Blood Bitters.

If you are troubled with Headache do not hesitate to use B.B.B. It is no new product, of unknown value, but has an established reputation.

COULD NOT WORK.

Miss Murial Wright, Muniac, N.B., writes: "I was sick and run down, would have Headaches, a bitter taste in my mouth, floating specks before my eyes and pains in my back. I was not able to do any house work at all and could not sleep at night. Several doctors doctored me but I saw I was getting no help, and on the advice of a friend I got three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and they effected a complete cure."

YOUR DANGER BEGINS WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES.

It is the First and the Sure Sign of
Kidney Disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills

cure the aching back by curing the aching kidneys beneath—for it is really the kidneys aching and not the back.

They act directly on the kidneys and make them strong and healthy, thereby causing pure blood to circulate throughout the whole system.

Mrs. Frank Foos, Woodside, N.B., writes:—"I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and now I do not feel any pain whatever, and can eat and sleep well; something I could not do before."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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21, 22, 23 and 24, 1909, good to re-
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The Home Doctor.

A Valuable Baby.

She isn't worth a fortune and she hasn't any stocks,
Her wealth is all in little shoes and pinafores and frocks,
In little rings of curling hair and big blue, laughing eyes,
In leaves and grass and buds and flowers and bees and butterflies.
But when she comes in tired from play and crawls up on my knee
She's worth a hundred millions to her mother and to me.

She sits among her dolls and toys and doesn't seem to care
If wealth is all in rosy cheeks and locks of curly hair.

She toddles up to me and like an artful fairy clips
A coupon bearing love from off the sweetness of her lips.
And when she puts her arms around my neck and goes in glee,
She's worth uncanted millions to her mother and to me.

And when she's in her crib at night and daintily tucked in
The wealth of Croesus couldn't buy the dimple in her chin.

And as she blinks her roughish eyes to play at peek-a-boo,
She chuckles me a fortune with each archly spoken goo.

And though she has no fortune, I am sure you will agree,
She's worth a fortune, more than money, to her mother and to me.

J. W. Floey.

Physical Culture.

By Prof. S. J. Simon.

For the last quarter of a century there have been evolved systems of exercise, good, bad and indifferent, intended to better the muscular condition of man, but their efficacy has been but slight, owing to the fact that their formulation was not based entirely upon correct scientific principles. Exercise of the muscles, pure and simple, is not sufficient; the exercise must be properly done, and this proper and scientifically correct system of exercise of the body is—Physical Culture. It can be regarded as an axiom that excess of fat upon the human frame is as unnatural as leanness. That both of these conditions can be corrected by properly systematized physical culture there is now no doubt. During the study of this principle, and while in its infancy, it was presumed that although the removal of fat did not offer any unsurmountable obstacles, the production of muscle upon an attenuated frame was an entirely different proposition. It was found necessary to operate in an entirely different manner for the lean, as against the corpulent, and this necessity, with the evident desire of all mankind to perfect their condition, has been the impetus to those interested, to study and produce the system which shall correct the physical errors of the body.

The students of the science are now satisfied of its efficacy. Men excessively corpulent have been reduced to a normal weight, and others, lean and attenuated, have developed muscular strength in proper proportion. This has, of course, been only accomplished by a religious consideration of a proper system of exercises, and this under the supervision of competent instructors. It should be remembered that to reduce or increase one's weight is not a matter of a few hours. A carefully and scientifically devised system of training is the only thing that will produce results, and to the man or woman desirous of correcting physical defects, this should be gladly recognized. It is not too much to ask of a person looking for a decrease or increase of weight that he or she should seriously consider the exercise prescribed. Whether the student is desirous of decreasing his weight, or increasing it, there is invariably an increase of bodily strength, and this fact should especially be considered. The very fact that excessive fat upon the body has been removed would suggest that the remaining tissues and muscles are proportionately bettered. This certainly has been the case with the thorough students of science. The reduction of an overplus of fat, or the correction of paucity of muscle—that is, the bringing of the system to a proper average weight—has a further advantage in that it prevents the obstruction or overexertion of every organ of the human body. The stomach, the intestines, lungs and heart, while ensconced in a perfect frame, perform their work without hindrance, without unhealthy delays, and no drug or nostrum can effect the perfect working of the internal organs, if the frame is in an abnormal condition. Their relief is entirely temporary and of doubtful value.

Music Cures Fatigue.

Having more than once gone utterly fagged out to a concert and risen forth from it refreshed in body and soul it

requires no Tarchanoff experiment with exhausted fingers to prove to me that music is a splendid remedy for over-fatigue and brain fag, writes Gustav Kobbe, in Good Housekeeping. Its systematic application in such cases will, however, be a new idea to many, no matter how deeply they may be interested in music, but they will grasp the idea and see the possibilities in it at once. Nor will they be surprised when told that dance music, martial music and ragtime affect the muscles of the lower limbs and by thus tending to draw the blood to the feet are good for congestive headaches. They will accept without protest the statement that music can be substituted for noxious and insidious opiates in the treatment of insomnia, by riveting the patient's attention and then tiring it with low, soft music. Also they will understand the full meaning of a physician's dictum, that the mother who soothes her baby with a lullaby not only is singeing sleep but also strength into its little body. For they will know that music has what no drug possesses—a curious blending of the physical and the emotional in its effects, and there is nothing vague to them in the theory that the "pleasurable states created by music are beneficial, because followed by acceleration of motion and blood circulation." They are aware that in musical households there is much happiness and good cheer and as a result health, ambition and activity.

Attention to the Sick.

A subscriber writes the Home Doctor thus: How many people living in the country think of, perhaps I ought not to say duty—but I don't know what other word to use—toward those who are sick in the neighborhood? Until I had a long sickness myself I did not realize how great—sick people really need and are helped to bear their affliction by the visits and little attentions of friendly neighbors. Even when one is too sick to see the callers it is a pleasure to know that they are interested and have been in to ask after the ailing one, and perhaps have left a glass of jelly, a frame of honey or maybe a potted plant in bloom. We should call upon or send to inquire after sick neighbors often, but not make too long a stay in the sick room. From five to twenty minutes is as long a visit as anyone who is really sick abed should receive. To stay longer only wearies one. But it cheers and helps the sick one greatly to know that neighbors are interested enough to run in or send in often to inquire after her welfare. Sometimes assistance is really needed. If not in the care of the sick, then in baking of bread or a helping hand about the house for a day now and then will be greatly appreciated.

One Who Has Suffered.

We have seen dyspeptics who suffered untold torments with almost every kind of food; no liquid could be taken without suffering; bread became a burning acid; meat and milk were solid liquid fires; and we have seen their torments pass away, and their hunger relieved by living on the white of eggs which have been boiled in bubbling water for thirty minutes. At the end of a week we have given the half yolk of the egg with the white, and upon this diet alone, without food of any kind, we have seen them begin to gain flesh and strength, and quiet, refreshing sleep. After weeks of this treatment they have been able with care, to begin upon other food. And all this without taking medicine. Hard-boiled eggs are not half as bad as half-boiled ones, and ten times as easy to digest as raw eggs, even in egg-nog.

To Cure Fits of Sneezing.

A correspondent of the British Medical Journal says: "During the recent rapid changes of temperature I caught a severe cold in my head, accompanied by almost incessant sneezing. My unfortunate nose gave me no rest. The slightest impact of cold air, or passing from the outside air into a warm room equally brought on a fit of sneezing. In vain I snuffed camphor and pulsatilla, the light catarrh still triumphed over me. At length I resolved to see what the maintenance of a uniform temperature would do toward diminishing the irritability of my Schneiderian membrane, and accordingly I plugged my nostrils with cotton wool. The effect was instantaneous; I sneezed no more. Again and again I tested the efficacy of this simple remedy, always with the same result. However near I was to a sneeze, the introduction of the pledgets inconspicuously from their presence, making them sufficiently firm not to tickle, and yet leaving them sufficiently loose to easily breathe through." This is really worth knowing, for incessant sneezing is among the greatest of smaller ills, and it seems only a rational conclusion to hope that this simple plan may furnish the most efficient remedy against one of the most distressing symptoms of hay-fever.

ONE WOMAN'S STATEMENT

Tells Her Suffering Sisters to
Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Proved a Blessing to Her When
Her Pains and Weakness Were
Almost More than She could Bear.

ST. GEORGE, MAN., Jan. 4., (Special).— Hoping to save her sister women in the West from pains and aches which come at the critical times in a woman's life, Mrs. Arsene Vinet of this place has given the following statement for publication:

"I have brought up a large family and have always enjoyed good health until the last two years. I am fifty-four years of age and at the critical time of life that comes to every woman. I had pains in my right hip and shoulder. I could not lie down two minutes at a time without suffering the greatest agony. Sometimes I awakened with the feeling as if someone had laid a piece of ice on my head. Another time it would be a burning pain under the left shoulder.

"I took many medicines, but could get no relief, till reading of cures of similar cases to my own by Dodd's Kidney Pills, led me to try them. They did wonders for me.

"I want all women to know what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me."

Dodd's kidney Pill's cure the Kidneys. The woman who has sound Kidneys is safeguarded against nine-tenths of the suffering that makes life a burden to the women of Canada.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men--Free

Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have It Free and Be
Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Tack Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge.

Windsor Salt

The Salt-Royal of all
Salt-dom.

Each tiny crystal
perfect—all its natural
strength retained.

For cooking—for the
table—for butter and
cheese. Pure—dry—
delicious—evenly dissolv-
ing. At all grocers'—
bags or barrels.



Makes Fat Vanish

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No Charge to Try the NEW KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

JUST SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND A SUPPLY WILL BE SENT YOU FREE—DO IT TO-DAY

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be sent free of charge to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the Kresslin Treatment, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a



This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an absolutely harmless way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 234E, 41 West 25th St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of indorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let them hear from you promptly.



Facts For Women—Especially Mothers

Babies would almost starve to death if fed regularly on some kinds of milk—while they grow fat and rosy on the Truro Brands.

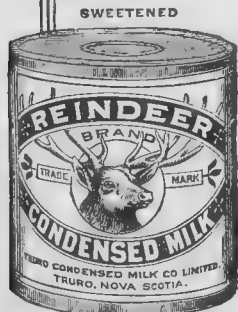
The food value of milk is determined by its richness (Butter Fat).

The Canadian Government has found that

**“Reindeer” Milk is 7½% richer and
“Jersey” Cream is 13% richer**

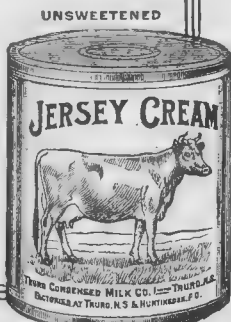
than the best of all other Brands of Condensed Milk and Sterilized Cream now on the Canadian market.

A copy of Inland Revenue Department Bulletin No. 144 may be obtained by writing the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.



It verifies our claim that “Reindeer” and “Jersey” Brands are pre-eminent for quality and uniformity—thus the best for children and all culinary purposes.

The Truro Condensed Milk Co. Limited,.....Truro, N.S.



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LADIES

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Woman and the Home.

The Upper Room.

In my house of life is an Upper Room,
A small and garnished place;
And there I dreamed in the mist-gray gloom,
And I looked my soul in the face.
(O Upper Room with your dreams where I
Let my friends, unwept, go passing by!)

Once Love tried the door, and a child's voice came—
I heard it through my prayers—
But the door was barred when they called my name,
And the steps went down the stairs.
(And yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

And my prayers were heard, for with toil my house
Has grown, though empty, great;
And from my Upper Room I see
Crowds gathered around my gate.
(From my Upper Room with its dreams where I
Let the loveless years go passing by.)

I have fought my fight. Hark, they bring the prize
—I have won; I have won the race!
But I sit and I dare not lift my eyes
To look my soul in the face.
(For yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

—Mary Roberts Rinehart.

How to Do Things.

“I want to give a musicale, as I have some friends visiting me who are fond of music, and both play and sing finely. Will you tell me the correct way to conduct it?” Anna.

You do not say whether you want the musicale to be an afternoon or evening affair. Of course, the former is more informal, and the invitations sent out are the same as those for a “tea.” Just the card of the hostess on which the date and hour are written in the lower left hand corner, with the word “music” following. For evening musicales the form of a party invitation should be used, the invitation being for a “musicale,” so that the guests will understand what sort of a party it is to which they are bidden. Such an invitation must be promptly accepted or declined in the formal terms of the third person. If, however, the hostess simply announces herself as at home with music, the recipient accepts by attending, or if unable to do so, sends her card by mail on the day of the entertainment.

If the hostess has no regular music room, she must arrange the drawing-room so as to have the space for the piano and the various performers at one end of the room; or, better still, if there is a large room opening into the drawing-room, let her have all of the furniture removed from this room, save the piano and the chairs for those who are to take part in the drawing-room. And have plenty of chairs arranged for the guests.

The rooms should be tastefully decorated with plants and cut flowers. Printed programmes are sometimes provided, but only when it is a large and formal affair.

The hostess should stand in the drawing-room, where she can greet her guests as they arrive.

A dressing-room and coatroom should be arranged as at a reception, though at a small musicale the guests may not care to lay aside their wraps or parasols.

After the music is over, refreshments should be served in the dining room. If the entertainment is in the evening, a somewhat substantial supper should be served, but at an afternoon affair a very light reception, such as sandwiches, bouillon, ices, cakes, bonbons and salted nuts, with tea, coffee and chocolate, is considered sufficient.

“I have scorched my best white linen shirt waist quite badly. Can you tell me how I may restore it? The fibres do not seem burned, but the material is discolored. Unlucky Susan.”

Try this recipe: Bake and squeeze the juice out of one onion, mix in a little shaved laundry soap, an ounce of fuller's earth, and a small cup of vinegar. Let this boil, then cool. Apply to the scorched place. Allow it to dry. Then wash in the usual way and the scorch will disappear.

“My little daughter troubles me very much by refusing to go to sleep in the dark. She isn't afraid, but she says ‘when the light goes away my eyes won't stay shut.’ I have to punish her, for somehow I don't think it is a case

for discipline, and I must confess I don't know what to do. Can you help me? Mother.”

I was reading something the other day on this very subject, which I think will answer your question so I will give it to you.

“It is a curious fact that many ailments which are scarcely noticed by day seem to increase with the darkness. An earache, which during the day was not bad enough to interfere with one's enjoyment or usefulness, will develop during the night into a positive affliction that there is no ignoring. Nervousness, which may be only a vague unrest during the hours of light, becomes intense the moment one lies down in bed, enveloped by darkness and stillness. The moment the gas is turned out, one begins to toss and turn. Many a victim of insomnia can fall asleep if he will get up and light the gas. Whenever such is the case there seems to be no good reason for persisting in lying in the dark. If light soothes or mitigates, have light by all means. It is much better to have a lamp burning in the room, even if it is not hygienic, than to worry through the night in pain or sleeplessness. Children often refuse to sleep in the dark. A Viennese doctor, who has studied the pathological effects of light and darkness, advises that their prejudices or fears in this respect should be regarded.”

You see yours is not an isolated case. I should, were I in your place, try the experiment of following the course advised by the physician.

“There is a division of opinion in the family, and you are asked to arbitrate. We have a little daughter just beginning to go to school, and child fashion, she wants an occasional bit of money to spend. Now I am arguing in favor of giving her a little allowance and making her accountable for its use, but her father thinks it nonsense, that she is too young to be given even so slight a financial responsibility. What is your advice? Mrs. A. W. P.”

My own belief, and it is a strong and firmly rooted conviction, is that if a child is to be taught the value of money she should be given an allowance weekly, which she is to use at her own discretion, keeping an accurate account of how she spends it. Perhaps at the outset it is but four or five cents. But it is hers. If a picture book, a card, a wee dolly attracts her while out walking with you, she can buy it.

But once the sum of money in hand is used, no more can be had until next pay day. Gradually the sum has been increased, as you felt able, or felt it wise to increase it, until at twelve she has at her command a little sum of money for her private needs. The amount of self-respect, the feeling of importance, this will impart will have no small bearing upon strengthening character, and she will be far more likely to value her income if she knows exactly what it is to be each week than she would if it were merely a question of running to mother for every trifle she wished or every car fare required.

The indiscriminate giving of small sums of money to little children is, I believe, the worst possible thing that can be done. They grow up without the least idea of the value of money, and soon regard father or mother, whichever may be the one to hand the desired sum to them, as a sort of mint, in whose pockets is carried an endless supply.

“Is there any way in which apple jelly may be given an added piquancy of flavor, that you know about? While it is one of the most attractive looking jellies, it has not brightness enough to make it as palatable as other fruit jellies. It seems to me that fault might be remedied. Nellie Bly.”

Why don't you try the effect of the juice and thin yellow rind of a lemon to each pint of apple juice. Skim out the bits of lemon rind before the jelly is put into the glasses. Apple jelly to serve with roast goose or pork is delicious when flavored delicately with mint. Make the jelly in the usual way, using green, unripe apples, which make a very clear jelly. To each cup of the strained juice add, before adding the sugar, a tablespoonful of mint juice, prepared in this way: Wash one cup of mint leaves, add one cup of hot water, and let steep one hour. Lay a piece of cheesecloth over the bowl, pour into it the mint leaves, and roll up and press out all the moisture. This gives a dark green mixture that colors the apple jelly a delicate tinge of green.

Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best of remedies—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARIAGGI, WINNIPEG

COOKING RECIPES.

Crusted Potatoes.—Cut boiled potatoes lengthwise into fairly thick slices. Dip well in beaten eggs, highly seasoned; roll in flour and fry in hot spider.

Molasses Ginger Bread.—One-half cupful of molasses, scant one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sour milk, small teaspoonful soda, one egg, teaspoonful of ginger, two even cupfuls of flour.

Roast Duck and Onions.—Procure a pair of nice ducks, clean them well and put in a shallow baking pan. Season with salt and pepper, lard and a little water. Surround ducks with onions cut in halves and small slices of fresh ham. Set in a warm oven.

Frizzled Beef.—Shave beef very fine, put into a frying pan when good and hot, season with pepper and salt just before serving. Beat two or three eggs light and stir in, and you have an appetizing dish easily prepared for tea. Cold ham is also good.

Rice Mush.—One teacupful of rice, half a teacupful of fine cornmeal and a little salt, well cooked in a pint and a half of sweet milk or water; when cold cut into thin slices and fry or bake it with sufficient butter to prevent sticking to the griddle; serve hot with maple syrup.

Fish Balls.—Two cupfuls of fresh boiled potatoes, mashed while hot. Take a piece of salt fish, soak over night and boil till tender and mince fine. There should be one cupful, then add the potatoes and two eggs. Season to taste, and drop from spoon into boiling deep fat.

Mashed Onions.—Peel a dozen onions, blanch and drain them. Cook them in enough chicken or veal broth to cover them nicely until tender. Add a cupful of bechamel sauce, and let it cook until thick and well reduced. Then rub the whole through a sieve. Add a little butter, season to taste and serve.

Dessert Puffs.—Take one pint each of milk and cream, the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one scant cupful of powdered sugar; add a little grated lemon peel and a little salt. Beat these together until very light, bake in gem pans, sift pulverized sugar over them, and eat with a sauce flavored with lemon.

Oyster Soup.—Take a good piece of soup meat and boil it in a quart of water. Season with salt only. Make a hash of green onions, parsley and chervil. Fry this in hot butter; add flour for thickening, and pour the broth on the whole. Add two dozen oysters and more water, if needed. Season with a branch of thyme, two bay leaves and a piece of strong pepper. Serve with toast.

Barbecued Rabbit.—Grease the rabbit all over with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay on a gridiron, turn over often, cook till done. When done put in a pan with plenty of butter and set in the oven fifteen minutes. Make sauce of four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of mustard, two of currant jelly and one teaspoonful of lemon juice, mixed together. Pour over rabbit and serve.

Tomato Soup.—One quart tomatoes, half pint cold water, pinch of soda, one tablespoonful sugar, pinch of salt, four cloves, one tablespoonful chopped onion, one of parsley. Cook all together ten minutes. Heat one cupful of milk, and make a cream sauce with one heaping tablespoonful butter melted and one of flour. Stir into the soup and cook ten minutes more. Strain and serve at once.

Coffee Macaroons.—After blanching four ounces of almonds, pound them to a paste, moistening with four teaspoonfuls of very strong black coffee; add the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs blended with one pound of powdered sugar; shape into macaroons, arranging on paper-lined tins; bake ten minutes in a hot oven. While still warm press a crystallized cherry into the top of each little cake.

Savory Boiled Beef.—Take six pounds of brisket of beef, salt, one onion, piece of mace, long peppers, carrots and turnips. Place the beef in a large saucepan with the salt, an onion stuck with cloves, a piece of mace, six allspice, carrots and turnips. Cover with water and cook slowly three and one-half hours; when done, slip out the bones and press till cold. Brush over with glaze and serve.

Baked Sweet Potatoes.—Cut into very small pieces; about one and one-half pints cold boiled sweet potatoes; arrange some of them in a loose layer in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with pepper, salt, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into little morsels. Repeat with another layer of potatoes and on top put a layer of buttered breadcrumbs. Bake until well browned.

Bride's Cake.—One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sweet milk, two cupfuls of flour, one-quarter cupful cornstarch, six egg whites, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful Baker's extract vanilla. Cream the sugar and butter; add milk, flour and cornstarch into which the baking powder has been thoroughly sifted; stir in the whites of eggs quickly with the flavoring.

Fairy Pudding.—Over one-half box gelatine pour one cupful of cold water and let it soak one hour. Let one pint of rich milk come to a boil and add to it three well-beaten eggs and one-half cupful of sugar. When it thickens stir in the gelatine and in two minutes take from the fire and flavor with almond extract. Line a mould with stale cake, pour in the mixture and set away on ice. Whip one pint of cream and pile on top; serve very cold.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.—Select six or eight large, firm sweet potatoes, boil until tender, drain and put through fruit press, add salt, butter size of an egg and from a third to half a cupful of sweet cream, beat well; when cold form into croquette shape, roll into beaten egg and cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat until a nice brown. These, with sprigs of parsley, make a pretty garnish for fried chicken or steak.

Orange Bavares.—Squeeze a sufficient number of oranges to produce a half pint of juice, including the juice of half a lemon. Add to this six ounces of sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Melt one-quarter ounce of gelatine in a little hot water. Add this to the fruit juice and stir until the mixture begins to set; then fold in a half pint of whipped cream. Have ready a mould lined with sections of oranges and fill this carefully. Put in a cool place.

Macaroni and Cheese.—Break half a pound of macaroni into pieces an inch or two long; cook it in enough boiling water to cover it well; put in a good teaspoonful of salt and let it boil about twenty minutes, drain it well and then put a layer in the bottom of a well-buttered pudding dish. Upon this put some grated cheese and small pieces of butter, a bit of salt then more macaroni, and so on, filling the dish, sprinkling the top layer with a thick layer of cracker crumbs. Pour over the whole a teacupful of cream or milk. Set it in the oven and bake half an hour or until it is nicely browned on top.

Chicken and Oyster Pie.—Cut up a large, tender fowl and cook in water till done, adding plenty of salt and a little pepper. Take the chicken from the pan, leaving the liquid. To one cupful of milk add the beaten yolks of two eggs, three rounded tablespoonfuls of flour, one rounded tablespoonful of butter and a level tablespoonful of parsley, minced fine. Turn these into the liquid in the pan and cook five minutes, stirring now and then. Drain a quart of oysters. Line a good dish with a good paste, put in a layer of chicken, then a layer of oysters; cover with the thickened broth, then add two more layers. Finish with the rest of the broth, and for the top put on a rich crust, cut in diamonds or circles, which is better than a close cover. Bake till browned.

Peanut Wafers.—For peanut jumbles or wafers grind a cupful of roasted and shelled peanuts until fine. Cream a rather liberal fourth of a cupful of butter, add half a cupful of sugar, using likewise a liberal measure. Add the peanuts and a cupful of sifted flour. Moisten the mixture with a scant cupful of milk, or enough to make a stiff dough about like pie crust. Flour a board and rolling pin, then roll out the dough until of waferlike thinness. These jumbles should be so thin after rolling and cutting out that one can almost see through them. Bake on buttered pans in a brisk oven, taking care that they do not burn. They should bake until a nice brown and should, when served, be crisp like "snaps." They are delicious with a cup of fresh "brewed" tea and a slice of cream cheese.



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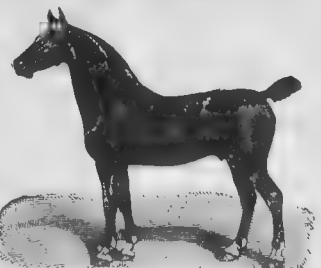
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About the Farm.

Back to the Farm.

Back to the farm where the bob-white
is calling
As in remembered dawns when
youth and I were boys,
Driving the cattle where the meadow
brook is bawling
Her immemorial wandering fears and
joys!

Home to the farm for the deep green
calm of summer.
Life of the open furrow, life of the
waving grain—
Leaving the painted world of masquer-
ade and mummer
Just for the sense of earth and ripen-
ing again.

Down in the hayfield where scythes
glint through the clover:
Lusty blood a-throbbing in the splen-
dor of the noon—
Lying 'mid the haycocks as castling
clouds pass over,
Hearing insect lovers a-piping out of
tune.

Off to the wood lot where the brier runs
riot
And wary forest creature no hunter's
snare deceives,
Virgin growth beguiling the solemn-
hearted quiet
With songs of winter fires a-ripple
through the leaves.

Out in the dews with the spider at his
shuttle—
In that half-dreaming hour that
awakes the whippoorwill
And sets the nighthawk darting sinister
and subtle,
E'er the full moon complacent loiters
o'er the hill.

Back to the farm! With friendly brute
for neighbor,
Where youth and Nature beckon, the
tyryst who would not keep?
Back to the luxury of rest that follows
labor,
Back to the primal joys of hunger and
of sleep!

POULTRY.

The Hen as a Money-Maker.

The pressing problem among woman-
kind today is "how to make money at
home." Ambitious country-bred girls
everywhere, through with school—so
far as "book learning" goes—and am-
bitious to "do something for them-
selves" in a financial way, are consider-
ing ways and means open to them. Most
of them decide that they want to leave
the farm—there is no money to be
made there, they argue; what is made
goes into "father's" pocket and they
have to beg for the little they do get.

I have talked with a good many coun-
try girls—girls who have spent all their
life on the farm save for the little
time away at school when they had out-
grown the lessons taught at the "de-
cietic" schoolhouse, and I know what
they think about it. I don't blame them
very much, looking at the problem from
their standpoint; but I wish I could
persuade them that they have twice the
chance of acquiring the financial inde-
pendence they long for at home than
abroad, besides being happy along with
it.

I want to put myself on record by de-
claring that any bright girl who is de-
termined to make her way in the world
and willing to devote half the energy
and time to the study of scientific pou-
ltry-raising that she would have to give
to prepare herself to earn a meager sal-
ary at stenography, bookkeeping, and
the like, will be able to lay the founda-
tion for a steadily increasing income,
and one that will not cease the moment
she stops work for a little.

There is always a ready market for
poultry products; the better the pro-
duct, the better the market. I should
like to see some of our bright, sensible,
capable girls attack this problem in a
business way, keeping strict account of
every penny of outlay and the same of
income. Start in a small way, pay your
way, and make a business of your work.
Don't let it go haphazard. Explore
every path leading to success—the pro-
duction and sale of fancy breeds of
eggs and poultry, and so on. Then write
to keep other wideawake girls posted
on what you are doing and have done.

Short Rations.

All the scraps from the table, instead
of being thrown away and wasted, can
be made a source of profit if fed to the
hens.

Wheelbarrows and wagons make poor
roosting places for the fowls. Provide
proper roosts and see that they are
used.

Soft feed which has been allowed to
become sour should not be fed to the

chickens. It is liable to induce bowel
trouble.

Chicken meat is cheaper than almost
any other kind, and there is no reason
why every farmer's table should not be
well supplied with this toothsome viand.

If your pullets have proven to be poor
layers, do not keep them over in the
hope that they will do better another
year. A poor laying pullet seldom, if
ever, makes a good laying hen.

Exercise is Necessary.

A reasonable amount of exercise is
necessary during the winter to offset
the enforced confinement from their re-
stricted winter quarters and this is
best obtained by using a litter of straw
or some such material on the floors of
the pens and feeding all the whole grain
in this litter so they will be compelled
to scratch for it.

Feeding is the problem of problems in
poultry keeping and many who have
been in the business for years are com-
pelled to admit at times that they have
still much to learn, but the feeding of
the flock has very much to do with the
health and vigor of the birds and with
the fertility of the eggs they lay. Fatten-
ing foods should be fed sparingly to
the breeders and only used in the ra-
tions for variety, for surplus fat is
neither an aid to health or fertility;
they must be well-fed with properly
balanced rations to keep them in good
health and thrift.

Plenty of green food should be sup-
plied all winter as well as during the
breeding season. Sharp grit is essen-
tial to the best health of the flock and
should be constantly within reach of
the birds. Also make a practice of
keeping oyster shells before the fowl,
at other times as well as in the breed-
ing season as it is good for them. Fresh
charcoal is also a good thing to keep
before the birds.

Notes

My meat chopper performs perfectly
such tasks as chopping cheese for mac-
aroni and rarebit; bread crumbs for
croquettes; fruit, nuts, citron and meat
for mince pies; fruit cake and Nessel-
rode pudding ingredients that require
cutting, and coconut for table des-
serts. I have even run corn through it
to cut it small for young chickens.

Pickle to corn beef: Put into a big
pot three pounds of rick salt, a quar-
ter of a pound of brown sugar, a half
ounce of saltpetre and water to make
six quarts. Boil and skim. Drop into
this a raw potato. If the brine is
strong enough the potato will float; if
not, add more salt. When cold put the
meat in and leave for several days with
a weight to keep it under the brine.
Fresh pork is good corned in the same
way.

SEPARATING MILK.

A subscriber to this magazine writes:
The advantages of separating the milk
on the farm and delivering the cream,
over the whole milk system are so
numerous that we often wonder why
there are so many farmers that still de-
liver the whole milk to the creamery.
After having used a separator for some
time the writer feels confident in say-
ing that the farm separator is the
greatest boon to the average farmer
that has been devised since the inven-
tion of the self binder.

Some of the principal advantages of
the farm separator to the patron of the
creamery are the increased value of the
skim milk; a saving in time and labor in
delivering the product to the creamery,
and a better price per pound for his
butter fat; and he is also taking a much
less risk of introducing contagious dis-
ease into his herd, than is the man
who delivers whole milk to the cream-
ery and returns the skim milk to the
farm. Those who use the farm sep-
arator find that one of their greatest
sweet skim milk to calves, hogs, etc.

In feeding milk in this manner there
is no danger from scouring or other di-
gestive troubles. On delivering whole
milk to the creamery the farmer finds
it more convenient to go every day, and
then he usually has to wait from one-
half to one and one-half hours for his
skim milk, while the farmer who de-
livers his cream does not find it nec-
essary to go oftener than two or three
times per week, and then he can make
the trip in much less time because he
does not have to wait for skim milk.

In returning the skim milk to the farm
the farmer is taking a great risk of in-
troducing tuberculosis into his herd,
while the farm separator eliminates this
danger and many others.

One of the objections to the farm sep-
arator is its first cost, but if we stop
to consider its many advantages, the
cost is very slight indeed.

While some object to a separator be-
cause of the fact that they must be

kept clean and that they are hard to
clean, the experience of the writer has
been that it is much easier to keep a
separator clean than it is to take care
of the extra utensils required for the
whole milk system.

Order Seeds Early.

Flora writes the W. H. M.: What a
pleasure it is to have seed catalogues
coming in and how much we enjoy look-
ing through them and planning what we
will have from the best and newest
varieties of both plants and flowers.
I always have to revise my list two or
three times, for I am so greedy for all
the good things I see, but cannot afford
them all, so I have to cut my list to fit
my purse. We save some of our own
seeds every year, of course, cucumbers,
squashes, pumpkins, sweet corn, peas,
beans, onions, and several varieties of
flowers. But we must have tomato,
ardish, beet, cabbage, celery, melon and
ground cherry seeds, perhaps some new
varieties of kinds we have and also
some flower seeds. My choice of the
latter depends upon the places I want
them to fill. If used against a fence or
for a screen, I choose very tall plants
for the back-ground, those of less
height next, and so on until the low
border plants are reached. Some I grow
in rows in the garden, and some in beds
at one side of the house, and climbers
under windows, along porches, and to
screen outhouses. One needs to plan
now and order seeds early to get the
best results from both garden vege-
tables and flowers.

Home and Educational Privileges.

A proper balance should be observed
in the home privileges and other ad-
vantages accorded the children in every
family. In some homes the daughters
are the favored ones, and the boys "get
the worst end" of everything. They
are continually criticized by mother
and the girls, are given the least de-
sirable room and the poorest bed in the
house, and have no privileges whatever
in the house. The boys in such homes
are naturally driven to seek recreation
outside at an early age, and are likely
to meet evil associates and form bad
habits. God pity the parents who per-
mit this.

In other families the boys are con-
sidered and look upon themselves as
the most important personages, are ex-
pected to be troublesome and disorderly
"because they are boys," are referred
to and waited upon by their mothers
and sisters, are given every advantage,
and then grow to manhood with the
idea that women are men's servants.
This is all wrong. Neither sex nor
one child should be favored more than
the other. All should be accorded
equal privileges in the home, be treated
and be required to treat one another
with courtesy and kindness.

Children of both sexes should be given
equal educational advantages until
they are through the graded schools,
when the further training or education
of each should depend upon his and her
special tastes and natural abilities.

Agricultural Instruction.

The plan of having agricultural in-
struction given in the public schools by
the teachers of those schools is still be-
ing urged through some periodicals. If
those who favor this were to put in
one day in the average school room, say
in a rural school of twenty or more
pupils, they would realize the impossi-
bility of such a requirement and the
teacher in the graded schools in the
city, with from thirty to forty pupils,
cannot be expected to add scientific ag-
ricultural instructions to the other
branches taught, which now occupy
every moment of the school day.

If teachers were not already fully oc-
cupied during school hours there are
few who could continue teaching if
they were obliged to add to their quali-
fications a knowledge of scientific agri-
culture.

Several prominent educators have re-
cently stated, and proved, that teachers
receive the least pay for their services
of any class of salaried persons. If it
were not realized that they are poorly
paid why would plans for pensioning
them be suggested. Already several
donations to such a pension fund have
been made by philanthropic persons. If
teachers cannot support themselves
comfortably and put by sufficient funds
for their maintenance when age drives
them from the profession, how can they
be expected to add to the expense of
their education and training what is
necessary to fit them for giving sci-
entific agricultural instruction?

This instruction should be given,
should be offered as a course in the
public schools just as soon as possible,
but the instructors should be the men
now in training in the agricultural
schools and colleges. A beginning
might be made by the regular distribu-
tion among pupils of leaflets prepared
by the instructors in agricultural
schools, by occasional personal lectures



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and by planning farm institute programs that shall include lectures for especially interesting and instructing the boys and girls from the farms.

Every high school should offer a course in agriculture, as well as in the college preparatory studies, business, and manual training for those who prefer it. The above is simply suggested to open the way for discussion concerning the best methods of giving agricultural instruction in the public schools, and some better method will doubtless be devised.

But, we beseech you, good people, do not seek to add to the labors and expenses of the already over-burdened, poorly paid public school teachers.

Happy Thoughts.

Set up a standard for morality.
Be a good neighbor as well as a good farmer.

In the school of experience there is no vacation time.

A man is never too old to learn, a boy never too young.

Turn the crop into money, turn the money into the bank.

Great things are yet to be accomplished by just farmers.

Good luck has the habit of meeting the man who is always on time.

A man should put off everything which has a tendency to put him off the right track.

A contented wife makes a contented husband, and contented parents make contented children.

All things come to them who wait upon themselves. It is the only kind of waiting that brings results.

Grist.

Farming is poor business when the farming is poor.

The richest part of any manure is that which water will wash out.

Much labor and expense may be saved by planning ahead of time.

By using the drill for sowing the depth of covering is uniform and there is no loss of seed.

Never let the farm work or stock stand still or retrograde, but keep both progressing steadily.

The value of wood ashes in the orchard and of coal ashes on heavy wet clay can hardly be overestimated.

Turning Fence Posts.

Now comes the time for getting out fence posts, which will soon rot at or in the ground. To double, and more than double, the life of the post, get it 18 inches or more longer than hole is deep and fence it high. Then when the post rots off turn it upside down and get another life from it.

Paint Pays.

Of all the commodities serving the convenience of the modern property owner, there is none that gives a larger return on the investment than good paint. What clothing is to body paint is to a building. It makes us civilized and respectable and protects us against disease and decay.

The lumber in our houses is like the flesh of our bodies, subject to all manner of diseases. In the living tree the life-force enables it to withstand these diseases, but the deadwood in our houses requires artificial protection or it will become a prey to the innumerable microscopic plants and animals whose work we call decay.

A well-painted house which is repainted as often as it becomes necessary, should last practically forever, and besides adding to the self-respect of the owner is worth to him at any time in dollars and cents more than it would be worth if he allowed it to deteriorate through neglect.

Painting today is so simple, so easy and so inexpensive that it is a matter for wonder that anyone with good money invested in buildings should be indifferent to this precaution. Good, efficient paint, ready for use can be bought in every first-class general store or hardware store throughout Canada, and using paint of this character, fifty or one hundred dollars will cover the price of material to keep any ordinary house well painted for twenty or twenty-five years. The price of the painter's labor varies in different parts of the country, but is nowhere exorbitant, and if a good ready-mixed paint be selected for the work, his services should not be required more than once in four or five years, and then only a single coat should be necessary.

Supposing that it costs as much as three hundred dollars (and the estimate is liberal) to keep a house properly painted for twenty years, the average annual cost is only fifteen dollars a year, of which total the cost of the paint itself will be less than one-third.

Anyone who has had experience with carpenters' bills due to parsimony with paint will realize at once that paint pays.

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.



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Known as the Greatest Gas Absorber.

Pure willow charcoal will oxidize almost any odor and render it sweet and pure. A panful in a foul cellar will absorb deadly fumes, for charcoal absorbs one hundred times its volume in gas.

The ancients knew the value of charcoal and administered it in cases of illness, especially pertaining to the stomach. In England today charcoal poultices are used for ulcers, boils, etc., while some physicians in Europe claim to cure many skin diseases by covering the afflicted skin with charcoal powder.

Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges go into the mouth and transfer foul odors at once into oxygen, absorb noxious gases and acids and when swallowed mix with the digestive juices and stop gas making, fermentation and decay.

By their gentle qualities they control beneficially bowel action and stop diarrhoea and constipation.

Bad breath simply cannot exist when charcoal is used. There are no ifs or ands about this statement. Don't take our word for it, but look into the matter yourself. Ask your druggist or physician, or better still, look up charcoal in your encyclopedia. The beauty of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges is that the highest pharmaceutical expert knowledge obtainable has been used to prepare a lozenge that will give to man the best form of charcoal for use.

Pure willow and honey is the results. Two or three after meals and at bedtime sweeten the breath, stop decay of teeth, aid the digestive apparatus and promote perfect bowel action. They enrich the supply of oxygen to the system and thereby revivify the blood and nerves.

Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are sold everywhere in vast quantities, thus they must have merit. Every druggist carries them, price, twenty-five cents per box, or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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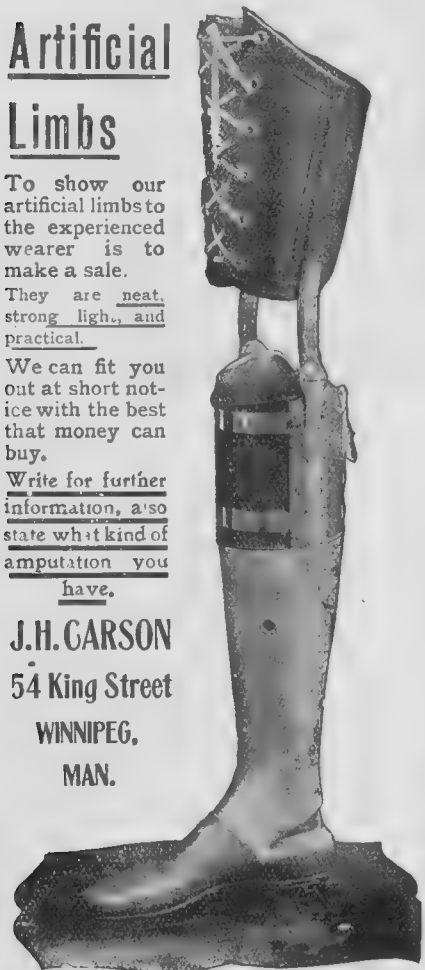
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Philosophy.

When I was young, in days gone by, I smoked Wild Woodbines on the sly. They made me ill, but what of that? 'Twas nothing much to grumble at.

For—don't you see?—
If I had shirked that pallid brow I couldn't smoke Havanas now.

The only girl I ever kissed, Both found and left an optimist. She jilted me, but even that Was nothing much to grumble at;

For—don't you see?—
I've such a cozy little den, And know a lot of married men.

And now, although I'm getting stout, And though my hair is falling out, And people call me old and fat, There's nothing much to grumble at;

For—don't you see?—
Although I am a perfect fright, I don't look bad by candle light.

Didn't Have It.

"Please, mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen-door on washday, "I've lost my leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.

Didn't Like the Job.

A washerwoman applied to a gentleman for work, and he gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. X—: This woman wants washing."

Very shortly afterward the answer came back:

"Dear Sir: I dare say she does; but I don't fancy the job."

"Am I to understand, then," asked a disappointed poet, as the editor handed back his latest productions, "that you do not like my verses?"

"Yes; I don't think much—"
"Ah, you don't think. I see—that explains it."

"Don't you have considerable trouble in keeping your wife dressed in the height of fashion?"

"Not at all. The trouble would come if I didn't!"

Mr. Hardup (entering the nursery): Why, what are all you children hiding for?

Small Boy: Please, papa, Tommy's the bill collector, and he's called with an account.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks.

"If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"

At the close of a wedding-breakfast a gentleman noted for his blunders rose to his feet, causing keen anxiety to all who knew him. "Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, genially, "I drink to the health of the bridegroom! May he see many days like this!"

A man was deeply in love with a "lady fair." He met her one evening at a crowded ball, and, as he could not get an opportunity of talking to her, he contrived to slip into her hand a piece of paper, with the two words, "Will you?" written upon it.

The reply was equally brief, "Won't I!"

A schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited." "Now, boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal of Latin, for instance—or I said that I was a handsome man, what should you say I was?"
"A liar, sir!" was the too ready response.

Tom Smith was walking down the street accompanied by his dog, whose tail he had recently "bobbed," when he met Will Scud. The latter, seeing the

stunted tail, pointed to it, and laughingly said:—

"Why, Tom, I never saw that before."
"Of course not," replied Tom; "dogs' tails are always behind."

"My dear," said Mr. Gillman over the top of his morning paper, "I see they've just discovered the biggest diamond the world has ever known in South Africa. Just think of it; it is three times as large as the Koh-i-Noor."

Placidly Mrs. Gillman allowed her mind to wander back to a joyous day at Margate.

"My goodness me!" she said. "Just fancy! Three times as big as that great steamboat! Well, I never did!"

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"Sure, I worr discharged for doin' well, mum."

"Discharged for doing well? Why, where were you?"

"I worr in the horspital, mum."

Mrs. Popinjay: Socrates, why don't you say something to Angelina about sitting up so late with young Poseboy?"

Mr. Popinjay: Me? Why, I rather like it. It saves worrying about burglars.

"Of course," said Henpeck, "I don't always do what my wife tells me—"

"What!" exclaimed Meeker, in surprise.

"No; you see, if she's in a sarcastic mood when she orders me to do anything, I know she wants me to do just the opposite."

A couple of men were chatting in a club smoking-room about a friend and his motor. "He seems to be very well satisfied with it," remarked one.

"Oh, yes. Hasn't paid a copper in repairs all the nine months he's had it, he tells me."

"H'm, I heard the same story from the fellow who's done all the repairs."

After weeks of waiting and longing for the sport, rods, reels, gaff, creel—everything was in readiness for a week's trout-fishing.

The young wife, smiling joyously, hurried into the room, extending towards her husband some sticky, speckled papers.

"For goodness' sake," he exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing with those old fly-papers?"

"I saved them for you from last summer, dear," she answered. "You know you said you always had to buy flies when you went fishing."

"The audience is waiting."
"Very well. Are the reporters here?" asked the lecturer.

"No; I thought you despised notoriety."

"Well, I do, but I want the public to know it as well. We'll wait a little while for the reporters."

Sergeant (to a soldier during exercise): No. 67, if a riot were to break out and the command was given to fire, what would you do?

No. 67: I would fire.

Sergeant: If that order meant firing on your father and mother, what would you do?

No. 67: I would not fire.

Sergeant: Why?

No. 67: Because there would be no need, as they are both dead already.

In some parts of Hungary it is the custom for the bridegroom to pay a sum to the bride's parents, and in case the parties cannot agree the mayor acts as arbitrator. The Mayor Volked, who is a cattle dealer, has had to decide a case of this kind, and after inspecting the bride decided that the bridegroom must pay the parents at the rate of half a crown for each pound that the bride weighed. This verdict was accepted, and the woman weighing 86lb. the bridegroom handed over the equivalent of 10 pounds 15 s., after which the wedding ceremony was performed.

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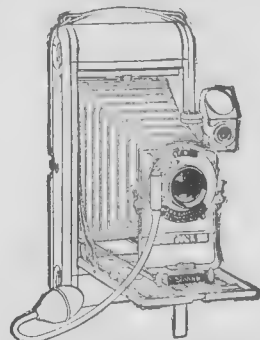
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"Making the Dog Go Back."

Never a sign of Shep about—
Ah, what a threadbare ruse!
Down the lane, to the gate, and out,
Sorry the scamp is loose;
Visions of trouble close at hand,
Keeping one on the rack;
Hard for a boy, you understand,
Making the dog go back!

Whistled to come, day after day,
Lured with endearments fond;
Sniffing you up out in the hay,
Swimming with you in the pond;
Chasing your foe with bristling mane,
Hot on the rabbit's track;
Wonder it goes against the grain,
Making the dog go back?

Ha, there he is, low in the grass,
Only his ears in view;
Spying the way that you must pass,
Keeping his distance, too;
Headless alike to wile and threat,
Sneaking away to tack;
Small returns for your pains you get
Making the dog go back!

Many a memory fond is there,
Dear days that now are o'er;
And ever the heart is fain to fare,
The old home-road once more;
Only in dreams I now may see
Old Shep upon my track.
And Morning seems unkind to me,
Making my dog go back!

Getting His Trousseau Ready.

The kindly 'Squire of the neighborhood was just leaving from a friendly social visit to Mrs. Maguire.
"And your son, Mrs. Maguire?" said the 'Squire as he reached for his hat.
"I hope he is well. Busy, I suppose, getting ready for his wedding tonight?"
"Well, not very busy this mornin', 'Squire," answered the beaming mother. "He's upstairs in bed while I'm washing out his trousseau."

Not Just the Right Place.

A bashful young couple, who were evidently very much in love, entered a crowded street car.

"Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply.

Really, All the Same.

As the railroad train was stopping an old lady, not accustomed to traveling, hailed the passing conductor and asked: "Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

"Either door, ma'am," graciously answered the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."

Three to Two.

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. They had passed from clothes to personal appearance and finally came to parental dignity. The minister's little girl boasted: "Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D. D.'"

"And every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M. D.'," retorted the daughter of the physician.

Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the party. "Huh!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house has three letters on it: 'C. O. D.'"

Overdid it a Bit.

A famous statesman prided himself on his success in campaigning, when called upon to reach a man's vote through his family pride.

On one of his tours he passed through a country town when he came suddenly upon a charming group—a comely woman with a bevy of little ones about her—in a garden. He stopped short, then advanced and leaned over the front gate.

"Madam," he said in his most ingratiating way, "may I kiss these beautiful children?"

"Certainly, sir," the lady answered demurely.

"They are lovely darlings," said the campaigner after he had finished the eleventh. "I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they all yours, marm?"

The lady blushed deeply.

"Of course they are—the sweet little treasures," he went on. "From whom else, marm, could they have inherited these limpid eyes, these rosy cheeks, these profuse curls, these comely figures and these musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing.

"By-the-way, marm," said the statesman, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband that ———, Republican candidate for Governor, called upon him this evening?"

"I beg your pardon," said the lady, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?"

"I fear you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!"

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

If You Have Rheumatism

Read This Offer. A Fifty-Cent Box Mailed Free to All.



MR. JOHN A. SMITH,

Discoverer of the Great Rheumatism Remedy, "Gloria Tonic."

On the theory "that seeing is believing," John A. Smith, of Windsor, Ont., wants everyone to try his remedy for the cure of rheumatism at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute fifty thousand 50 cent boxes among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith had suffered all the agony and torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism, and after much experimenting, finally found a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and neighbors suffering from rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one, as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies, and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin, Texas, wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered over thirty years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more, until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample boxes to all who apply. At National Military Home, Kansas, it cured a veteran of rheumatism in hips and knees. In Hannaford, N. Dak., it cured a gentleman who writes: "Since taking 'Gloria Tonic' I am as supple as a boy." In

Stayner, Ont., it enabled a lady to discard her crutches. In Westerly, R. I., R. R. No. 1, it cured a farmer, 72 years old. In Fountain City, Wis., it cured an old gentleman after suffering 33 years, and after seven physicians had tried in vain. In Hull, Quebec, it cured a gentleman of chronic inflammatory rheumatism which was so severe that he could not walk a block without sitting down. In Lee Valley, Ont., it cured a gentleman of lame back and Salt Rheum. In St. John, West, N. B., it cured a case of Sciatic Rheumatism after other remedies had failed. In Oconto, Ont., it cured an old gentleman 80 years of age.

Mr. Smith will send a fifty cent box, also his illustrated book on rheumatism, absolutely free of charge to any reader of the Western Home Monthly who will enclose the following coupon, for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune. Don't doubt, fill out coupon below and mail today.

COUPON FOR A FREE 50 CENT BOX OF "GLORIA TONIC"

JOHN A. SMITH, 296 Laing Bldg., WINDSOR, ONT.

I am a sufferer from rheumatism and I want to be cured. If you will send me a 50 cent box of "Gloria Tonic" Tablets free of cost and post paid, I will give it a trial and will let you know of the result. My name and address is:

Name

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City

Prov.

SEND \$1 Receive 5 Wool Cloth Remnants suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 10 years. Give ages and we will cut pants free add 25c for Postage. N. Southcott and Co, 15 Coote Block, London, Ont.

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ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Wisdom of Living and Dead.

War is hell!—Gen. Sherman.
To the pure all things are pure.—Shelley.
Nothing is fair or good alone.—Emerson.
Liberty, without wisdom, is license.—Burke.
An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.
Coming events cast their shadows before.—Campbell.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown.—Shakespeare.
No man is a hero to his valet.—Mme. de Cornuel.
The woman that deliberates is lost.—Addison.
A bird in a cage is not half a bird.—Reecher.
Consistency is the bugbear that frightens little minds.—Emerson.
Absent in body, but present in spirit.—St. Paul.
Talent should minister to genius.—Robert Browning.
Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.—Young.
A star for every state, and a state for every star.—Robert C. Winthrop.
A fool may now and then be right by chance.—Cowper.
Every duty omitted obscures some truth we should know.—Ruskin.
One always has time enough if one will apply it well.—Goethe.
The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—Shakespeare.
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.—Shakespeare.
There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—Emerson.
God's time I have always found to be the best in the end.—Whitfield.
Liberalism consists rather in giving seasonably than much.—Brugere.
There is no such thing as an accident; it is fate misnamed.—Napoleon I.
No man is happy who does not think himself so.—Marcus Antonius.
There are two beings in us—the actor and the spectator.—Sienkiewicz.
Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—Emerson.
"Yesterday for you, today for me."—Sancho Panza's Favorite Proverb.
Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.—Johnson.
Superstition renders a man a fool, and skepticism makes him mad.—Felding.
Observation begets knowledge, and knowledge is power.—"The Schenters."
Progress is the activity of today and the assurance of tomorrow.—Emerson.
Traditions are parasites that sap progress, which is life.—"A Parish of Two."
Politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.—De Fimod.
Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.—Bovee.
There can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity.—Rambler.
He who forgets his own friends meanly to follow after those of a higher degree is a snob.—Thackeray.
The greatest men have been those who have cut their way to success through difficulties.—F. W. Robertson.
Women's counsel may not be worth much, but he who despises it is not wiser than he should be.—Amelia E. Barr.
The one thing worth living for—yes, worth dying for—is the chance to make somebody happy.—Anon.
What martial music is to marching men, should song be to humanity.—Alexander Smith.
Sow a thought and reap an action. Sow an action and reap a habit. Sow a habit and reap a character. Sow a character and reap destiny.—Thackeray.
If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking.—Thomas A' Kempis.
Whoever is satisfied with what he does has reached his culminating point—he will progress no more. Man's destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.—F. W. Robertson.

Items of Interest.

The Pied Bull Inn, at Islington, is said to have been the first house in England at which tobacco was smoked.

There are forty-eight different kinds of material entering into the construction of a piano, and they are gathered from sixteen countries.

A decapitated snail kept in a moist place will, it is claimed, in a few weeks grow a new head quite as serviceable and good looking as that which was taken away.

A hoard of nine gold bracelets, found in a pitfall of the seventh or eighth century B.C., in a field near Bexley Heath, have just been placed in the gold room at the British Museum.

Sharks were almost unknown in the Adriatic until the Suez Canal was opened. Now the harbors of Fiume and

Pola are so infested with them that the residents dare no longer bathe in the open sea.

Dulse is more frequently eaten than any other seaweed. It is usually dried and eaten raw. In the Mediterranean, where the plant is common, it is cooked, and is a chief ingredient in Soyer's famous St. Patrick's soup.

The longest continuous talk is supposed to have been achieved in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a member, who was in a minority of one, succeeded in "talking out" a bill by speaking twenty-six hours without intermission.

In Italy they have a novel way of advertising vacant apartments. In place of the card inscribed "Rooms to Let" or "Apartments," a white cloth, about the size of a napkin, flutters from the casement, notifying the passersby that the rooms can be rented.

One of the most valued possessions of the Wistar Institute, Philadelphia, is a collection of codicils to wills bequeathing the brains of the testators to the institute for examination after death. The names are never divulged, but it is known that the testators are men of intellectual ability.

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams has just completed one of the most extraordinary journeys ever undertaken by a woman. She spent three years in visiting South and Central America, penetrating to the furthestmost frontier points. In the highlands of Peru Mrs. Adams found scattered Indian tribes who are in no wise changed since the days the Spanish conquerors saw them. These Indians, Mrs. Adams says, are the remnants of the greatest of American aborigines whose monuments are today the marvel of scientists.

The starfish has no nose, but the whole of its underside is endowed with the sense of smell.

The government of Sicily sells snow in the northern part of the island for one cent a pound. It is gathered on the mountains and retailed in the cities for refrigerating purposes.

The women of Sumatra wear costly dresses, many of them being made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into a fine wire, which is woven into cloth and afterward used for dresses.

In Belgium all cows over three months old are to be seen wearing earrings. Breeders are obliged to keep a record of all the cattle raised by them, and each animal has a registered trade number, which is engraved on the ring fastened to its ear.

Northeast Australia develops very slowly. Farmers grow maize in the old-fashioned way. The maize crop in Queensland this year is a record one. Canning pineapple is becoming an important industry in Queensland. Opal mining is growing steadily.

The women of the Island of Yezo have a very peculiar custom of making up their faces to look as though they wore mustaches. These women are called Ainus, and upon the upper lip of each belle is tattooed something that resembles a long, flowing mustache.

Among bees in the Isle of Wight a singular disease has been spreading. It assumes the form of a kind of paralysis, and up to the present all efforts to combat the malady have been useless. It is believed that the bees will be extinct in the island within another year unless a remedy be quickly found.

The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium of water that would carry him, if continued, round the world in something less than a fortnight, and a sword-fish has been known to strike his "sword" through the oak plank of a ship.

A remarkable court decision in a bigamy case has been handed down at Perugia, Italy, where Charles Ballioli, a tailor, was acquitted of a charge of having two wives on the ground that he has two hearts. Four physicians testified that Ballioli had two hearts, and the court at once decided that this was ample reason for him to marry two women.

The efficacy of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

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Victor Headquarters

Never in the history of the Gramophone trade have we had a better selection than this month. The Victor have spent the enormous sum of \$30,000 among the greatest artists to procure this list. Try on our recommendation Nos. 5577, 5597, 5612, 52906, 5608. Catalogue mailed to any address free.

We have a full stock of Single and Double Sided Records, all makes of machines.

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY

Our stock of New Scale Williams, Weber and other pianos also the Doherty and other makes of Organs is one of the most extensive in Western Canada. We have a large stock of used instruments.

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Salesmen Wanted

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Oldest and Largest in Canada.

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Gold Watch AND RING FREE

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Solid Gold Case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a \$50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us \$2.00 and we will positively send you a watch, ring and chain. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 614, Chicago.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

STARR'S MAGIC RHEUMATISM CURE—a positive and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Acute, Inflammatory and Chronic, also Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Gravel and all Kidney troubles. Don't suffer, but write for a bottle at once. Dept. B., Osborne Remedy Company, Toronto.

\$1.00 post paid. Satisfaction assured.

DO YOU KNOW The Farmers' Tribune and Prairie Home Magazine

and the battles it has fought for the welfare of the farmers of Western Canada? Do you know that it has stood for emancipation from railway monopoly; the lands for the settler; taxation to be shared by the corporations; the farmers' implements and urgent necessities to be duty free; abolition of the elevator monopoly; freedom to load grain and market it; the lumber combine, the beef combine?

DO YOU REALIZE what these things mean to every one who lives in this great country, to everyone who is in any way dependant on its agricultural products? Here is your chance to show your appreciation of the work The Farmers' Tribune has done for you and at the same time **SAVE MONEY** by availing yourself of our splendid clubbing offer, the best one in all Western Canada.

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Both for \$1.00

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE contains on an average about 24 pages each week, giving the world's news, local, special and telegraphic, and is the special advocate of the farmers' best interests in this country.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY is an illustrated monthly magazine containing 60 pages, in which appears stories, articles, editorial for men, women and children, together with a budget of ideas and helpful suggestions of interest specially arranged for home readers.

USE THIS COUPON.

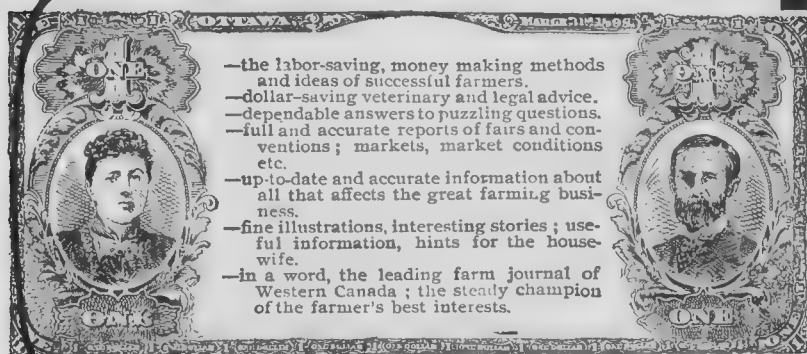
Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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Find enclosed \$1.00, for which send Farmers' Tribune, Winnipeg, and Western Home Monthly to the following address, until December 31st, 1909.

A DOLLAR BILL

invested in THE NOR'-WEST FARMER brings you



- the labor-saving, money making methods and ideas of successful farmers.
- dollar-saving veterinary and legal advice.
- dependable answers to puzzling questions.
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IN PRIZES.

Instead of spending money on a large force of canvassers The Nor'-West Farmer is giving it in these splendid prizes, for which you

may compete.

HOW MANY WHOLE KERNELS IN FIVE POUNDS OF NO. 1 NORTHERN WHEAT

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER has selected five pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat from the office of the Chief Grain Inspector, and has had it weighed and sealed by the Dominion Inspector of Weights and Measures. It will remain deposited in the vaults of the National Trust Co., until the competition closes, March 31, 1909. It will then be counted, and the prizes awarded by a committee of three, in no way connected with The Nor'-West Farmer.

WHAT IS YOUR ESTIMATE? In case of a tie, the Estimate First Received gets the Award.

RECORD YOUR ESTIMATE NOW.

You are as likely to take a prize as anyone. Whether you do or not you get sterling value for your money, \$1.25 for two such papers as The Nor'-West Farmer and the Western Home Monthly from now to Jan. 1st, 1910. Don't delay.

Publishers, The Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, Man.

Enclosed find \$1.25 for subscription to the Western Home Monthly and The Nor'-West Farmer to Jan. 1st, 1910.

Name

P.O. Address.....

Province

I estimate the number of kernels in five pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat to

be.....

Remit \$1.00 extra where papers are to be mailed to Winnipeg addresses, to countries other than Canada and Great Britain.

SPECIAL CLUBBING RATES

WE append a very attractive list of combinations embracing the "Western Home Monthly" and the principal Canadian, British and American periodicals. Owing to the new Post Office regulations the Canadian Subscription Price has been increased on all American magazines mailed to Canada, but the rates which we are quoting are lower than those of any Subscription Agency.

CLASS A		CLASS B		CLASS C		CLASS D		CLASS E	
Weekly Free Press	The Red Book	Nor'-West Farmer	The Argosy	Sunday at Home	The Argosy	Travel Magazine	The Argosy	The Argosy	The Argosy
Farmers Tribune	Cassell's Magazine	The Housekeeper	All Story	Girls Own Paper	All Story	Toronto Daily Star	Toronto Saturday Night	All Story	All Story
Weekly Telegram	Story Teller		Toronto Saturday Night	Boys Own Paper	Toronto Saturday Night	American Magazine	Everybody's Magazine	Toronto Saturday Night	Toronto Saturday Night
The New Idea	Quiver		Everybody's Magazine		Everybody's Magazine	Cosmopolitan	The Munsey	Everybody's Magazine	Everybody's Magazine
Woman's Magazine	Chums		The Munsey		The Munsey		Technical World Magazine	The Munsey	The Munsey
Paris Modes	Girls Realm		Technical World Magazine		Technical World Magazine		McClure's Magazine	Technical World Magazine	Technical World Magazine
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	Building World								
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The Western Home Monthly \$.50	The Western Home Monthly \$.50
Amer. Review of Reviews - 3.50	Toronto Weekly Globe - 1.00
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All for \$2.85 \$5.50	All three for \$1.10 \$2.25
The Western Home Monthly \$.50	The Western Home Monthly .50
Toronto Weekly Globe - 1.00	Canadian Magazine - 2.50
Both for 75c. \$1.50	Both for 2.30 \$3.00

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Let us send you an English paper and the "Western Home Monthly" to your friends at home. We have Special Rates on all British periodicals and quotations on any not given here will gladly be furnished on application.

The "Western Home Monthly" and any one of the following periodicals for one year for \$1.85 (usual price \$2.50), any two for \$3.10:—

The London Magazine	Overseas Daily Mail
The Strand Magazine	Wide World Magazine
Tit-Bits	Grand Magazine
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Address **The Western Home Monthly,**
WINNIPEG, Man.

BRONCHITIS

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes.

The Symptoms are tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, and a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color. Neglected Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption.

Cure it at once by the use of



Mrs. D. D. Miller, Allandale, Ont., writes: "My husband got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for my little girl who had Bronchitis. She wheezed so badly you could hear her from one room to the other, but it was not long until we could see the effect your medicine had on her. That was last winter when we lived in Toronto.

"She had a bad cold this winter, but instead of getting another bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I tried a home made receipt which I got from a neighbor but found that her cold lasted about twice as long. My husband highly praises 'Dr. Wood's,' and says he will see that a bottle of it is always kept in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so, be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

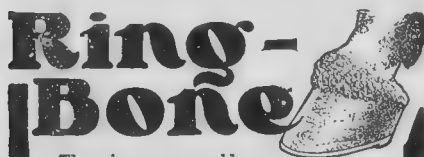


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Spavin and Ringbone Paste to remove the lameness and make the horse go sound. Money refunded if it ever fails. Easy to use and one to three 45-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Sidebone and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a blemish, write for a free copy of

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Ninety-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of blemishes. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a right beginning by sending for this book.

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TEMPERANCE TALK.

Temperance Shaft Issued.

'A Consumer' Asks and Answers a Few Questions.

Here is the latest literary shaft sent out by temperance advocates in the West. "What is there in it for me?" is the question asked by 'A Consumer':

The saloon-keepers all may be very nice men,
But what is there in it for me?
I blow in my money and wake in the PEN,
So what is there in it for me?
Of course I'm as welcome as flowers in May
When I come to the JOINT to squander my pay,
But I wake in the COOLER the very next day;
And that's all there's in it for me.

All over this country we're swimming in booze,
But what is there in it for me?
The saloon-keeper's kids are wearing new shoes,
But what is there in it for me?
The distiller's share is an automobile,
A carriage, the retailer's share of the deal,
But I'm wearing shoes that are down at the heel;

The booze-maker's wife may be dressed like a queen,
But what is there in it for me?
My wife hasn't duds that are fit to be seen,
So what is there in it for me?
The beer-brewer's son may be dressed like a dude
While I'm wearing garments exceedingly rude,
But if we vote 'wet' I'm afraid I'll go nude;
And that's all there's in it for me.

My thirst costs me more than my clothes and my food,
And that's all there is in it for me.
The booze took my money, and did me no good,
And that's all there is in it for me.
The brewer is rich, he has gold by the peck,
The bar-man gets paid, he's always on deck,
But whatever I get, I get in the neck;
And that's all there's in it for me.

Why should I vote that the curse may endure?
For what is there in it for me?
I'm bound to vote 'dry' on election day sure,
For what is there in it for me?
A new self-respect, and a chance for my life,
New clothes for the kids, and a home for my wife,
The beginning of peace, the end of all strife;
And that's all there's in it for me.

CAUSES OF DRINK EVIL.

Physician Names Bad Hygienic Conditions, Overcrowding and Poor Food.

At a recent meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association of Great Britain and Ireland, Dr. W. C. Sullivan pointed out that chronic alcoholism and not simple drunkenness was the cause of most of the social suffering due to intemperance. The pertinent portion of his address is summarized by the New York Medical Record:

Drunkenness in its simple form was the result mainly of convivial drinking, of the drinking that went with conditions of relative luxury; it was generally intermittent and did not tend much toward chronic alcoholism. It was quite different with the sort of drinking which might be termed industrial drinking, the drinking that went with bad hygienic conditions, overcrowding, insufficient or unattractive food, overwork, and so on. It was characteristic of this form of drinking that it went on during the working hours and that it was more or less in substitution of food. It might not cause drunkenness, except indirectly, but it inevitably led to chronic alcoholism. In the prosperous mining districts there was much drunkenness, but little alcoholism, and the same might be said to a lesser extent of the agricultural districts.

On the other hand, in the manufacturing towns, in which the industrial conditions were less favorable, there was much alcoholism, and in the seaports, in which these conditions were at their worst, alcoholism, alcoholic suicide and crime reached their highest development. In these towns the alcoholism was accompanied by much drunkenness, though the drunkenness was not the cause of the alcoholism, but both were the effects of a common cause in the industrial conditions. Statistics of drunkenness, therefore, were of no value as a measure of alcoholism.

From a social point of view convivial

drunkenness was at once much less important and much easier to check than industrial alcoholism. The remedy for the latter form of drinking was to raise the standard of living, and something might also be done by restricting the facilities for obtaining alcohol during working hours by providing hygienic substitutes and by sane and temperate teaching as to the proper use and limitations of alcohol.

Woman's Influence.

It is claimed that good women—loyal wives and devoted mothers, sometimes unwittingly and unwillingly cause relapses among Keeley-cured men.

The accusation would seem unjust as well as heartless, for they are the ones who suffer the greatest agony. The same liquor that brings a man to the lowest depths of degradation also stupefies him to such an extent that he does not fully realize either the suffering or the disgrace which he causes.

He may endure tortures, both physical and mental after each debauch, as some glimmer of his real condition appeals to his partially benumbed senses, but his suffering is mild compared with the anguish of the wife or mother, who has had every perceptive faculty quickened by bitter experience.

Surely the true-hearted, loving woman has the greater cause to dread the recurrence of the awful trouble, and she will make the greater effort to keep him from temptation.

But there are other dangers to be dreaded, other pitfalls to be avoided beside the criminal carelessness of offering intoxicants to a rescued man. There are other ways of undoing the good work than by openly urging a return to the old habits.

Constantly bewailing the sad fate that has left you a financial wreck, and building imaginary castles with the money that has been squandered for drink, it is a sharp lash in the hands of a complaining woman.

Deploping the neglected and backward condition of the poor little children, who undoubtedly have been defrauded of their sweet birthright of support and protection, is another easy method of accomplishing dire results.

The man who really has been guilty of all this wrongdoing, and then has reached the place where he honestly desires to forsake his old way of life, has a sufficient burden of regrets after the Keeley cure has cleared his beclouded intellect.

He doesn't need anyone to tell him of his lost opportunities or squandered resources. He knows all about them. He would give years of his life to undo the past and make restitution to his loved ones, and he needs the earnest co-operation and sympathy of everyone connected with him in his brave and determined effort to regain the victory over adverse circumstances.

There is still another cause of downfall among cured men, and while equally injurious, it perhaps lacks the element of selfishness so pronounced in other cases.

It is fear, or the lack of confidence, which says to the cured man as plainly as if the words were spoken: "I have no faith in you! I know you will drink again;—perhaps not at the first opportunity, but sooner or later you are bound to go back to the old evil ways."

It is many centuries since Job said: "The thing I feared has come upon me," but the principle is equally true today. What you fear you attract. It is better to adopt as your motto, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Thousands of cases attest the fact that inebriety can be cured—the craving destroyed; you have no reason to suppose that your loved one is to be an exception to the general rule. Trust him, and let him feel that you do.

Give him the powerful help of your own untamed strength. Believe in him! Help him to justify that faith in him which will make you a happy woman.

Recipe for Toothpaste.

Four ounces of precipitated chalk, two ounces of powdered white castile soap, two ounces of powderedorris root, twenty drops of oil of sassafras, forty drops of oil of Bay, sufficient honey to form a paste. Glycerine can be substituted for the honey if preferred. Always use a firm toothbrush, brushing away from the gums.

Attacks of cholera and dysentery come quickly, there seldom being any warning of the visit. Remedial action must be taken just as quickly if the patient is to be spared great suffering and permanent injury to the lining membranes of the bowels. The readiest preparation for the purpose is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It can be got at small cost at any drug store or general dealer's, and it will afford relief before a doctor can be called.

Afflicted for years with a Diseased Liver.

Mr. L. R. Devitt, Berlin, Ont., better known, perhaps, as "Smallpox Ben," has used

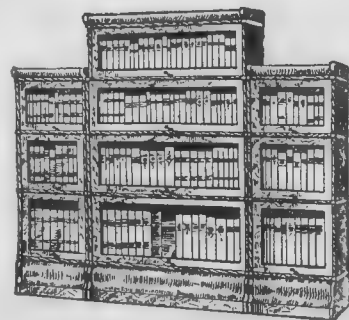
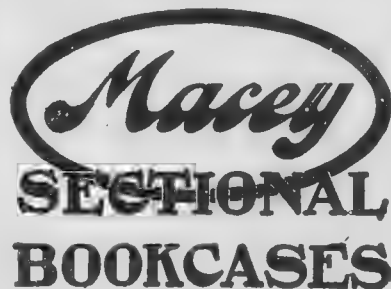
MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

He has also used them for his patients when nursing them, and it is a well-known fact that small-pox sufferers must keep the bowels well regulated.

Read what he says:—"I have been afflicted for years with a diseased liver, and have tried all kinds of medicine, but of no avail until about four years ago I tried your Laxa-Liver Pills, and got instant relief. Since then I have nursed different patients afflicted with small-pox, and in each case I have used your valuable pills."

"My wishes are that all persons suffering with stomach or liver troubles will try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I will advertise them whenever and wherever I have an opportunity and I hope that if at any time I cannot get the pills, I will be fortunate enough to get the formula."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers or will be mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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FORTUNE WAITS ON HEALTH

And nowhere is this more true than in the Golden West. Now health means the perfect working of all the bodily functions, the perfect nutrition of brain, bone and sinew; and the groundwork of all is perfect digestion.

MOTHER Seigel's SYRUP

THE
CANADIAN'S
STAND-BY

"If I feel out of sorts, or my appetite is not very good I have only to take a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup and I am soon alright again. I think it is the best medicine anyone could take to keep in health."—From Ernest C. Tibbs, Nes P.O. Lake Winnipeg, Man. June 10, 1907.

ENSURES HEALTH

Because it Strengthens the digestive organs and Cures all STOMACH & LIVER ILLS
Price 60 cts. per bottle. Sold Everywhere.
A. J. WHITE & Co., MONTREAL.

SOMERVILLE Steam Marble and Granite Works ROSSER AVE. BRANDON



ABERDEEN to BRANDON

A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

MAIL ORDERS

Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES with cross handles carried in stock. Curling Stones sharpened at \$4.00 per pair.

Remember! BRANDON.

BROTHER accidentally have discovered root that will cure both tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. B. O. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Christmas Times in Oldtown.

Those Christmas times in Oldtown—how gladsomely they glimmer
Athwart the mist and murkiness that wrap the yester years!
And how the heart-strings tremble with a swift and tender tremor
While eyes grow dim with memory and shimmery with tears!

Those Christmas times in Oldtown! My, oh, my! the streets were crowded
Just like a busy city's with a movin' pantomime;
And how the people jostled as they elbowed an' they "howdy'd,"
Their honest faces glowin' with the spirit of the time!

The country folk came early—Deacon Smoot an' Gran'ma Bunder—
The Simkinse from Willow Ford, two wagon loads a'most,
With bob-tail dogs an' tow-head kids, their wide eyes wild with wonder—
They all swooped down on Oldtown like a huge invadin' host.

Those were Christmas times in earnest—they were somethin' like, I tell you!
Hustle, hustle, rustle, bustle, everybody on the trot!
An' the stores were that enticin'—had so many things to sell you
That you spent your last spare dollar like the coin was sizzlin' hot.

Why, you couldn't doubt 'twas Christmas when the very air was spicy
An' the smoke from kitchen chimneys brought an appetizin' whiff;
Couldn't half forget it, neither, just so long as old black Dicey
Lived to hail you on the corner—
"Mornin', Massa, Christmas gift!"

There were trees on Christmas Eve nights—held by all denominations
Slender-limbed an' glossy live-oaks, fresh from God's clean out-of-doors,
An' the fun you had in trimmin' an' in makin' preparation,
An' the way your heart went thumpin' if your sweetheart's hand touched yours!

Christmas days you had a sermon with no frills of oratory
In the biggest church in Oldtown, pews were always more than filled,
An', somehow, the way the preacher told the sweet old sacred story
Clothed it with a newer meanin', an' the soul was warmed and thrilled.

Then 'ud come a week o' parties, an' o' feasin' an' o' folly,
Old folks joinin' in the frolics—there was room enough for all—
An' the homes were gay with pine-boughs an' with mistletoe an' holly.
Though the maidens' cheeks were brighter than the berries on the wall.

An' such dancin'! In your dreamin' can't you hear old Isom's fiddle
As it turned you better music than the best by Sousa's band?
An' the way he called the figures as you chasseyed down the middle,
An' the way your pulse kept cadence to the music—it was grand!

An' the feast that always followed—one word suits it, that's delicious!
Laughter shook the topmost rafter, givin' wings to woes an' cares,
An' sometimes, if you but listened, there would come the soft, suspicious
Sound that spoke of stolen kisses in the shadow of the stairs.

Those were times to just be glad in—sorrowin' was worse than treason.
Rich an' poor held equal footin', warn't no rank or false pretense,
An' the world somehow seemed better for each glad, recurring season.
An' the heart was lit and lifted by the wholesome sentiments.

Oh, the days since then are many—they have sped on sandals gleaming.
And the winter storms have drifted one-time youthful locks with snow.
But in dim December twilights how the heart goes back in dreaming
To the Christmas times in Oldtown in the years of long ago!

A Real Gentleman.

"What? You marry my daughter?" thundered old Rovley. "You, a mere clerk—"
"No, sir," replied young Myrtle, "not a clerk, but a gentleman now. I resigned my job the moment your daughter accepted me."

Grammar.

Youngster (to elder brother just home from college)—You understand grammar, don't you, Jack?
Jack (Indignantly)—Of course I do.
Youngster—Well, if you were wishing to speak grammatically, what would you say—the yolk of an egg is white or the yolk of an egg was white?
Jack—The yolk of an egg is white. Why do you ask?
Youngster—Because I should say it was yellow.

Searching for the Truth.

"What keeps our friend, Farmer Brown, from church?" said a clergyman. "I hope it is not socinianism."
"No," said the sexton; it's worse than that."
"Worse than socinianism? Is it deism?"
"Worse than that, your honor."
"Worse than deism? Good heavens! I trust it is not atheism?"
"It is worse than that sir; it is rheumatism."

The Tanning Process.

They told the youngster to soak his feet in a tub of salt water if he wanted to toughen them. He soaked his hands, too. "It's pretty near time for me to get a licking," he explained. "Tomorrow I'm going to sit in it."

Long Strides.

Short—Go aisy, Jim; ut's tree molls tho'ts before us!
Tall—Sure an' tho'ts phy O'im hurryin'. Ol want to git there before I get all tired out!

The Ruling Instinct.

The ticket agent at the Grand Central Station tells this story:
A few days ago, when there were a number of persons waiting in line to purchase tickets, a typical East Side Hebrew, with the proverbial lengthy growth of whiskers, stepped to the aperture in the glass window and said: "Meester, I vant a ticket to Springfield."
"Which Springfield?" asked the ticket seller. "Springfield, Ill. or Springfield, Mass?"
"Which is the cheapest, meester?" asked the traveller, in reply.

"William Stayed."

The largest scholars were reciting geography. The teacher was young and pretty. There were some large boys in the class, among them William. The lesson was about Florida. The teacher was giving the names of the rivers and the scholars were to tell what they knew about them.
William did not know his lesson very well, so when the teacher said "Kissomme"—William, he looked embarrassed and asked "Right now?"
The teacher blushed and ordered him to remain after school for recital.

Took Lessons on the Harp.

"I never knew a girl so susceptible to flattery as Maud."
"Yes, Jack told her she was an angel, and she went right off and began to take lessons on the harp."

Joke on Papa.

Little Willie, believing the first of April a fine opportunity to play a joke on his mother, came running into the kitchen, greatly excited.
"Mamma! mamma! there is a strange man in the cellar who has Nelly (the maid) on his lap, and kisses her all the time!"
"You don't say so! I must stop it at once!" With these words the lady rushed to the door. Little Willie ran after her, laughing from the depth of his heart.
"Hold on, mamma! I wanted to send you on a fool's errand. It's no strange man at all, it's only papa!"

She Was no Chicken.

"Why don't you marry Mathilde? She loves you, and would make you happy. What's the trouble with her?"
"Her past."
"Her past? And what fault do you find with her past?"
"The length of it."

A Power of its Own.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has a subtle power of its own that other oils cannot pretend to, though there are many pretenders. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. Its uses are innumerable and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.

NATURE A VERY SKILFUL PHYSICIAN

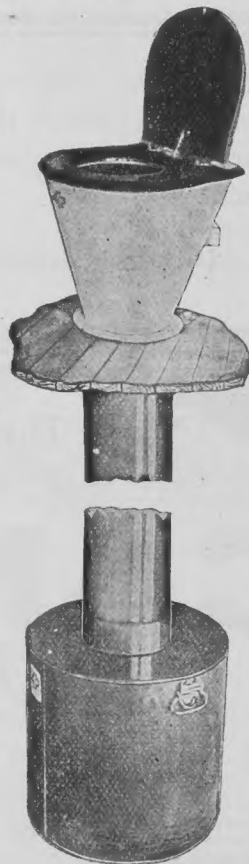
Puts Up Her Medicines In Most Tempting Form.

Have you ever tasted anything more delicious than the fresh, ripe, luscious fruits? These are Nature's medicines. A regular diet without fruit is positively dangerous, for the system soon gets clogged with waste matter and the blood poisoned. Fruit Juices stir up Bowels, Kidneys and Skin, making them work vigorously to throw off the dead tissue and indigestible food which, if retained, soon poison the blood and cause Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and a host of other distressing troubles.

But there is a quicker way to stimulate the organs to do their work properly. Take one or two "Fruit-a-tives" tablets every night, besides eating some fresh fruit every day. "Fruit-a-tives" combine the medicinal properties—many times intensified—of oranges, apples, prunes and figs, with the best tonics and internal disinfectants added.

Their action on Bowels, Liver, Kidneys and Skin is as natural as Nature's own, but quicker and more effective. Sold by all dealers—25c. for trial box—50c. for regular size—6 boxes for \$2.50. Fruit-a-tives Limited Ottawa.

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Used in the following Western Public Schools—
"Neepawa"
"Killarney"
"Melita"
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"McGregor"
and hundreds of other private homes and public buildings.

The only good closet for use where you have no waterworks.

A simple chemical process destroys all deposits.

Can also be supplied in Cabinet form with removable tank.

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South Africa Veterans' Scrip for sale. These grants give a homesteader absolute ownership of 320 acres of desirable Government Land. Write and make a cash offer.

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TORONTO.
Agents Wanted.

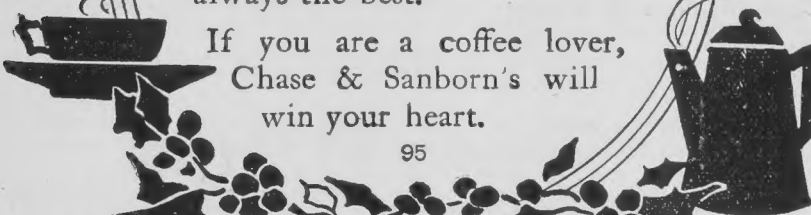
Chase & Sanborn's

HIGH GRADE COFFEE

Chase & Sanborn's delicious Coffee is always the same and always the best.

If you are a coffee lover, Chase & Sanborn's will win your heart.

95



Hints for the Housewife.

Don't boil milk for coffee. Scald it.

Don't put vinegar or severe acids in metal dishes.

Don't wash glasses in clear water. Use a little soap.

Don't use cracker-crumbs if you can get bread-crumbs.

Don't wipe cut glass with the towel. Dry it in sawdust.

Don't put butter in your refrigerator with the wrappings on.

Don't put tin dishes in greasy water. It deadens the brightness.

Don't spoil good, fresh fruit by making it into pies or puddings.

Don't use butter for frying purposes. It decomposes and is unwholesome.

Don't serve mashed potatoes with mutton or chicken. Reserve them for beef.

Don't put ice in your drinking water. Cool the water by putting it near the ice.

Don't throw away pieces of bread. Save, dry, roll and put them aside for breadings.

Don't make bread into large loaves. The centre is apt to be underdone and spoil easily.

Don't salt meat before the cooking. Add it after the meat is cooked or when nearly done.

Don't add lard, molasses or sugar to bread if you wish it to keep well and be wholesome.

Don't keep custards in the cellar in an open vessel. They are liable to become poisonous.

Don't salt cucumbers or eggplant before cooking. It makes them indigestible and unpalatable.

Don't allow granite ware to dry over a hot fire. The iron expands, chipping off the entire outside.

Don't boil meat at a gallop. Boil five minutes, then cook it at a temperature of 160 degrees Fahrenheit.

Don't put egg dishes in hot water; it makes the eggs adhere. Soak the dishes first in cold water.

Don't use tablecloths for breakfast or supper. Small doilies are much prettier and more easily laundered.

Don't put tin pans on the stove to dry. They become heated, the solder loosens, and they soon leak.

Don't put a greasy spoon on the table. It leaves a stain which requires time to erase. Put it in a saucer.

Don't moisten your food with the idea of saving your teeth. It spoils the teeth and you will soon lose them.

Don't pour boiling water over china packed in a pan. It will crack by the sudden contraction and expansion.

Starchy foods should always be cooked in boiling water which contains a little salt to render the food digestible.

Don't use steel knives for cutting fish, oysters, sweetbreads or brains. The steel blackens and gives an unpleasant flavor.

When milk that is not perfectly fresh is used in a cream sauce or soup do not add salt until just before serving to prevent the milk curdling.

Don't save cold coffee in the pot in which it was made. Draw it off and put it in a jar; cover and reheat it quickly at serving time.

To keep a fruit or seed cake moist place it in an air-tight tin with a good scum apple, renewing the apple if it becomes in the least decayed.

Don't scrub your refrigerator with warm water. When necessary sponge it out quickly with two ounces of formaldehyde in two quarts of cold water.

Carrots, beans, onions, turnips, cabbage and cauliflower are improved in flavor by parboiling, draining the water off and putting to cook in fresh water.

Do not invariably throw away the oil from the can of sardines. It is a very good substitute for butter when codfish balls or made-over dishes of fish are on hand.

When cleaning wall paper do so with a lump of dough made of flour mixed with a little soda and water. The soda will not injure the paper and the work will be done more rapidly with it.

If anything hot has been accidentally placed upon polished wood it may be removed by first painting the spot carefully with spirits of nitre and then rubbed immediately with sweet oil.

To clean felt hats, brush and remove dust, then brush again with a good stiff brush dipped in spirits of ammonia, to remove spots of grease, etc. Serge and cloth may be treated in the same way.

To keep the enamel of the bath in good condition always put in a little cold water first. Very hot water makes it liable to crack and peel off.

A stain from cocoa or chocolate must be treated promptly. Wet in cold water, then stretch over a bowl and pour boiling water through. A chocolate stain that has been allowed to dry is very hard to remove.

To mend an umbrella, moisten a piece of black court-plaster and stick it on the inside over the hole. It will not be so noticeable as a darn; and although the plaster may have to be renewed after the umbrella has been out in a hard rain, it is easily done.

An excellent polish for mahogany is made by placing in a bottle one-half pint each of linseed-oil and turpentine, and one gill each of vinegar and methylated spirit. Shake well together until thoroughly mixed. Remember always to shake the bottle before using.

An umbrella should not be opened out to dry, as the stretchers are apt to warp in the bent form, giving an unsightly appearance when the umbrella is closed. The silk should be left to drain with the handle downward, and gently wiped with an old silk handkerchief.

To raise the pile of velvet put on a table two pieces of wood; place between them, bottom side up, three very hot flat-irons, and over them lay a wet cloth; hold the velvet over the cloth, with the wrong side down; when thoroughly steamed, brush the pile with a light wisp, and the velvet will look as good as new.

Delicately tinted or white ostrich plumes that are soiled may be cleaned by washing in warm soap and water, to which a little borax has been added, using about the same process as one would in washing ordinary articles, soaping and rubbing in the same way, and then rinsing in clear water. Until dry they are most sorry looking objects, but once thoroughly dry—the open air and sun combined are the best—the result is a perfectly clean, fluffy feather. Of course it needs curling.

To Wash Flannels.—Flannels that have become badly yellowed through neglect may be whitened in this way. Boil four tablespoonfuls of flour in four quarts of water, stirring free from lumps. Pour one-half of this mixture over the flannels, cover and let them stand a half hour. Rub with the hands but use no soap. Rinse the flannels in clear water of the same temperature, then heat the remainder of the liquid and pour over the flannels again. Proceed as before, rinse thoroughly, then hang out to drain and dry.

Household Cinematographs.—Clean enameled bath tubs and marble wash bowls with kerosene. Use gasoline for greasy woodwork. Economize on the covers of comfortable, rather than on the filling. Rub a mixture of soap and salt on mildewed spots. Remove mortar and paint from glass with hot, sharp vinegar. Place small bags of sulphur in cupboards infested by ants. Renovate a sour sponge with lemon juice, and rinse in warm water. Rub white of egg on tarnished gilt picture frames with a bit of flannel, then brighten with turpentine.

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

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'CAMP' COFFEE

A teaspoonful of 'CAMP,' sugar, milk, boiling water—that's all! Result—the most fragrant, delicious, refreshing cup of coffee you ever tasted in your life.

Put 'CAMP' on your
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IT'S FREE. WRITE FOR IT.**

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Plated with Pure Silver on Heavy Deposit of Nickel, Good Weight and Full Size.



- No. 120**—Teaspoons. One half-dozen free for 60 wrappers or 15 wrappers and 25c. Single teaspoon free for 12 wrappers.
No. 121—Dessert Spoon or Fork. One half-dozen free for 80 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 35c. Single Dessert Spoon or Fork free for 18 wrappers.
No. 122—Table Spoon, Knife or Fork. One half-dozen free for 100 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 40c. Single Table Spoon, Knife or Fork free for 24 wrappers.
 Add for delivery: Teaspoons, 2c. each; Dessert and Table Spoons, Knives or Forks, 3c. each.

POPULAR GAMES

- No. 15**—Magnetic Fish Pond, lithographed cardboard pond, supply of fish with metal rings and two poles furnished with magnets, complete in box. Free for 50 wrappers, or for 10 wrappers and 30 cents. Postpaid.
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No. 18—Tiddledy Winks, handsome box, wood pot and bone flips and counters. Free for 20 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents. Postpaid.
No. 19—Lost Heir, Canadian edition, an exciting game. Free for 25 wrappers, or for 5 wrappers and 20 cents. Postpaid.
No. 20—Croquet, large size, quite complete. Free for 40 wrappers, or for 15 wrappers and 30 cents. Postpaid.

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This Coupon is accepted by us as of equal value to Six wrappers when accompanied by other wrappers.



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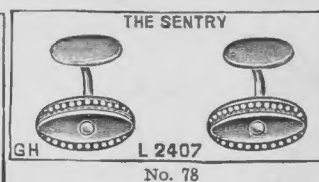
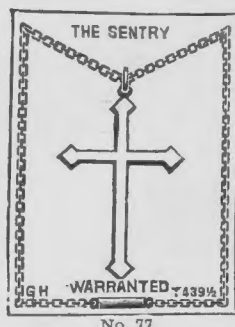
- No. 27**—Good, reliable Fountain Pen, black holder, gold point. Free for 200 wrappers, or 50 wrappers and \$1.00.

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- No. 74**—Heavy Gold Filled Double Heart Brooch, each one finished in different patterns and colors. For 50 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 20 cents.
No. 75—Gold Plated Star Brooch, set with 11 brilliants, each point gold tipped. For 30 wrappers, or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.
No. 76—Real Solid Gold Shell Signet Ring, with plain table for monogram, for 60 wrappers, or for 25 wrappers and 25c.

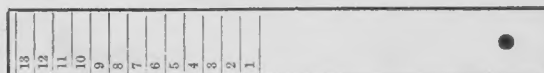


How to Determine the Size

Cut a strip of thick paper so that the ends will exactly meet, when drawn tightly around the second joint of the finger.

Lay one end on the diagram at ● and order the size the other end indicates.

RING SIZES



- No. 77**—Ladies' 22 inch Gold Plated Necklace, cable link chain with large plain cross pendant. For 40 wrappers, or for 15 wrappers and 20 cents.
No. 78—Ladies' or Gents' bevel edge pattern Cuff Links, Roman gold finish, with fine French pearl centre. For 75 wrappers or for 20 wrappers and 35 cents.
No. 79—Ladies' and Misses' Solid Gold Shell Ring, set with an Emerald, Ruby, Turquoise or White Stone. For 40 wrappers or for 15 wrappers and 20 cents.
No. 82—Gold Plated Crescent Brooch Pin with seven stones, brilliant cluster. For 30 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.
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No. 85—Three-piece Baby Pin Set, consisting of 3 pins with chain attachment. For 20 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 10 cents.
No. 88—Cable Link Gold Plated Neck Chain, hung with Roman gold secret heart locket containing one brilliant. Opens and closes and has space for two photos. For 30 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.
No. 67—Real Solid Gold Shell Ring, Tiffany mounting, containing large brilliant finest imitation diamond. For 100 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 50 cents.
No. 68—Real Solid Gold Shell Ring, faceted pattern. Guaranteed to wear. For 60 wrappers or for 15 wrappers and 30 cents.

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